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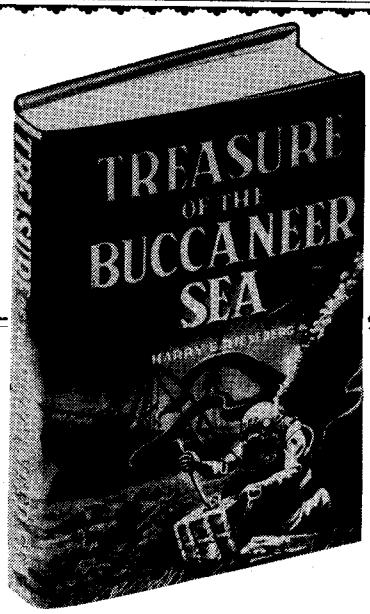

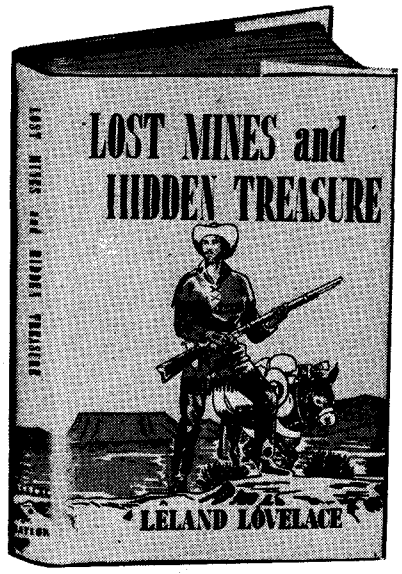

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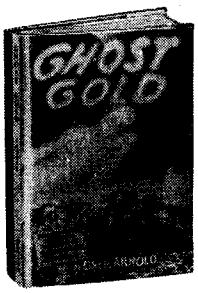

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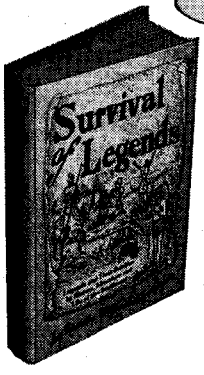

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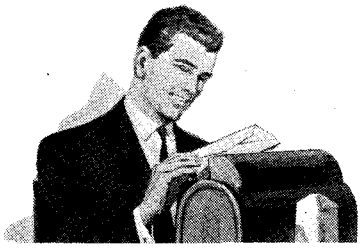

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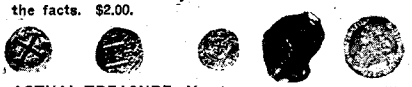

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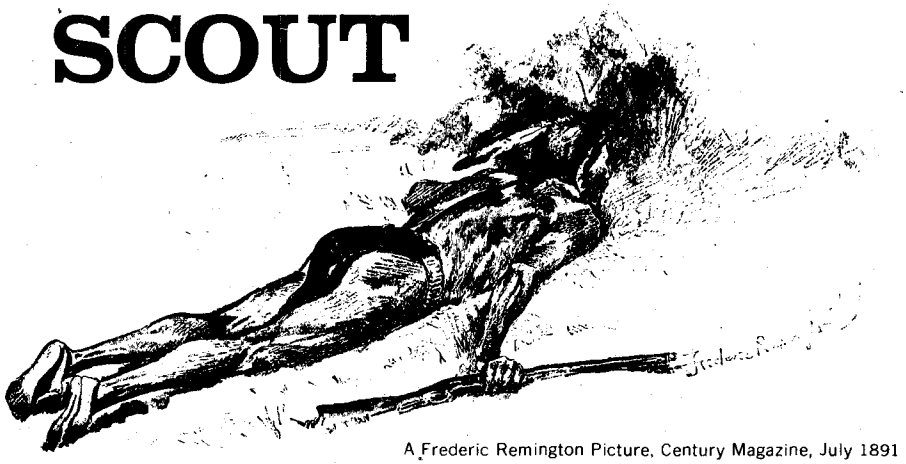
THE EDITOR SPEAKS

THE OLD SCOUT



A Frederic Remington Picture, Century Magazine, July 1891

It has been called to our attention that certain magazines have been printing peevish exhortations against our entrance into the true Western field. Frankly, we are a bit surprised by this obvious display of emotion in print.

We have always given prospective buyers credit for some intelligence. Our theory has been that you folks know what you want and how to get it. Also, if memory serves us correctly, many long years ago someone said something about competition being good for business.

As we've pointed out in this space before, we were the *first* to make it difficult for magazine buyers to make a mistake at the newsstand. The arrowhead insignia with the word *Maverick* and a Longhorn silhouette in the upper left hand corner of *all* of our covers identified our magazines—*The West* and *Golden West* — long before our unhappy competitor ran a contest to accomplish the same thing. We have also been laboring under the impression that our covers are quite different from those on other true Western publications.

We are pleased with the fine acceptance you have given our magazines. This has made it possible for *The West* to be published *every month,* the *only monthly* magazine in the fact Western field. Perhaps the attention and space given to us in his magazines by our competitor is at least partially responsible for our success. If so, we take this opportunity to say, "Thanks." The greatest single asset is the good will of our readers, and we do not for one moment forget it.

Again — just so there'll be no mistake about it: look for the arrowhead insignia with the word *Maverick* and the Longhorn silhouette in the upper left hand corner of the covers of THE WEST and GOLDEN WEST.

It comes as good news that President Lyndon Johnson has appointed the son of a full-blooded Oneida Indian mother as the chief of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. His name is Robert LaFollette Bennett and he is the first man of Indian blood to hold the post since 1869.

When President Johnson made the appointment he told Bennett, "Do anything you have to do. If there are any cobwebs in your bureau, clean them out. If you meet any resistance, you know what to do about it, and if you need them, I am sure that over at the Smithsonian they can still find a few tomahawks around."

The new chief hopes to make it possible for Indians to handle their own money and make their own investments. He wants to remove restrictions in Indian charters that, in many instances, require a vote by the entire tribal council to spend $25,000. As things stand now, a council sometimes needs permission from the Bureau of Indian Affairs to spend as little as $2,500.

Bennett also hopes to shift the "government" functions performed by the tribal councils from economic management, and allow Indians to set up their own businesses without Washington making all of the decisions.

With the Johnson Administration and the Secretary of the Interior, Stewart L. Udall, behind him, Robert LaFollette Bennett has a good chance to push legislation through Congress that will give the American Indian the full life he so richly deserves.

Space does not allow us to go into detail about individual stories in this September issue of *The West.* However, we believe you'll agree that we have put together an excellent collection of Western stories that are sure to meet the high standards we have set in previous issues. ●

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THE WEST

TRUE STORIES OF THE OLD WEST
SEPTEMBER 1966 VOL. 5 No. 4

Editor. . . . . MILT GRAYSON
Research Director. . . . . JOHN LYNCH
Art Director . . . . . ERIC KARMINSKI, JR.
Art Associate . . . . . FRED WEISS

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Cover painting by Edgar S. Paxson depicts the signing of Governor Stevens' Treaty with the Pend d'Orielles, Flatheads and Kootenais Indians at Council Grove, Montana July 9, 1855.

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THE MAIL POUCH

Letters are coming in to *The Mail Pouch* from all over the world. Needless to say, this pleases us. The Old West has universal appeal because there's never been anything like it anywhere else. We're told that movie makers are busy in France and Italy turning out American Westerns, and that some of our best actors are over there helping to make the pictures look like the real thing. That's not surprising because Westerns were the bread-and-butter pictures in the early Hollywood days.

Some readers in foreign countries ask for information, so we're starting off the department with this one from England.

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Dear Sir:

I am writing to you personally for two reasons. First, I want to congratulate you on publishing such an excellent magazine as *The West*. For some time now I have been very interested in the history of the American West during the 1880's. Your magazine has brought to me a much closer picture of the happenings of that time.

Secondly, I have great difficulty obtaining your magazine here in England. Could you please let me know how, and if, I can purchase it every month?

Thanking you in anticipation.

A.S.Farrer
47 Watermead Rd.
Luton, Bedfordshire
England

Thank you for the kind words, Mr. Farrer. The best way to be absolutely sure of getting The West *every month is to subscribe to it. Since you are in England, and the expense of sending a magazine overseas runs high, it would be best for you to subscribe for three years. The cost is $10 plus $1 for overseas handling. That brings the total to $11, and it is best to send an International money order in payment.*

PIONEER STORIES

Dear Mr. Grayson:

I have enjoyed the stories in *The West* for a long time. "Early Life in the Sand Hills" in the June, 1966, issue was especially good.

I hope you will print more of these fine pioneer stories. They are great.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Ray Whiting
8734 N. Syracuse
Portland, Oregon

A lot of readers agree with you, Mrs. Whiting. That's why we're running stories like "Pioneer Days in Kansas" in this issue. We think you'll enjoy it.

CAN ANYBODY HELP?

Gentlemen:

After reading a last year's issue of your good magazine I am filled with curiosity. The article "I Was At Beecher's Island" by Scout John Hurst was most interesting to me.

My father's name was John G. Hurst. He was born in Missouri around 1878. His father was a schoolteacher and later a lawyer by the name of Marshall DeCobb Hurst. My grandfather had a twin brother Granvill Percy Hurst. They all moved to California when my father was a small boy.

Would any of your readers know if the two John Hursts were related?

It might be of interest to know that Marshall Hurst was bitten on the ankle by a rattlesnake when he was a boy. He was barefoot, and about a mile from home at the time.

A man came by on horseback, and, seeing the boy was snake bitten, said, "Better run home, Bub, and tell your maw." There was no friendly chaw of tobacco for the wound and no ride home either.

My grandfather lived a long life despite the poison from the snake bite.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. Joy Hurst Simmerly
P.O. Box 578
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THE BEST YET

Dear Editor:

I bought the July issue of *The West* the day it came out, and I want to tell you I think it is the best one you've published. The story I liked best was "I Remember Old Doc." What a man! It's good to think our great West had men like

(Continued on page 72)

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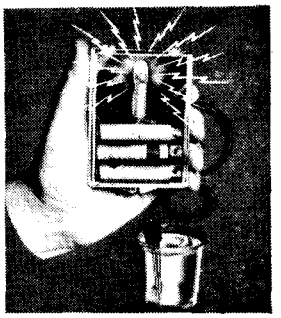

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When The Bulb Lights, The Sale Is Made!

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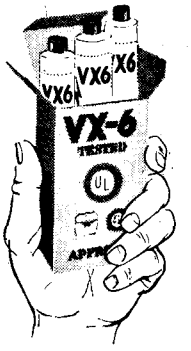
"Yes, one actual demonstration beats a mouth-ful of words." You can PROVE how VX-6 works, right before your very eyes. If your battery won't even hold a charge, put one unit of VX-6 into it as directed, THEN TORTURE TEST the battery like this. Turn on lights, step on starter, BUT DO NOT TURN ON IGNITION.

Run the battery down completely until it is so weak the lights barely glow. Now turn off the light switch. Wait 3 minutes. Switch on the ignition and turn (or step) on the starter. The battery with VX-6 in it will start the car with a surge of power IT REGAINED IN THOSE FEW MINUTES.



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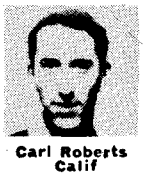
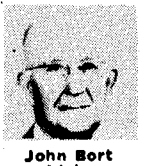


Carl Roberts Calif



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FEMALE OLD HICKORY

William Allen White said, "She was a harridan in the eyes of her enemies, a goddess to her friends."

by Lily-B Rozar

"You farmers were told two years ago to raise a big crop. Well, you did, and what became of it? Six-cent corn, ten-cent oats, two-cent beef and no price at all for butter and eggs! That's what became of it! The common people are robbed to enrich their masters! What you farmers need to do is raise less corn and more hell!"

The speaker was Mary Elizabeth Lease. Her audience was mainly Kansas farmers who were in revolt against high interest rates, shortage of funds and the low prices for the products they raised. This meeting was in the spring of 1890. They sat in Olathe's town square and listened to the Wichita Cyclone's exhortation of their problems. They responded to her cry for action. Throughout the state, people fell into line with the Lease "cause."

This meeting was one of many being held, the result of the upheaval which took place in Kansas in the summer and fall of 1890. The rebellious folk didn't consider it a political campaign, rather it was a religious revival, more of a crusade. It was said to be a "pentecost of politics in which a tongue of flame sat upon every man, and each spake as the spirit gave him utterance."

Meetings were held in schoolhouses. The people who came and the people who spoke were farmers, country merchants and cattle herders. They wore broad-brimmed hats, heavy boots, and long-chin whiskers. But they were not roughnecks or lunatics, as their opponents called them. Many were educated, hard working people who had the courage of their convictions. They had heard the word, accepted the word, and were willing to preach the word of the Populist party.

Sparking the Kansas farmers' rebellion won Mary Elizabeth Lease fame that spread across the nation. Thus, she became known as Joan of Arc of the Populists, Female Old Hickory, Iron-Jawed Woman of Kansas, Lady Orator of the West and Old Mother Lease—"she lawyer." What she was called depended upon whether the speaker was of the People's party or Republican party (she had changed her party's name from Populist to People's party.

Perhaps Mary Elizabeth Clyen came into the world with a rebellious nature. She was born in County Monaghan in the northern part of Ireland. As a child, she heard repeated stories of how her parents had been driven out of Monaghan County because of their political ructions. They came to America and settled in Pennsylvania. The Clyens were Catholics. Their church took a great interest in Mary Elizabeth, who was intelligent and eager to learn. She was sent, with church aid, to St. Elizabeth's Academy in Allegheny, New York and graduated with a teacher's certificate.

Her father died in the dread Andersonville prison during the Civil War. It was up to her to support her mother and several other, younger, children. For three years, Mary Elizabeth taught school. Then she rebelled against the low wages.

"They are paying twice as much for teachers in Kansas. I think we should move out there," she told her mother. Mary Elizabeth Clyen was a very determined young woman. What she wanted, she got. *(Continued on page 54)*

Kansas State Historical Society

She gave Kansas something to think about in 1890.

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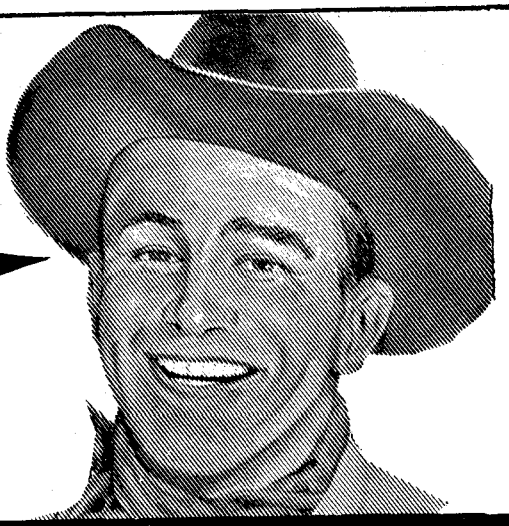

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$1.00 DOWN

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FULL PRICE $495.00

THE BOOM THAT HAD TO COME IS NOW ON IN NEVADA. Ground floor buyers have reaped fortunes from small initial investments. A factual example of skyrocketing values is Las Vegas, Nevada. Land that originally sold for $200.00 an acre, now sells for $20,000.00 an acre, a profit of 1000%! The first offering of LAS VEGAS land was open to everyone. Buyers who took advantage of low opening prices have become wealthy. The ground floor opportunity of Las Vegas is gone, BUT ANOTHER AREA OF PROSPEROUS NEVADA IS BEING RELEASED FOR PUBLIC SALE!

This area has such a tremendous growth potential, such a fantastic, unlimited future, that wise investors have purchased large acreage. Bing Crosby's ranch was one of the largest cattle ranches in the county. James Stewart is honorary sheriff. Yes, the smart, experienced investors have sensed the future and are buying MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS in Elko County, Nevada.

MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS has all the factors needed to boom . . . to prosper . . . to skyrocket its land values. Ideally located in the prospering Elko Valley, The Ranchos have the backdrop of the statuesque Ruby Mountains. The sparkling Humboldt River actually flows through the property and is a valuable asset of the Ranchos. Every Rancho fronts on a graded road. The City of Elko, with its long established schools, churches, and medical facilities is MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS friendly neighbor.

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YES, wise investors are buying in MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS, but America's largest corporations, whose research closely follows the trend of increasing land values and population growth, are also busy investing throughout Nevada. U.S. COMMERCE BUREAU FACT: Per capita income in Nevada is highest of all 50 states.

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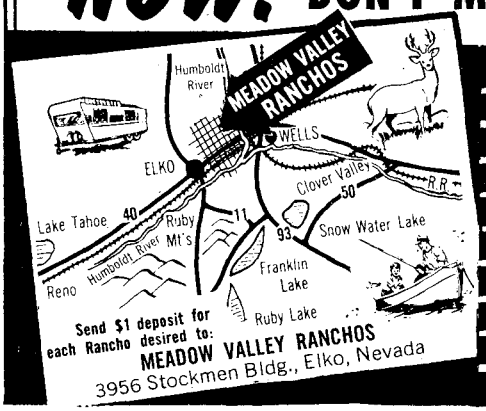

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SIZE ACRES	DOWN	PER MO.
1¼	$1	$10
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Indicate No. of Ranchos_____ Total enclosed $_____

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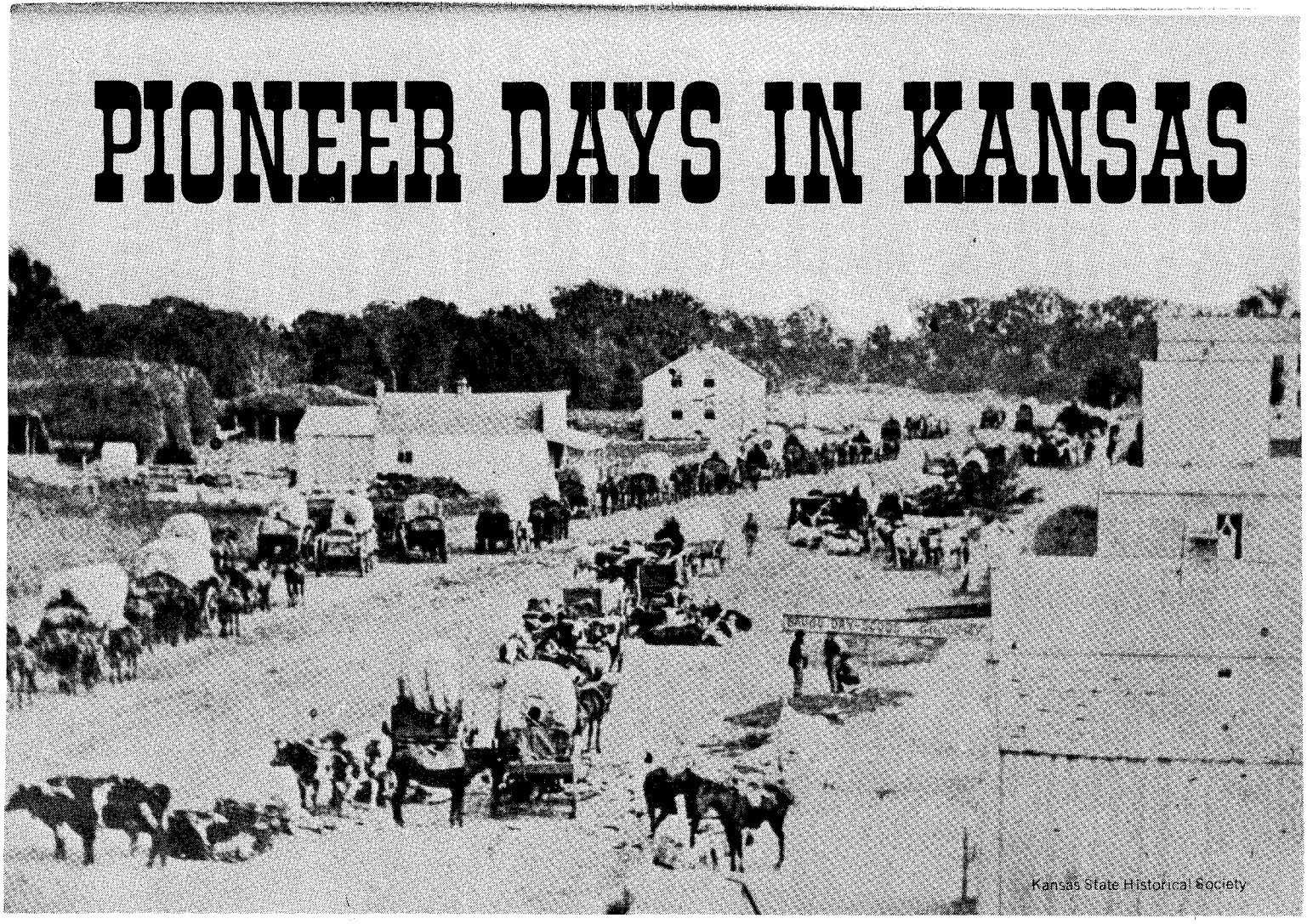
PIONEER DAYS IN KANSAS



The author's father worked in Manhattan, Kansas, in the 1860's and walked the 30 miles home on weekends.

Courtesy Mrs. Wallace Bachman

Emily Velen Johnson in her twenties, 1899.

A daughter listened and remembered what her mother told her about life in the Old West

by Emily Velen Johnson

Submitted by Dr. Burl Hunt

(Editor's Note: This unusual story was written by Mrs. Emily Velen Johnson, who died in 1964. It was passed on to Dr. Burl Hunt by one of his students, Miss Leona Velen, while he was teaching at Kansas State University. It is published here with the kind permission of Mrs. W. T. (Johnson) Bachman, the author's daughter, now living in Home, Kansas.)

I will try to give all the information I remember that mother told to us about her pioneer days in Kansas. Grandma Velen, as the children called her, lived with us for many years before she passed away and she often talked about her past life and the great hopes she had when she and her first husband left Sweden to come to America. They were accompanied by his father, mother, sister, and brothers. There were six children in the family. They came across the Atlantic Ocean in a sail boat and were on the water for more than nine weeks. Some days the wind was in their favor and some days it was against them. On other days it was perfectly calm which was why it took them so long to cross the ocean. They ran short of water and many people took sick and died and were buried at sea.

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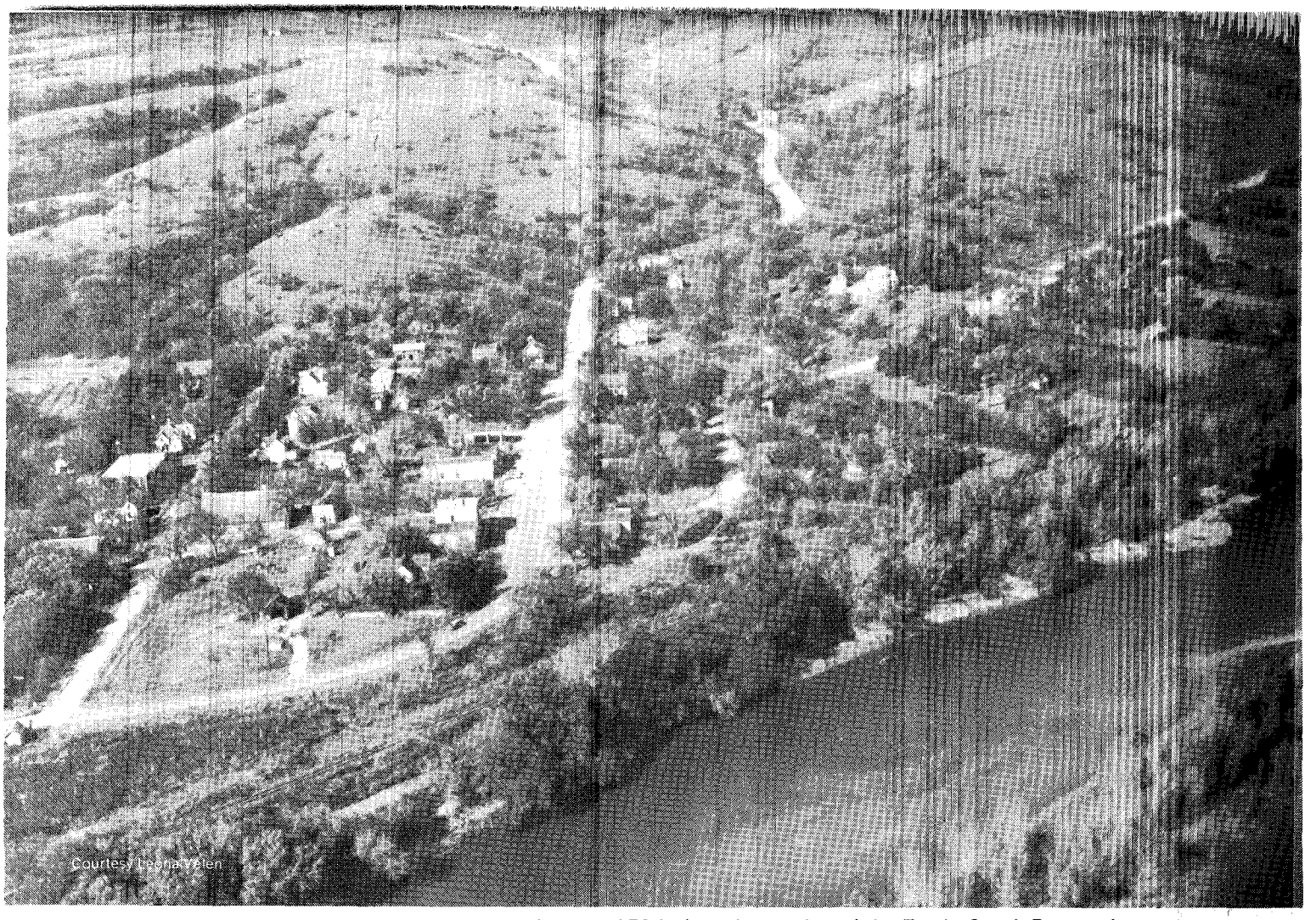

An aerial view of Cleburne, Kansas, taken in 1958 before the coming of the Tuttle Creek Reservoir.

Mother's first husband was one of those who died and was buried at sea.

When they arrived in Rockford, Illinois, in 1864, the rest of the family was sick and three more of the children died. Out of a family of six only two were left, one girl and one boy. Luckily for mother she had one brother in Rockford, Illinois, namely Charley Holt. He rented a house and mother kept it for him.

My sister Hilda was born three months later. Mother sewed shirts all day by hand for a company who paid so much apiece for them. She could not make much but she was busy and the work kept her mind on something beside her great sorrow. Remembering her great hopes when they left Sweden, two young people awaiting the arrival of their first child and accompanied by his family, it seemed very sad to the young woman alone in a strange land with her new baby. Her brother was very kind to her at this time and for this she was grateful.

All was not sadness however. There were lighter moments, too. Mother used to laugh when she told about her brother bringing home a hoop skirt and saying that she must wear it when she went out on the street. A hoop skirt was made of bands of wire in graduated rings which hung from the waist and made a woman's skirt stand out around her. Mother said it was so wide that she had trouble getting through a door.

Father's first wife died shortly after he came to this country and he also settled in Rockford, Illinois. Father, too, was left with a little girl two years old, my sister Amanda. One night, mother went to church which was not well lighted. She felt shy so she sat down beside someone she took to be a woman who was also alone with a child. But she found to her embarrassment that it was a man with a little girl and recognized him as the widower who had lost his wife. She sat quietly, being careful not to look his way and as soon as the service was over she slipped out quickly, pulling me after her.

Father was told mother was a widow and some time later came to call on her. After a time, they were married. In the spring of 1865, father in the company of several other young men left for Kansas which was new country. They came as far as Atchison by train and from there by covered wagon (the railroad went no further), as far as Irving is now. From there they walked down the Big Blue River Valley until they came to the home of a settler. It was Fjalin's place, and was later bought by the Johnson brothers. It was located about one mile southeast of Cleburne, Kansas.

People had to go to Concordia to file a claim, more than 50 miles away. Father walked all the way down there and then found to his dismay that he had forgotten his citizenship papers and would have to walk back for them and return again; in all a trip of more than 200 miles by foot. It was a bad prospect for father, but a settler by the name of Christensen lent father a pony for the trip.

Coming home, father stopped to rest and took the saddle off of the pony and tied the pony to some brush. Then he laid down and slept. When he woke the pony was gone. There was nothing to do but pick up the saddle and travel the rest of the way by foot. He was very worried and sad about the loss of the pony. There were no roads, of course, only paths and trails. Can't you see him, the weary, worried young man carrying the saddle as he traveled those narrow trails? When father got to Christensen's he was met by Mr. Christensen who said the pony had returned a short time before. What a relief it was to father when he found the pony had arrived safely.

Father homesteaded the place where he built the stone house which still stands. But, first, he built a two story log cabin with lean-to kitchen east of the stone house. He borrowed a pair of oxen to break up the sod around the cabin to protect it from

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prairie fires. It was very easy for a prairie fire to race across many acres and there were few settlers to fight them. All they could do was protect their homes as best they could. When a prairie fire started they worked hard and fast to throw up more furrows around their cabins and if the wind was right they started a back fire which cleared an area around their homes.

In the fall father sent for mother although his cabin was not yet complete. She came with the two little girls, Hilda and Amanda, in the company of other young wives who were also joining their husbands in Kansas. They came by train to Atchison and then by "mover wagon" the rest of the way. Uncle Jacob Velen asked them to share his cabin until father's place was finished. He got it finished the next spring so his family spent the winter there.

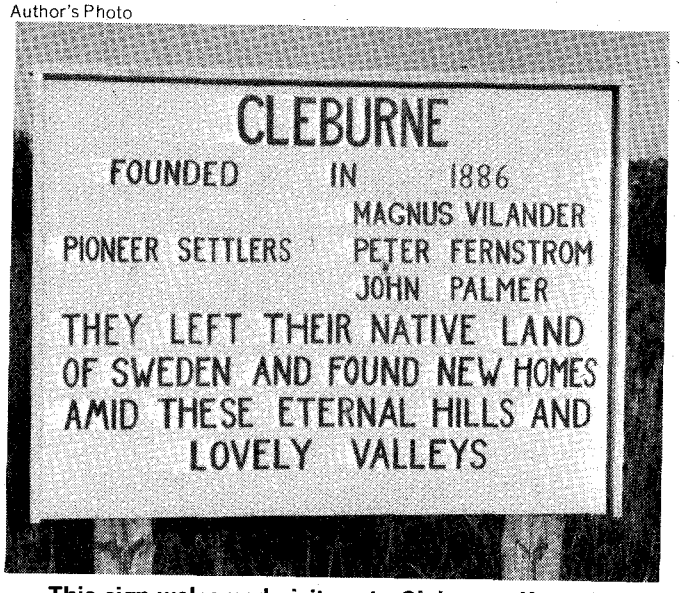
Uncle Jacob's cabin, like many new ones in this country, had a dirt floor. Someone had given mother a setting hen and some eggs and that fall she hatched out some baby chicks which she kept outside. My aunt also had a hen and chicks, but she kept them in a box inside the house next to the outside wall. Uncle Jacob dug a hole under the logs so that the baby chicks could run in and out. One day a heavy rain storm came up suddenly and mother ran to gather in her hen and chicks and my aunt ran to help her. They put the box with aunty's chicks on the bed before they left the house. And when they came in there was water all over the floor which had rushed in through the hole which Uncle Jacob had dug for the chicks to run in and out. They tried to keep the water from coming in, but seeing it was impossible they cut a hole on the other side where it was possible for the water to run out. With such resourcefulness they solved their problems as they arose.

What a mess it was to keep the children off of the muddy floor until it dried out. They had to keep them on the bed as it was the only dry place. By spring, father had his cabin finished and he obtained some lumber for the floor so it was considered quite a log cabin. In turn, he and mother took in many settlers and kept them until they could find a place to live.

My grandmother, father's mother, stayed part time with us, and she would care for Amanda and Hilda while mother picked corn for a neighbor several miles away to feed the two hogs which they now had and the chickens that first year until father got land broken up to plant his own crops. Mother was alone most of the first summer and had to carry water from the river because father worked on the railroad, and came home only over Sunday.

The first summer was an unprofitable one for father. He worked from spring until fall and only got a pair of boots and a very little money for his labor. He worked in Manhattan (30 miles away) and walked back and forth each weekend. He collected only grocery money as he wanted a stake in the fall. All he got from the boss was money for a pair of boots which he needed badly and the little money for groceries. Then when fall came and the summer's work was over, the boss took the pay roll and departed for parts unknown. The others in the

Author's Photo



This sign welcomed visitors to Cleburne, Kansas.

Courtesy Leona Velen

Main Street in Cleburne, shortly after the founding of the town in 1886.

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crew got nothing from him except what they asked for as they needed it. Since there was no law to speak of there was nothing they could do.

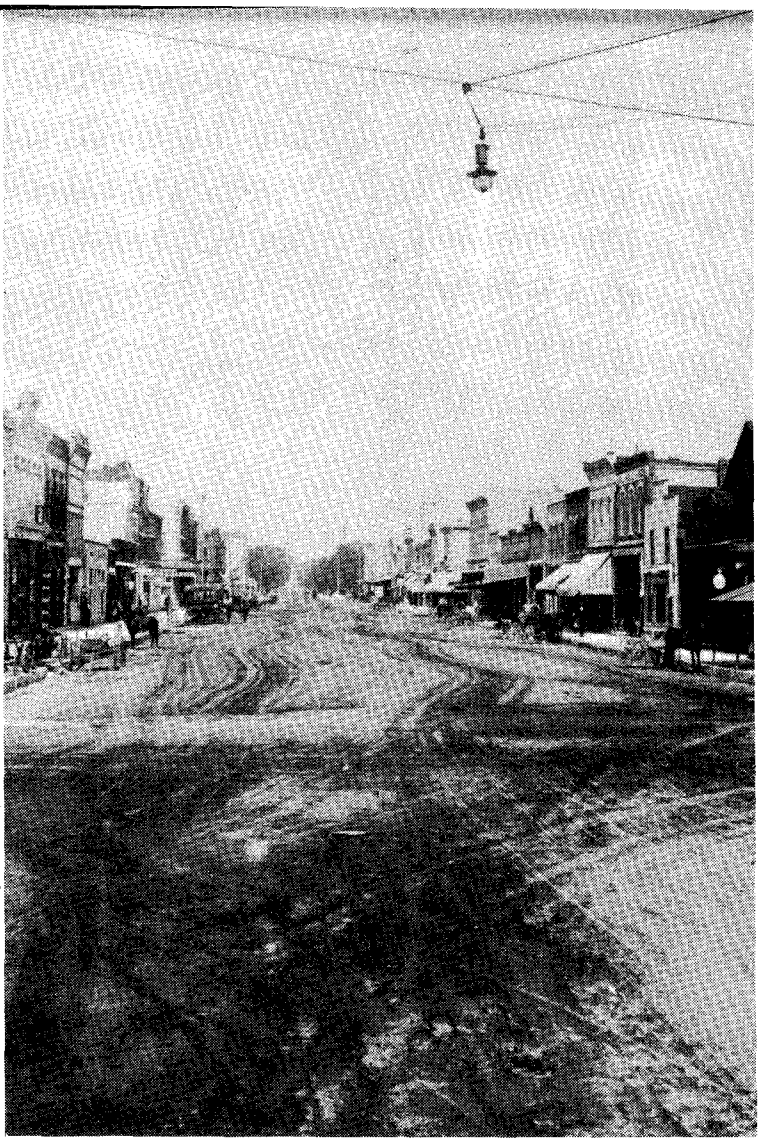
That summer while father was away working on the railroad, mother had a bad experience with the Indians. They were not unfriendly, but they would help themselves to anything they wanted and the settlers would not oppose them, naturally, as they wanted the Indians' friendship. That summer there were a number of red men traveling up and down the Big Blue River trapping and hunting. One day several of them walked into the cabin and helped themselves to everything that was there to eat. Mother sat crying in the corner with her two little girls in her lap. Father would not be home for several days and there would be no food 'til he came.

Just as they were going out the door with their hands full, one of them looked back at mother crying in the corner. He said a few words to the other men and they put everything they had taken back on the table. Mother was very happy and thanked God for moving the heart of that Indian who took pity on her. It seemed strange that she had felt less fear of the Indians than worry about her little ones having something to eat.

Father always carried the food home from Manhattan on his back as he walked the weary miles to get home for the weekend with his family. Often, a sack of flour was among the supplies and this made a heavy load for the many miles he had to walk. And, to think that all that summer's work netted him so little profit, only a pair of boots and some money for groceries.

In 1876, father began hauling stone from the nearby hills for the stone house which was to have two stories and a full basement. What wood was used was taken from the place. It was sawed and cut into lumber and they used walnut for the windows, mop boards and stairway. For the floors they used light oak or cottonwood. The carpenter finished the wood after it was cut at the mill.

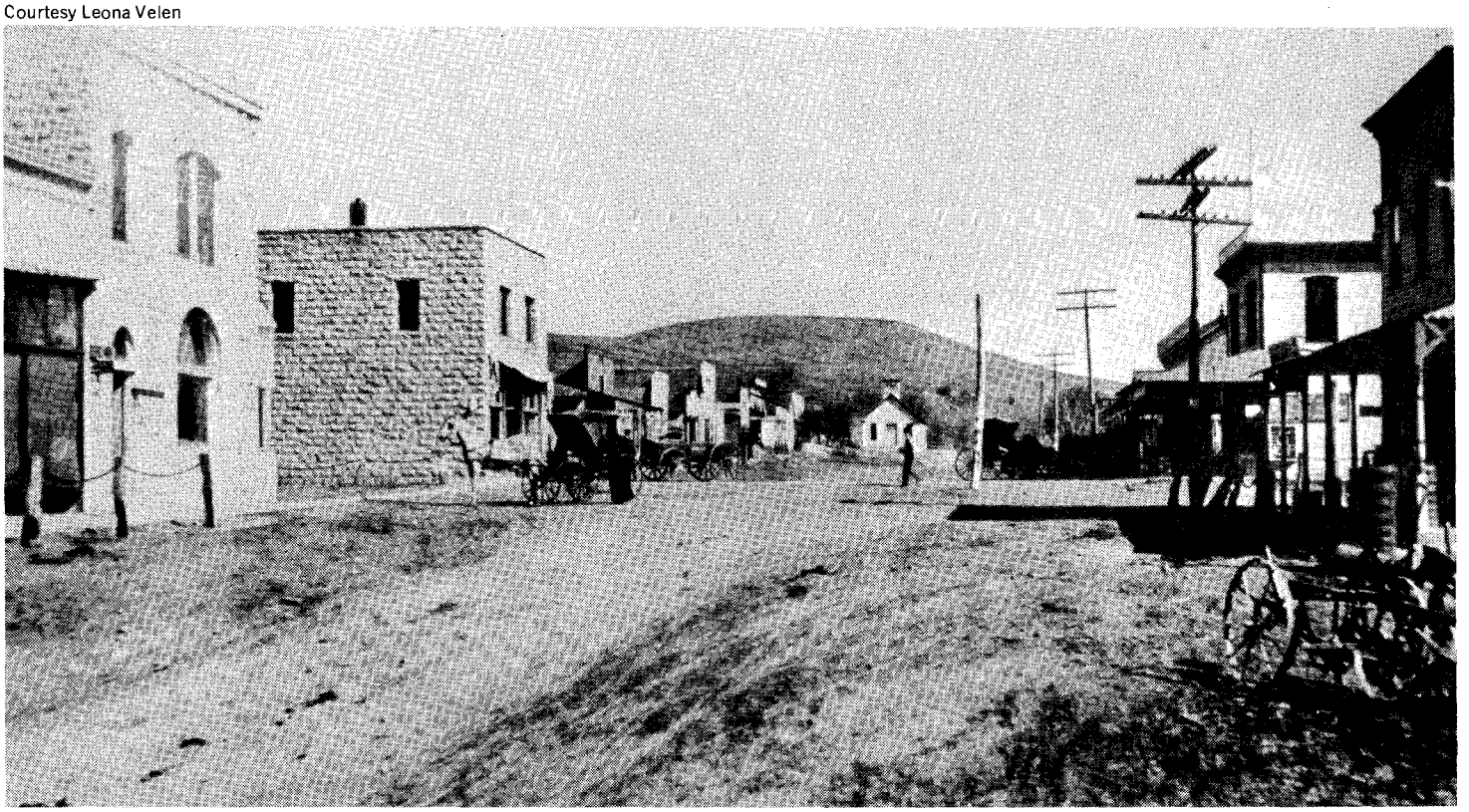
The first pieces of nice furniture were a bed of walnut, a dresser and a lounge also of walnut. I still have the lounge and my sister, Alma, got the bed and dresser. They have great sentimental value for they were all made from walnut trees that were grown on the farm. They were *(Continued on page 59)*



Kansas State Historical Society

Manhattan, Kansas, looking north in 1880.

Courtesy Leona Velen



Because of the building of Tuttle Creek Dam in the Big Blue Valley, Cleburne was destroyed in 1960.

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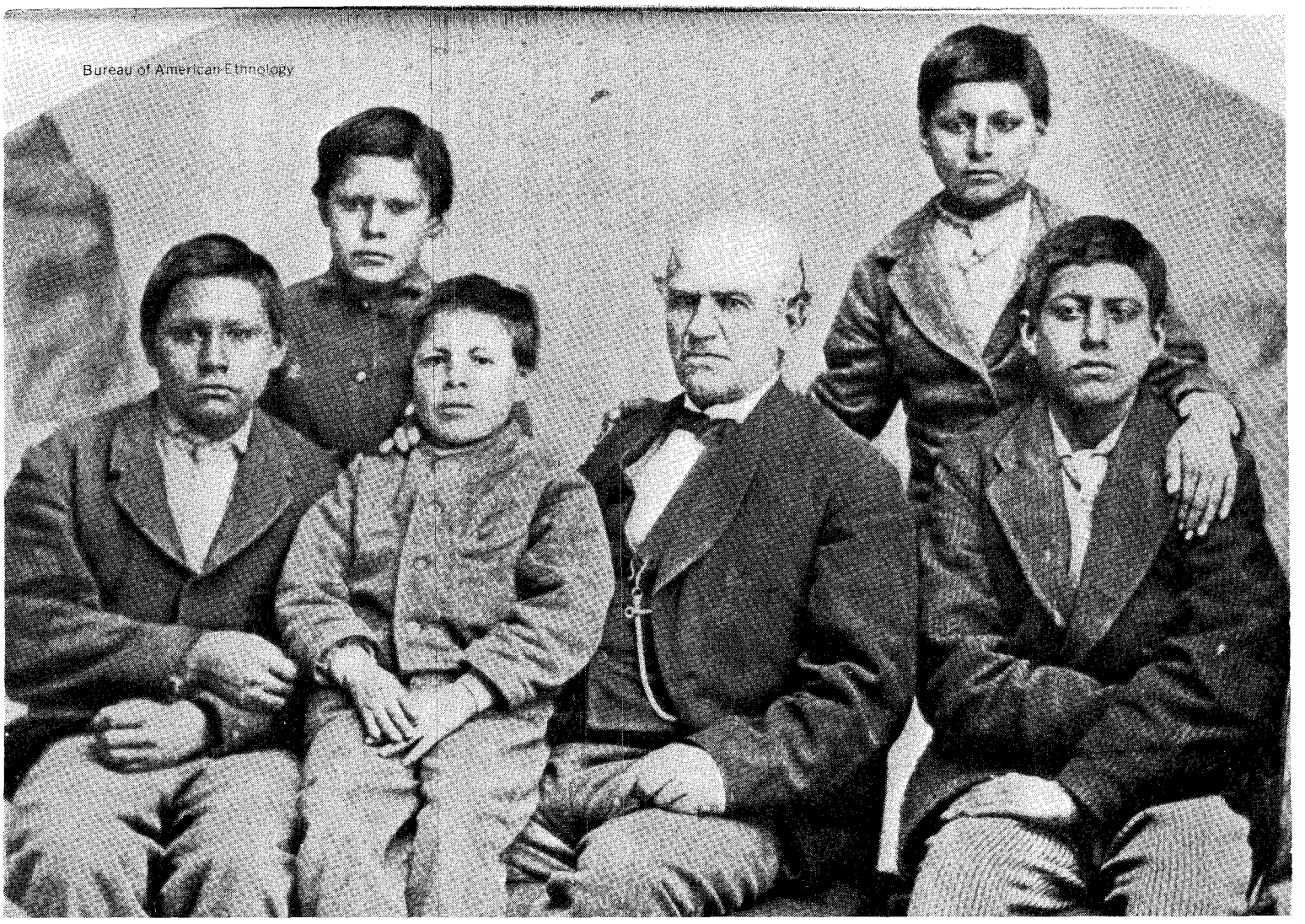

Former Indian captives, dressed in "citizens' clothing", posed with their benefactor, Lawrie Tatum.

Quaker Agent To The

What made Lawrie Tatum the strangest white man of all was that he loved his enemies, the Indians, and they became his friends

by Fred Grove

The Kiowas called their new agent *Danpaingyatai,* Bald Head. He was unlike any white man of their unhappy experience—he rode unarmed. Strangest for them to understand, however, was that he wanted nothing the Indians had, and he spoke as though all men were brothers.

Could his heart be soft like a woman's? Was he afraid?

Thus, Lawrie Tatum, the mild, middle-aged Iowa farmer whom the Society of Friends had chosen to inaugurate the Peace policy on the Kiowa-Comanche Reservation, faced the beginning of a three year ordeal.

On the night of June 22, 1870, Tatum and his wife, Mary Ann, heard shots along Cache Creek. Within minutes a bleeding white man stumbled to their unguarded door. Indians, he gasped, had attacked a government ox train. As the Tatums dressed his wounds, more shots were heard.

Tatum tiptoed to a window. In the naked moonlight he could see Indians driving horses out of the agency corral. Yipping, the riders raced westward toward the Wichita Mountains. Next morning a Mexican employee was found dead near the corral. The same day Kiowas attacked Texas cowboys trailing cattle south of the agency, killed and scalped one rider and stampeded the herd.

Tatum's Quaker assistants, teachers, clerks, carpenters and the lone agency physician, were filled with apprehension. Frontier violence was new to them. Seeing it at close hand left them shocked and uncertain.

Sensing their fear, Tatum called his assistants together. "I cannot," he said, "expect thee to remain here under the present dangerous circumstances. Anyone wishing to return to the States is free to do so. Use thy own judgment."

All except Josiah Butler and his wife, both teachers, decided to leave at once.

After tearful farewells, watching his people go north the next day by wagon, a somewhat grim Tatum thought of the progress made since the past summer, when the only agency structure was an adobe house. Around him now stood stone

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Denver Public Library

Col. Grierson supported the Peace Policy.

KIOWAS

and frame buildings, a steam engine, sawmill and corn grinder and large commissary. A school was nearing completion. Some 70 acres lay cultivated in corn. Indian children wore clothing made by Mary Ann and the other women. The sick received prompt attention.

But kindness wasn't enough, he realized. His wild charges weren't the trusting woodland Indians of William Penn's peaceful days. These were incomparable horse thieves and savage fighters. They raided far into Texas and Mexico, almost as often as the moon hung full. Over the years they had built up a profitable traffic in Mexican and white captives.

Yet Lawrie Tatum could understand. It was honorable for the red man to steal from his enemies, to kill as many as he could. Often rations ran short, and out on the plains the buffaloes were vanishing like melting snow. Peddlers traded "foolish water" for horses and mules, encouraging the capable Indians to steal. White outlaws stole Indian ponies and sometimes masqueraded as redskins when they made raids in Texas.

Tatum was late reaching his decision. Discipline was needed, even though contrary to the Friends' beliefs.

He rode to nearby Fort Sill to confer with Col. B.H. Grierson, Tenth Cavalry, commanding, an unusual army officer in that he supported the Peace Policy.

Would the colonel furnish soldiers to maintain order on ration issue day, held every two weeks? Of course, replied Grierson, a bit sheepishly. Hadn't reservation Indians stolen all but a few of the post's mule teams?

Tatum also took other measures. To remove temptation from his unruly wards, he divided the agency cattle into three herds, shifting the main one 60 miles east in the Chickasaw country. Hereafter, beef would be delivered only as needed.

Order prevailed on issue days. Then visiting Friends from the Cheyenne agency at Darlington, so far free of incidents, reproved him for displaying force. Where was his faith? Tatum gave it some thought and dismissed the military guard.

Immediately the Indians became bolder. They demanded extra rations and plenty of guns and ammunition. *Everybody be friends!*

Recent successful raids in Texas gave the Kiowas arrogant assurance. They had murdered Gottleib Koozer and taken captive his widow and five children, while the Comanches had captured a small boy named Martin Kilgore. Weren't all whites cowards? Now was a good time to talk them out of more rations and presents. *It paid to be bad!*

Tatum and Colonel Grierson agreed to meet the Kiowas in the agency commissary on August 7th.

The agent was surprised when he saw the Indians enter. All had bows and arrows, knives and guns. Protests, he knew, would have no effect except to make him look afraid, and to them bravery was the most important thing in life. He said nothing.

Scornfully, the Indians seated themselves on the floor and gave him insolent looks. Tatum understood. Bald Head's cool manner didn't impress them. His scalp wasn't worth taking; only gray fringes grew below the dome of his shining head. His body was stocky. His hands, instead of being lean like a warrior's, were thick from plowing. He hoped his gray eyes were steady, his mouth firm.

Speaking through an interpreter, Lawrie Tatum reproved them for raiding the Texas people.

Lone Wolf rose in rebuttal. He was one of the nine signers of the Medicine Lodge Treaty by which the Kiowas had agreed to live on a reservation. Dark eyes glittering, the noted warrior replied he had been "looking and looking" to see what made the whites mad, but could find nothing. True, some Tehannas had been killed. So had Kiowas. The war was about even. Why make loud talk?

Grierson took them to task in a manner they hated. Give up the warpath. Settle down on farms. Follow the white man's road.

All this time the Indians were stringing and flexing their *bois d'arc* bows, drawing arrows from quivers, pointedly sighting along the shafts. A brave near Lawrie Tatum took cartridges from his breechloading rifle and snapped them in again.

Tatum squared his jaw.

Another Indian drew a butcher knife and began sharpening the blade on a whetstone, turning it from side to side, the noise grinding through the oratory. Now and then he eyed the agent.

When, a mean looking buck demanded, was the agent going to issue rations?

Sweat beaded Tatum's brow. "When the white captives you took in Texas are released," he replied, holding his voice steady, "and when the soldiers' mules are returned."

Lone Wolf stepped forward and shoved his hand under the agent's vest, next to the heart. For long moments the Indian held his hand there. Tatum didn't move.

Suddenly Lone Wolf stepped back, grudging respect in his dark face. Bald Head's heart was beating calmly. He had no "scare."

Impressed, the Kiowas filed out to their ponies.

Tatum and Grierson exchanged looks. They had come close to death.

Eleven days later Tatum saw dust ruffling the prairie. Kiowas were coming to camp near the agency with their families. He felt a sweeping *(Continued on page 57)*

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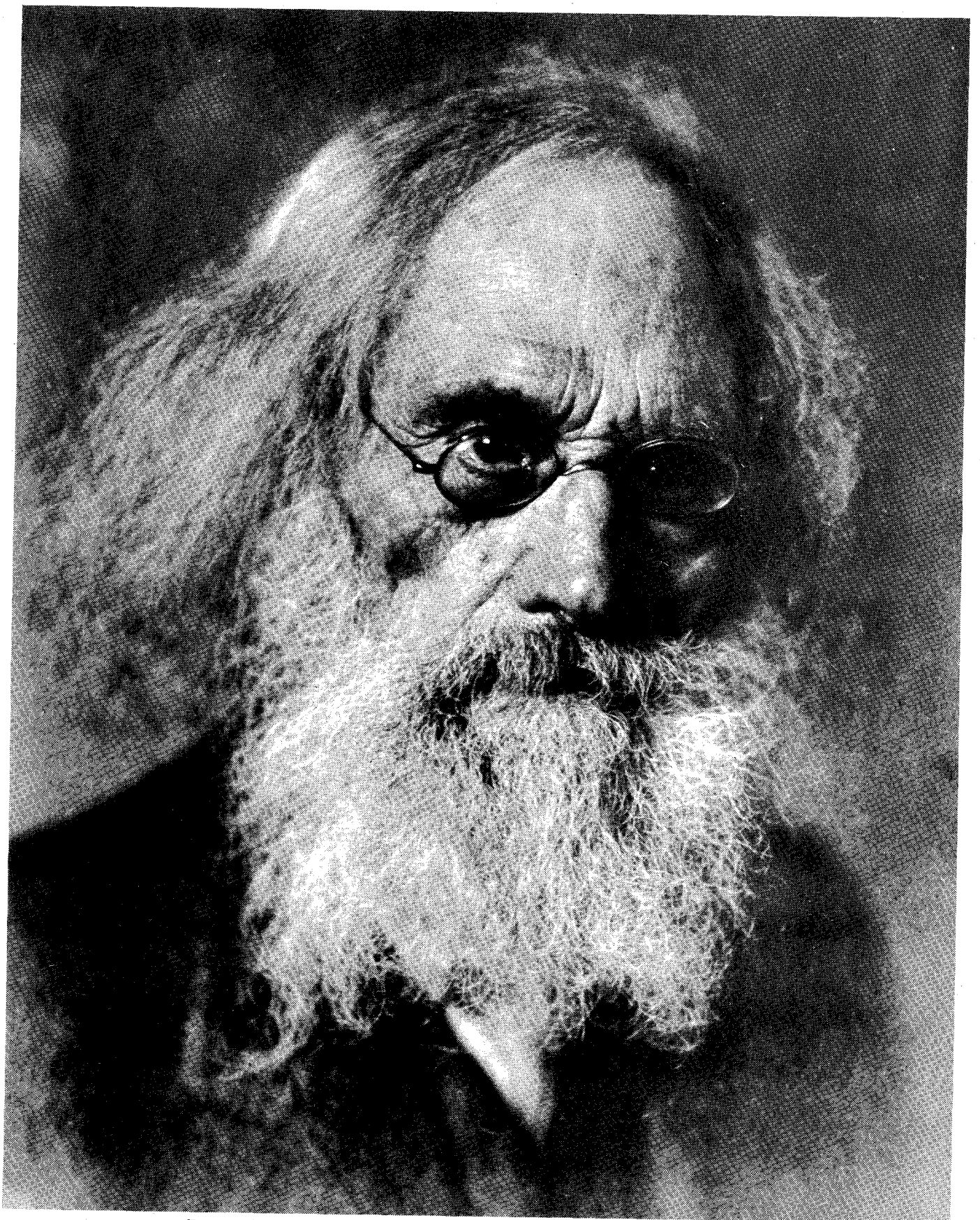
by L.C. Auer

Saga of



Born in Ohio, Ezra Meeker was determined to establish a home in the West.

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The Oregon Trail

Ezra Meeker's life spanned the pioneer years and he became a legend in the Northwest

In the early part of the year 1906, travelers and residents along the old Oregon Trail were surprised to see a curious conveyance roll slowly, and in a stately manner, down the old route heading eastward.

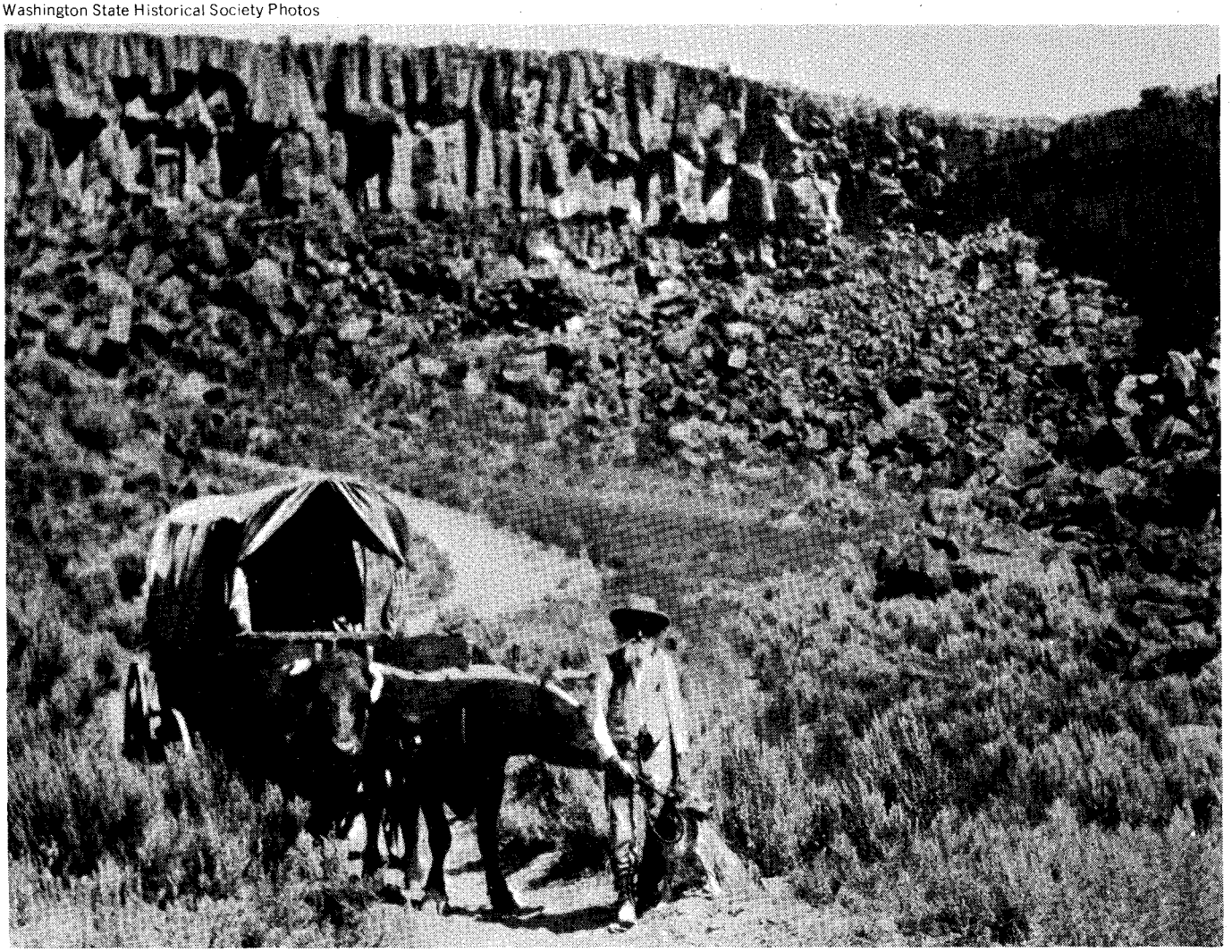
"Why," they exclaimed, "it's a covered wagon! Just like the pioneers!" It was exactly that, a great, boat shaped covered wagon with sway back and wooden axles, drawn by two patient oxen.

Driving the unique equipage, an exact replica even to linch pins and tar buckets at the sides of the prairie schooners of over half a century before, was a figure even more picturesque than his mode of transportation. He was Ezra Meeker and his age was 75. His snowy white hair gleamed in the pale winter sun and his long, flowing beard waved gently in the breeze. He was backtracking the famous old trail over which he had traveled as a pioneer from Missouri to Oregon in 1852. His object was to interest the people of America in marking and preserving the route of the pioneers.

As the patient beasts drew the gently swaying wagon over the hills and plains along the trail Ezra Meeker stopped at each town and settlement and talked enthusiastically of the history of the early highway. His was a one-man crusade to rescue for posterity, for all time to come, the Oregon Trail. He searched diligently for old landmarks and painted inscriptions on those that came to light. He asked his audiences to set up more markers to commemorate the historic old route. Before leaving his home in Washington State, after profound research, he had written a pamphlet, "The Ox-Team on the Oregon Trail." He sold copies of this work along the way to raise money for more markers.

Meeker's deep enthusiasm was infectious, for his project met with instant response. His colorful first-hand descriptions of life along the trail seemed to roll back the very pages of history for his listeners. Through him, they were able to feel the hopes and dreams, the triumphs and defeats of the intrepid settlers who dared the long journey into the Northwest. Through him, they sensed the ever present dangers along the way, heard again the sounds of the great prairie cavalcades, the creaking axles, the hoof beats of the outriders' horses, the crackling camp fires, and the *(Continued on page 47)*

Washington State Historical Society Photos



The pioneer, his dog and ox-team photographed as he backtracked on the Oregon Trail.

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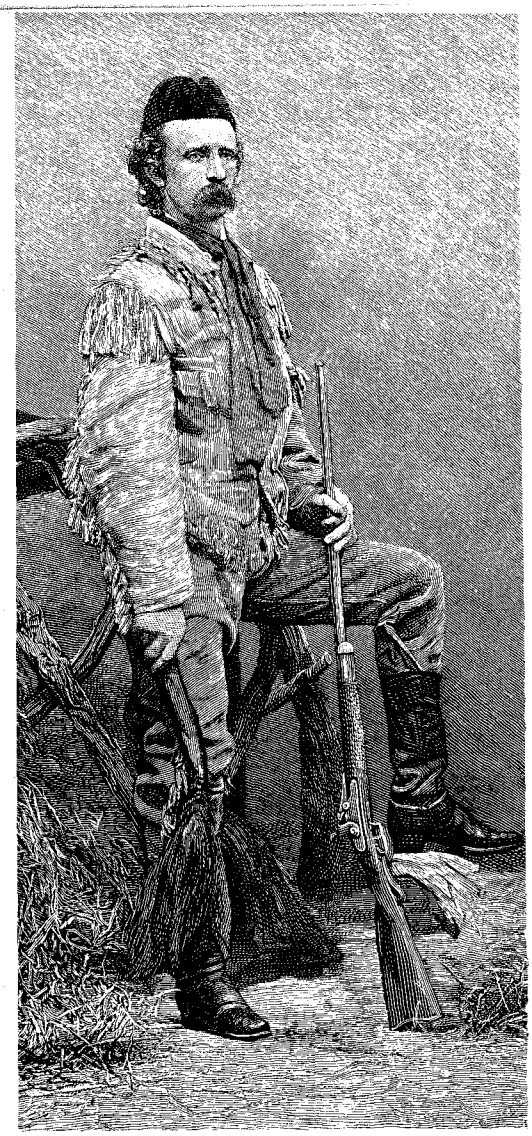
PART II-CONCLUSION

CUSTER'S LAST BATTLE

Captain Godfrey asked, "Where is Custer?" Lieutenant Bradley replied, "I don't know, but I suppose he has been killed, as we counted 197 dead bodies. I don't suppose any escaped." Godfrey was dumbfounded; it was the first information of the fate of Custer and his men.

by one of his troop commanders,
W.S. Godfrey, Capt., 7th Cavalry



General Custer in buckskin suit.

What has gone before:

In the first part of "Custer's Last Battle" Capt. Godfrey told how the 7th Cavalry, commanded by General Custer, left Fort Abraham Lincoln to pursue the Indians into the Black Hills. He mentioned apprehension among the officers and how one lieutenant expressed belief that they were in for trouble because he had never heard Custer speak as he did as the time for battle approached.

On June 25th, 1876, scouts brought word that they had sighted enough Indians to keep the soldiers fighting for three days.

Custer smiled and said, "I guess we'll get through them in one day."

The story continues:

We started promptly at eight o'clock and marched uninterruptedly until 10:30 a.m., when we halted in a ravine and were ordered to preserve quiet, keep concealed, and not do anything that would be likely to reveal our presence to the enemy. We had marched about ten miles.

It is a rare occurrence in Indian warfare that gives a commander the opportunity to reconnoiter the enemy's position in daylight. This is particularly true if the Indians have a knowledge of the presence of troops in the country. When following an Indian trail the "signs" indicate a "hot trail," *i.e.*, near approach, the commander judges his distance and by a forced march, usually in the nighttime, tries to reach the Indian village at night and make his disposition for a surprise attack at daylight. At all events his attack must be made with celerity, and generally without other knowledge of the numbers of the opposing force than that discovered or conjectured while following the trail.

The dispositions for the attack may be said to be "made in the dark," and successful surprise to depend upon luck. If the advance to the attack be made in daylight it is next to impossible that a near approach can be made without discovery. In all our previous experiences, when the immediate presence of the troops was once known to them, the warriors swarmed to the attack, and resorted to all kinds of ruses to mislead the troops, to delay the advance toward their camp or village, while the squaws and children secured what personal effects they could, drove off the pony herd, and by flight put themselves beyond danger, and then scattering to make successful pursuit next to impossible.

In civilized warfare, the hostile forces may confront each other. A full knowledge of the immediate presence of the enemy does not imply immediate attack.

In Indian warfare the rule is "touch and go."

These remarks are made because the firebrand nature of Indian warfare is not generally understood. In meditating upon the preliminaries of an Indian battle, old soldiers who have participated only in the battles of the Rebellion are apt to draw upon their own experiences for comparison, when there is no comparison.

The Little Big Horn River, or the "Greasy Grass" as it is known to the Indians, is a rapid mountain stream, from twenty to forty yards wide, with pebbled bottom, but abrupt, soft banks. The water at the ordinary stage is from two to five feet in depth, depending upon the width of the channel. The general direction of its course is northeasterly down to the Little Big Horn battle-field, where it trends northwesterly to its confluence with the Big Horn River.

The other topographical features of the country which concern us in this narrative may be briefly described as follows: Between the Little Big Horn

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Chief Two Moon was there with fifty lodges of his Cheyennes.

and Big Horn Rivers is a plateau of undulating prairie; between the Little Big Horn and the Rosebud are the Little Chetish or Wolf Mountains. By this it must not be misunderstood as a rocky upheaval chain or spur of mountains, but it is a rough, broken country of considerable elevation, of high precipitous hills and deep narrow gulches.

The command had followed the trail up a branch of the Rosebud to within, say, a mile of the summit of these mountains, which form the "divide."

Not many miles to our right was the divide between the Little Big Horn and Tulloch's Fork. The creek that drained the watershed to our right and front is now called "Sundance," or Benteen's, Creek. The trail, very tortuous and sometimes dangerous, followed down the bed and valley of this creek, which at that time was dry for part of its length.

It was from the divide between the Little Big Horn and the Rosebud that the scouts had discovered the smoke rising above the village, and the pony herds grazing in the valley of the Little Big Horn, somewhere about twelve or fifteen miles away. It was to their point of view that General Custer had gone while the column was halted in the ravine. It was impossible for him to discover more of the enemy than had already been reported by the scout. In consequence of the high bluffs which screened the village, it was not possible in following the trail to discover more. Nor was there a point of observation near the trail from which further discoveries could be made until the battle was at hand.

It was well known to the Indians that the troops were in the field, and a battle was fully expected by them; but the close proximity of our column was not known to them until the morning of the day of the battle. Several young men had left the hostile camp on that morning to go to one of the agencies in Nebraska. They saw the dust made by the column of troops; some of their number returned to the village and gave warning that the troops were coming, so the attack was not a surprise.

For two or three days their camp had been pitched on the site where they were attacked. The place was not selected with the view to making that the battle-field of the campaign, but whoever was in the van on their march thought it a good place to camp, put up his tepee, and the others as they arrived followed his example.

It is customary among the Indians to camp by bands. The bands usually camp some distance apart, and Indians of the number then together would occupy a territory of several miles along the river valley, and not necessarily within supporting distance of each other. But in view of the possible fulfilment of Sitting Bull's prophecy the village had massed.

Our officers had generally collected in groups and discussed the situation. Some sought solitude and sleep, or meditation. The Ree scouts, who had not been very active for the past day or two, were together and their "medicine man" was anointing them and invoking the Great Spirit to protect them from the Sioux. They seemed to be satisfied that we were going to find more Sioux than we could well take care of.

Captain Yates' troop had lost one of its packs of hard bread during the night march from our last halting-place on the 24th. He had sent a detail back on the trail to recover it. Captain Keogh came to where a group of officers were, and said this detail had returned and reported that when near the pack they discovered an Indian opening one of the boxes of hard bread with his tomahawk. As soon as the Indian saw the soldiers he galloped away to the hills out of range and then moved along leisurely. This information was taken to the General at once by his brother, Colonel Tom Custer. The General came back and had "officers' call" sounded. He recounted Captain Keogh's report, and also said that the scouts had seen several Indians moving along the ridge overlooking the valley through which we had marched, as if observing our movements; he thought the Indians must have seen the dust made by the command.

At all events our presence had been discovered and further concealment was unnecessary; now we would march at once to attack the village. He had not intended to make the attack until the next morning, the 26th, but our discovery made it imperative to act at once, as delay would allow the village to scatter and escape.

Troop commanders were ordered to make a detail of one non-commissioned officer and six men to accompany the pack, to inspect their troops and report as soon as they were ready to march. The troops would take their places in the column of march in the order in which reports of readiness were received, and that the last one to report would escort the pack-train.

The inspections were quickly made and the column was soon en route. We crossed the dividing ridge between the Rosebud and Little Big Horn valleys a little before noon. Shortly afterward the regiment was divided into battalions.

The advance battalion, under Major Reno, consisted of troop "M," Captain French; troop "A," Captain Moylan

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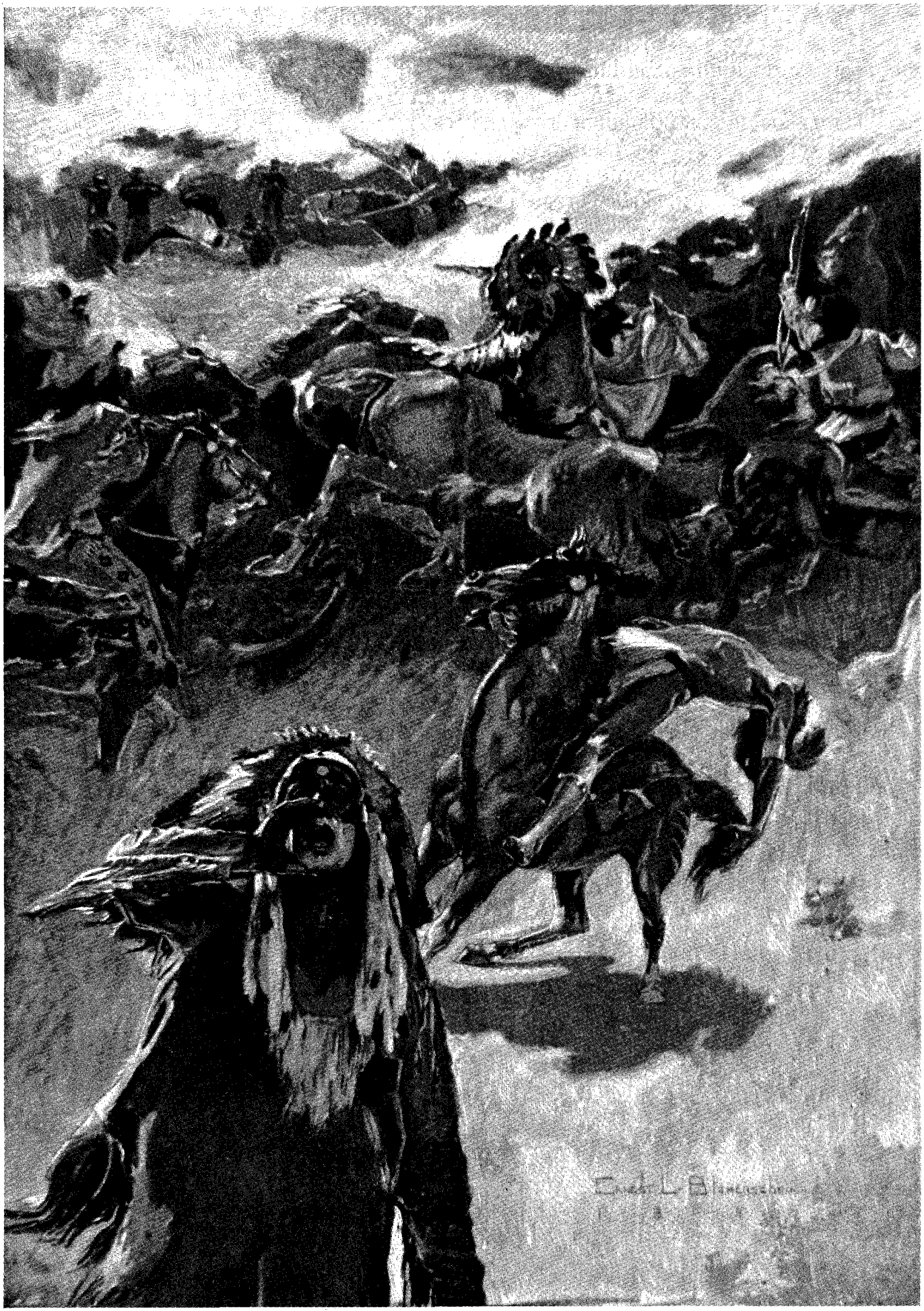

"We circled around them", was the caption given this artist's conception of Custer's last battle.

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and Lieutenant De Rudio; troop "G," Lieutenants McIntosh and Wallace; the Indian scouts under Lieutenants Varnum and Hare and the interpreter Girard. Lieutenant Hodgson was Acting Adjutant and Doctors DeWolf and Porter were the medical officers.

The battalion under General Custer was composed of troop "I," Captain Keogh and Lieutenant Porter; troop "F," Captain Yates and Lieutenant Reilly; troop "C," Captain Tom Custer and Lieutenant Harrington; troop "E," Lieutenants Smith and Sturgis; troop "L," Lieutenants Calhoun and Crittenden; Lieutenant Cook was the Adjutant, and Dr. G.E. Lord was medical officer.

The battalion under Captain Benteen consisted of troop "H," Captain Benteen and Lieutenant Gibson; troop "D," Captain Weir and Lieutenant Edgerly, and troop "K," Lieutenant Godfrey.

The pack-train, Lieutenant Mathey in charge, was under the escort of troop "B," Captain McDougall.

Major Reno's battalion marched down a valley that developed into the small tributary to the Little Big Horn, called "Sundance," or Benteen's, Creek. The Indian trail followed the meanderings of this valley. Custer's column followed Reno's closely, and the pack-train followed their trail. Benteen's battalion was ordered to the left and front, to a line of high bluffs about four miles distant.

Benteen was ordered, if he saw anything, to send word to Custer, but to pitch into any adversaries. If, when he arrived at the high bluffs, he could not see any enemy, he should continue his march to the next line of bluffs and so on, until he could see the Little Big Horn Valley. He marched over a succession of rough, steep hills and deep valleys.

The view from the point where the regiment was organized into battalions did not discover the difficult nature of the country, but as we advanced farther it became more and more difficult and more forbidding. Lieutenant Gibson was sent some distance in advance but saw no enemy, and so signaled the result of his reconnaissance to Benteen.

The obstacles threw the battalion by degrees to the right until we came in sight of and not more than a mile from the trail. Many of our horses were greatly jaded by the climbing and descending, some getting far to the rear of the column. Benteen very wisely determined to follow the trail of the rest of the command, and we got into it just in advance of the pack-train.

During this march on the left we could see occasionally the battalion under Custer, distinguished by the troop mounted on gray horses, marching at a rapid gait. Two or three times we heard loud cheering and also some few shots, but the occasion of these demonstrations is not known.

Frederic Remington

A cavalry bugler blows "taps."

Some time after getting on the trail we came to a water-hole, or morass, at which a stream of running water had its source. Benteen halted the battalion. While watering we heard some firing in advance, and Weir became a little impatient at the delay of watering and started off with his troop, taking the advance, whereas his place in column was second. The rest of the battalion moved out very soon afterward and soon caught up with him. Just as we were leaving the water-hole the pack-train was arriving, and the poor thirsty mules plunged into the morass in spite of the efforts of the packers to prevent them, for they had not had water since the previous evening.

We passed a burning tepee, fired presumably by our scouts, in which was the body of a warrior who had been killed in the battle with Crook's troops on the Rosebud on the 17th of June.

The battalions under Reno and Custer did not meet any Indians until Reno arrived at the burning tepee; here a few were seen. These Indians did not act as if surprised by the appearance of troops; they made no effort to delay the column, but simply kept far enough in advance to invite pursuit. Reno's command and the scouts followed them closely, until he received orders "to move forward at as rapid a gait as he thought prudent, and charge the village afterward, and the whole outfit would support him."

The order was received when Reno was not very far from the Little Big Horn River. His battalion moved at a trot to the river, where Reno delayed about ten or fifteen minutes watering the horses and re-forming the column on the left bank of the stream. Reno now sent word to Custer that he had everything in front of him and that the enemy was strong. *Custer had moved off to the right, being separated from Reno by a line of high bluffs and the river.*

Reno moved forward in column of fours about half a mile, then formed the battalion in line of battle across the valley with the scouts on the left; after advancing about a mile further he deployed the battalion as skirmishers. In the meantime the Hostiles, continually reinforced, fell back, firing occasionally, but made no decided effort to check Reno's advance. The horses of two men became unmanageable and carried them into the Indian camp. The Indians now developed great force, opened a brisk fire, mounted, and made a dash toward the foot-hills on the left flank where the Ree scouts were. The scouts ignominiously fled, most of them abandoning the field altogether.

Reno, not seeing the "whole outfit" within supporting distance, did not obey his orders to charge the village, but dismounted his command to fight on foot.

The movements of the Indians around the left flank and the flight of the scouts caused the left to fall back until the command was on the defensive in the timber and covered by the bank of the old riverbed.

Reno's loss thus far was one wounded. The position was a strong one well protected in front by the bank and fringe of timber, somewhat open in the rear, but sheltered by timber in the bottom. Those present differ in their estimates of the length of time the command remained in the bottom after they were attacked in force. Some say "a few minutes"; others, "about an hour."

While Reno remained there his casualties were few. The Hostiles had him nearly surrounded, and there was some firing from the rear of the position by Indians on the opposite bank of the river. One man was killed close to where Reno was, and directly afterward Reno gave orders to those near him to "mount and get to the bluffs." This order was not generally heard or communicated; while those who did hear it were preparing to execute it, he countermanded the order, but soon afterward he repeated the same order, "to mount and get to the bluffs," and again it was not generally understood.

Individuals, observing the preparations of those on the left, near Reno,

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informed their troop commanders, who then gave orders to mount. Owing to the noise of the firing and to the absorbed attention they were giving to the enemy, many did not know of the order until too late to accompany the command. Some remained concealed until the Indians left and then came out. Four others remained until night and then escaped.

Reno's command left the bottom by troop organizations in column. *Reno was with the foremost in this retreat or "charge," as he termed it in his report,* and after he had exhausted the shots of his revolvers he threw them away. The hostile strength pushed Reno's retreat to the left, so he could not get to the ford where he had entered the valley, but they were fortunate in striking the river at a fordable place; a pony-trail led up a funnel-shaped ravine into the bluffs. Here the command got jammed and lost all semblance of organization. The Indians fired into them, but not very effectively. There does not appear to have been any resistance, certainly no organized resistance, during this retreat.

On the right and left of the ravine into which the pony-path led were rough precipitous clay bluffs. It was surprising to see what steep inclines men and horses clambered up under the excitement of danger.

Lieutenant Donald McIntosh was killed soon after leaving the timber. Dr. DeWolf was killed while climbing one of the bluffs a short distance from the command. Lieutenant B. H. Hodgson's horse leaped from the bank into the river and fell dead; the lieutenant was wounded in the leg, probably by the same bullet that killed the horse. Hodgson called out, "For God's sake, don't abandon me". He was assured that he would not be left behind. Hodgson then took hold of a comrade's stirrup-strap and was taken across the stream, but soon after was shot and killed. Hodgson, some days before the battle, had said that if he was dismounted in battle or wounded, he intended to take hold of somebody's stirrup to assist himself from the field.

During the retreat Private Dalvern, troop "F," had a hand-to-hand conflict with an Indian. His horse was killed. He then shot the Indian, caught the Indian's pony, and rode to the command.

Reno's casualties thus far were three officers, including Dr. J.M. De Wolf, and 29 enlisted men and scouts killed; seven enlisted men wounded; and one officer, one interpreter, and fourteen soldiers and scouts missing. Nearly all the casualties occurred during the retreat and after leaving the timber.

The Ree scouts continued their flight until they reached the supply camp at the mouth of the Powder, on the 27th. The Crow scouts remained with the command.

We will now go back to Benteen's battalion. Not long after leaving the water-hole a sergeant met him with an order from Custer to the commanding officer of the pack-train to hurry it up. The sergeant was sent back to the train with the message; as he passed the column he said to the men, "We've got 'em, boys." From this and other remarks we inferred that Custer had attacked and captured the village.

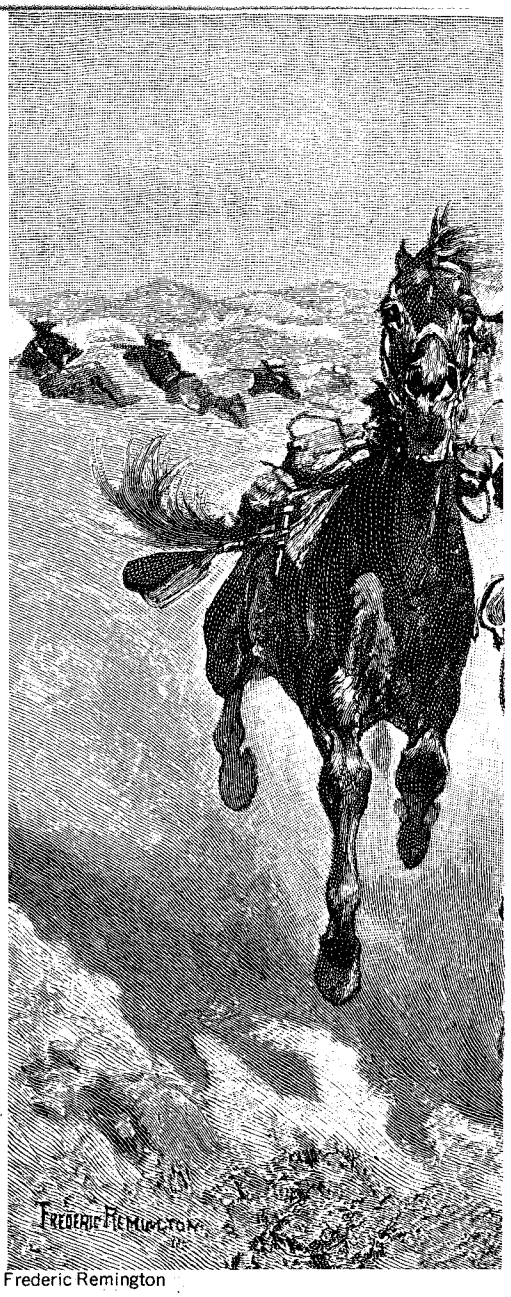
Shortly afterward we were met by a trumpeter bearing this message signed by Colonel Cook, Adjutant: (*sic*—Gen. Custer's Adjutant previously listed as Lieutenant Cook) "Benteen, come on. Big village. Be quick," with the postscript, "Bring packs."

The column had been marching at a trot and walk, according as the ground was smooth or broken. We now heard firing, first straggling shots, and as we advanced the engagement became more and more pronounced and appeared to be coming toward us.

The column took the gallop with pistols drawn, expecting to meet the enemy which we thought Custer was driving before him in his effort to communicate with the pack-train, never suspecting that our force had been defeated. We were forming in line to meet our supposed enemy, when we came in full view of the valley of the Little Big Horn.

The valley was full of horsemen riding to and fro in clouds of dust and smoke, for the grass had been fired by the Indians to drive the troops out and cover their own movements. On the bluffs to our right we saw a body of troops and that they were engaged. But an engagement appeared to be going on in the valley too. Owing to the distance, smoke, and dust, it was impossible to distinguish if those in the valley were friends or foes.

There was a short time of uncertainty as to the direction in which we should go, but some Crow scouts came by, driving a small herd of ponies, one of whom



Frederic Remington

said "Soldiers," and motioned for the command to go to the right. Following his directions, we soon joined Reno's battalion, which was still firing. Reno had lost his hat and had a handkerchief tied about his head, and appeared to be very much excited.

Benteen's battalion was ordered to dismount and deploy as skirmishers on the edge of the bluffs overlooking the valley. Very soon after this the Indians withdrew from the attack. Lieutenant Hare came to where I was standing and, grasping my hand heartily, said with a good deal of emphasis: "We've had a big fight in the bottom, got whipped, and I am ———— glad to see you." I was satisfied that he meant what he said, for I had already suspected that something was wrong, but was not quite prepared for such startling information.

Benteen's battalion was ordered to divide its ammunition with Reno's men, who had apparently expended nearly all in their personal possession. It has often been a matter of doubt whether this was

Capt. Yates commanded Troop F.

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Riderless horses being hurried away from the scene of intense firing.

a fact, or the effect of imagination. It seems most improbable, in view of their active movements and the short time the command was firing, that the "most of the men" should have expended one hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition per man.

While waiting for the ammunition pack-mules, Major Reno concluded to make an effort to recover and bury the body of Lieutenant Hodgson. At the same time we loaded up a few men with canteens to get water for the command; they were to accompany the rescuing party. The effort was futile; the party was ordered back after being fired upon by some Indians who doubtless were scalping the dead near the foot of the bluffs.

A number of officers collected on the edge of the bluff overlooking the valley and were discussing the situation; among our number was Captain Moylan, a veteran soldier, and a good one too, watching intently the scene below.

Moylan remarked, quite emphatically: "Gentlemen, in my opinion General Custer has made the biggest mistake of his life, by not taking the whole regiment in at once in the first attack."

At this time there were a large number of horsemen, Indians, in the valley. Suddenly they all started down the valley, and in a few minutes scarcely a horseman was to be seen. Heavy firing was heard down the river. During this time the questions were being asked: "What's the matter with Custer, that he don't send word what we shall do?" "Wonder what we are staying here for?" etc., thus showing some uneasiness; but still no one seemed to show great anxiety, nor do I know that any one felt any serious apprehension but that Custer could and would take care of himself.

Some of Reno's men had seen a party of Custer's command, including Custer himself, on the bluffs about the time the Indians began to develop in Reno's front. This party was heard to cheer, and seen to wave their hats as if to give encouragement, and then they disappeared behind the hills or escaped further attention from those below. It was about the time of this incident that Trumpeter Martini left Cook with Custer's last orders to Benteen, viz.: "Benteen, come on. Big village. Be quick. Bring packs. Cook, Adjutant. P.S. Bring packs."

The repetition in the order would seem to indicate that Cook was excited, flurried, or that he wanted to emphasize the necessity for escorting the packs. It is possible, yes probable, that from the high point Custer could then see nearly the whole camp and force of the Indians and realized that the chances were desperate; but it was too late to reunite his forces for the attack. Reno was already in the fight and his (Custer's) own battalion was separated from the attack by a distance of two and a half to three miles. He had no reason to think that Reno would not push his attack vigorously. A commander seldom goes into battle counting upon the failure of his lieuten-

(Continued on page 62)

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GUERRILLA GOLD

Pursued by Federal troops and miners, the Reynolds brothers buried their loot and planned to return for it when things cooled off

by C. Arthur Hochmuth

"More'n sixty thousand thar, John."
"Yep. Guess theer is, Jim."
"Well, let's fill 'er in."

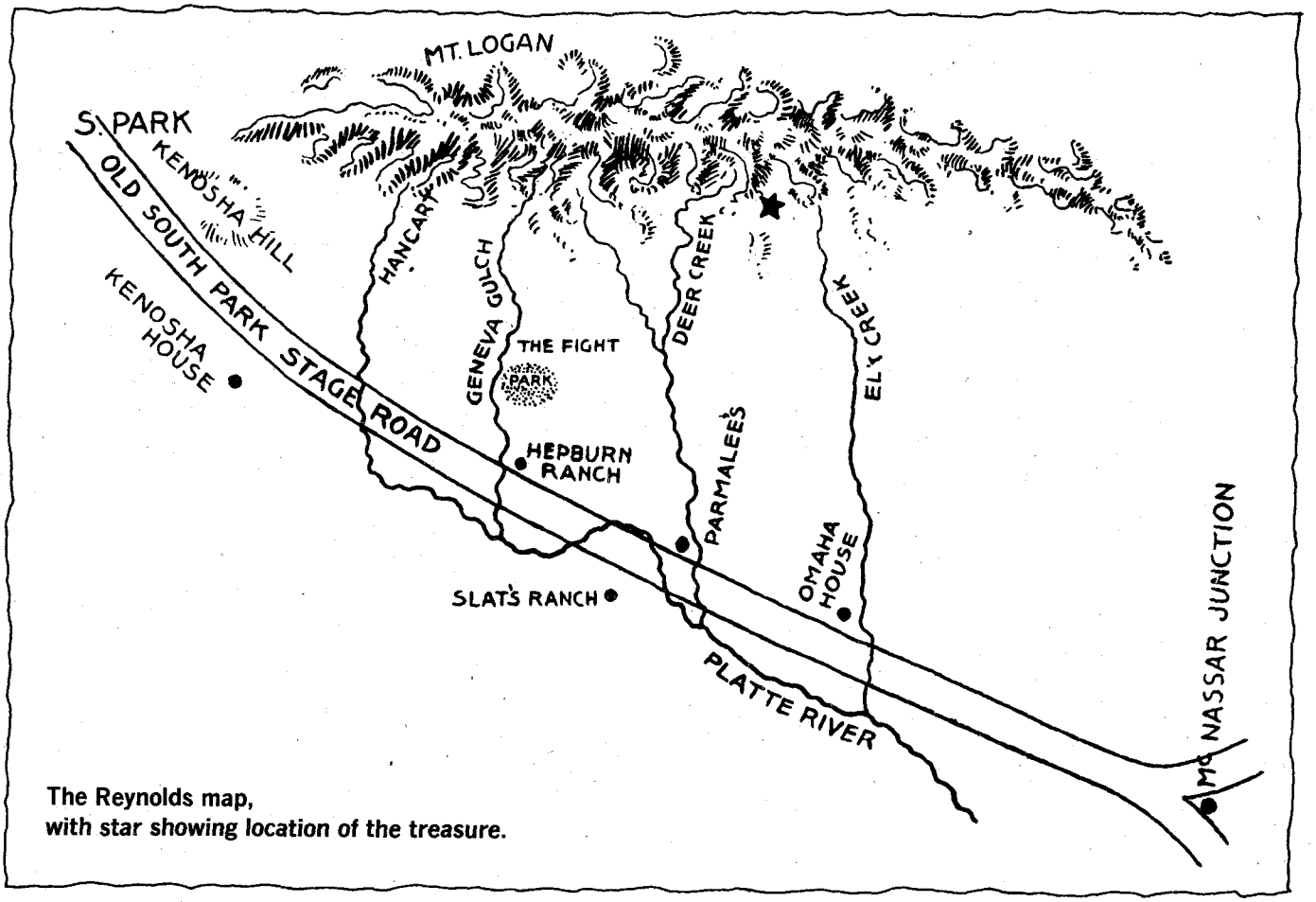
Silently the two roughly dressed, grizzled men piled rocks in the mouth of the abandoned prospect hole where they had secreted well over $50,000 in currency and drafts wrapped in oiled-silk cloth along with three cans of gold dust. They completed the concealment of the rich cache near the headwaters of Elk Creek in Park County, Colorado, by covering the rocks with earth and small sticks and marked its location by driving a knife into a nearby tree with the haft pointing towards it.

This accomplished, they surveyed their work with satisfaction, confident that, until their return, the treasure would never be found by anyone. They then mounted their horses and began a roundabout trip back to their camp where six companions awaited them.

While the foregoing conversation and action is merely imaginative, it is a fact that on July 31, 1864, Jim Reynolds, Confederate guerrilla leader, and his brother, John, did bury loot approximating that amount in the spot mentioned and marked it with a knife. It is also known that before they reached their camp on nearby Deer Creek, one of their horses became mired in the mud and they had to abandon it. While the loss of the horse was inconsequential, it was the first of their misfortunes that would eventually result in the violent deaths of all the gang.

Being closely pursued by Federal troops, posses of miners and other citizens, the burdensome loot they had captured during their foray northward into Colorado had become a hindrance to their free movements. For that reason Jim had decided to dispose of it in a place known only to himself and John. Later they would return and pick it up at their convenience; a plan that was never to materialize although John lived long enough to give it one last try.

The brothers had been in Colorado at the outbreak of the Civil War. Jim was working as a placer-mine laborer while John, ever adverse to labor of any sort, was able, in later day parlance, to pick up a "fast buck" whenever he needed it by robbing a bank or stagecoach, gambling, pandering or even



The Reynolds map, with star showing location of the treasure.

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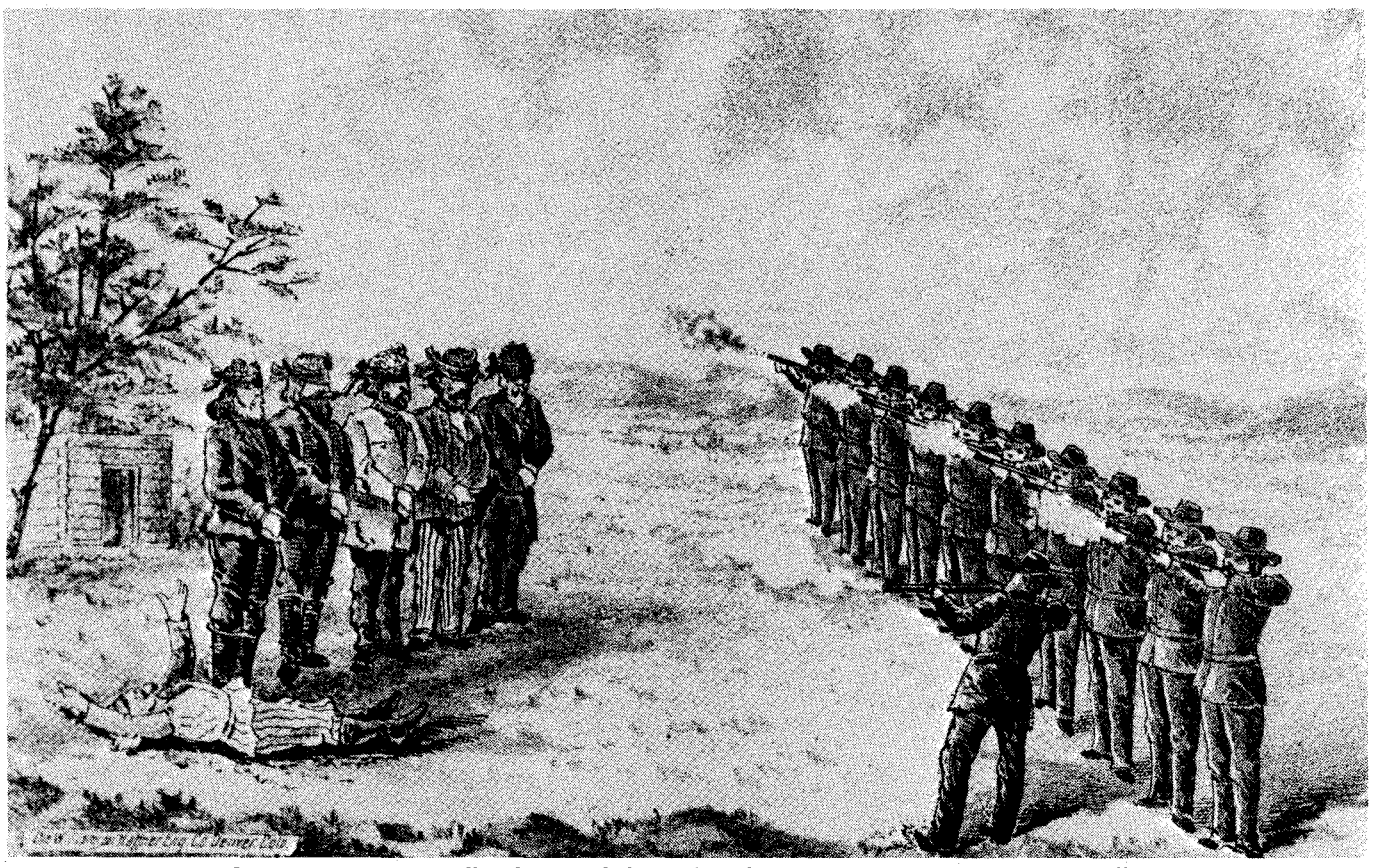

Denver Public Library Photos

The prisoners were lined up and the order given to fire, but only one man fell.

petty thievery. Soon after the outbreak of hostilities, the Northerners, who were in preponderance, became disagreeable and the two Reynolds decided to return to their native Texas.

En route, they went by way of Denver and were thrown into jail there, along with several others, for refusing to join the Union Army. Their period of incarceration was of short duration because, with the help of one of their jailers, Jack Robinson, they soon made their escape. Taking Robinson and some of the other prisoners with them, they completed their interrupted journey and enlisted in the Confederate Army as irregulars.

Not much is known of their part in the war except that Jim later boasted that he had been with Quantrill—a worthy mentor—on some of his raids. The value of gold, nevertheless, stuck in his memory and his desire for it never lessened. Finally he came up with the idea, and certainly not an original one, that the easiest and possibly surest way to get gold was to let the other fellow do the digging and then shove the business end of a gun into his ribs and make him fork over.

Naturally, this naive plan was right down John's alley and with him as his lieutenant and muscle-man, Jim collected a force of about 50 roughnecks and adventurers to help carry it out. The gangsters termed themselves rebel guerrillas, organized for the purpose of raiding the rich gold fields in Colorado. In that, they announced, they would be striking a blow for the South although none of them ever mentioned that they would get a cut in the profits of the venture. Each one had to take a solemn oath pledging allegiance to the Confederacy, its people and to each other. One formality they overlooked was that of notifying the officials of that government, either civil or military, of their projected intentions.

Early in July, 1864, when time came for their departure from Rabbit Ears Creek, Texas, over half the original number had reneged on the deal and gone their devious ways. Undismayed, Jim set out with 21 others besides himself. Reaching the Santa Fe Trail, they captured a Mexican wagon train and took from it more than $40,000 in currency, $6,000 in drafts, 2,000 silver dollars, guns, mules and other equipment. They buried the heavy money and other articles they did not need on the banks of the Cimarron River with the intention of picking up that part of the booty on their return trip.

By the time the raiders reached the Arkansas River below Ft. Lyon several of them, taking Jim's absolute refusal to divide the loot as an indication of what was to come, had deserted leaving him with but eight men. According to a diary kept by one of them, these were, besides John and their former jailer, Jack Robinson: John Andrews, John Babbitt, Tom Halliman, Tom Knight, Owen Singletary and Jake Stowe.

The guerrilla leader did not let this loss in numbers discourage him and proceeded on, reasonably sure he would be able to add willing recruits when he reached South Park. This huge basin, surrounded by high mountains, had been a valued hunting ground for the Utes and later became known to the mountain men as the *Bayou Salado*. In 1859 when gold was found in the beds of a number of its streams, prospectors swarmed in. The Reynolds brothers were among them. Now they were back again, still in search of gold, but with an entirely different and less strenuous method in mind of getting it.

Starting out on the first morning after their arrival in South Park and heading towards Denver, they came upon Major H.H. DeMary, operator of one of the better paying mines thereabouts. Jim, from his previous sojourn in the area, knew that DeMary often carried large sums of money on his person. When they held him up the take was almost negligible, however, as the major had only about $100 with him. To compensate for this disappointing deficiency, one of the party forcibly traded his own battered headgear for the gentlemen's fancy hat.

Taking DeMary along with them, they rode on the stagecoach station near Hamilton, about ten miles east of Fairplay. There they subdued the manager, Dan McLaughlin, and holding him in duress along with the major, ordered his wife to cook their dinner.

When the stage bound from Buckskin Joe to Denver pulled in, they held its driver, Abner Williamson, at gun point and relieved him of his entire fortune of 15 cents. Here they made their first mistake, and one for *(Continued on page 48)*

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His buildings are Abe Curry's monument.

Mrs. Mary Curry said Mark Twain was a lazy man.

The MAN

This is the story of Abe Curry, pioneer extraordinary, his struggles and triumphs when the West was new

by Doris Cerveri

For $500 cash and a few mustangs Abe Curry bought picturesque Eagle Valley, situated at the base of the eastern slope of the Sierras. Before him, in 1851, a party of prospectors from the placer mines in California had located in Carson City. They found hunting for gold poor along the Carson River and its vicinity, and, realizing that the country offered a definite advantage for trading and agriculture, they built a trading station. For some unknown reason they nailed the remains of a dead eagle onto the door of their store and named the area Eagle Station, which later became known as the Eagle Ranch and finally Eagle Valley. This post was situated approximately in the center of the valley and is not to be confused with the Eagle Valley Ranch where the Eagle Valley Children's Home is presently located.

These men cultivated a garden, raised hay, and enjoyed a profitable business in general because trappers, explorers, and emigrants passing through on their way to the California gold fields were willing to pay any amount of money for the essentials they so urgently needed. Emigrant trains were refitted here and it was a relay post of the Pony Express.

Whether the traders tired of their venture or wanted to try their luck elsewhere—the reason is not known, but they sold the post in 1854 to Colonel John Reese and a Mr. Barnard from Genoa. These gentlemen built the first toll bridge over the Carson River and operated the store for a short time. Later several families of Mormons bought the property from them.

About this time the Paiute Indians became uneasy with the advent of so many whites in the area and there were rumors of a possible Indian uprising. Brigham Young immediately sent word out for all Mormons to return to Salt Lake City. As many Mormons as possible began the long trek back to Utah and several non-Mormon families returned to California. The store and surrounding areas were sold for practically nothing to the Joseph Mankin family; most of the purchase price being paid for in wheat. Joseph, his four sons and a daughter, were the only occupants of the large tract of land then for quite some time.

As a boy, Abraham Van Zantervoort Curry was apprenticed to the baker's trade, but he had entirely too much energy to be content with kneading bread and shaping biscuits. While living in Cleveland, he worked on the Erie line and owned steam and sailing vessels. Coming west in 1852, he settled in Downieville, California, where he stayed for approximately six years. After selling a theatre there, he and three other men, B.F. Green, Frank M. Proctor and J.J. Musser, trudged over the Sierras into Nevada territory restlessly seeking a new livelihood, and perhaps again wanting to experience the thrill of venturing into the unknown.

After the quartette arrived in Genoa, Abe wanted to establish a general store, but the price of the property he selected was $1,000, which he thought entirely too much. To Abe an expenditure of $1,000 was not one to be hastily made without realizing full value of such an investment. It was not that he wanted to accumulate wealth, but he knew his own mind and

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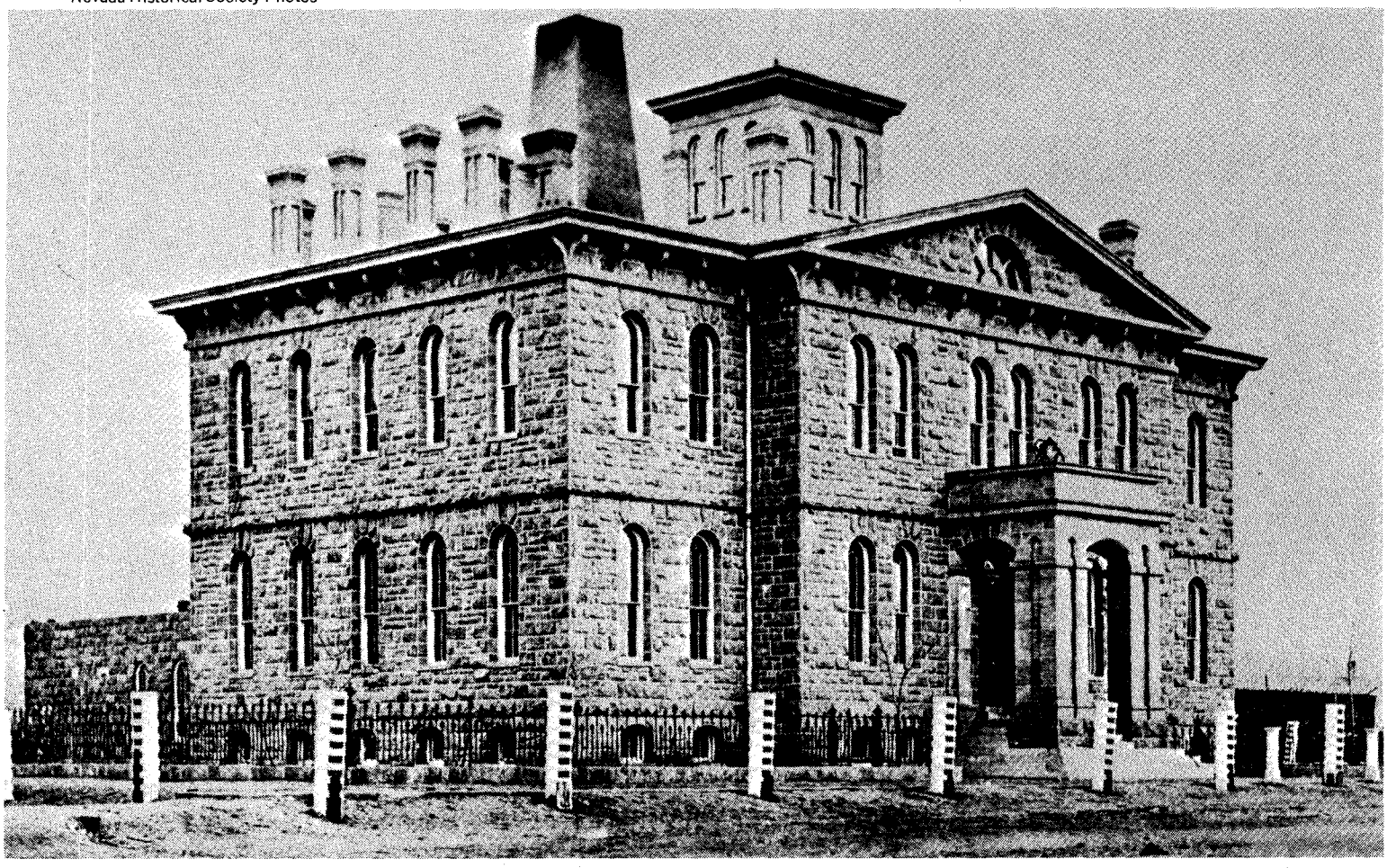
Who Built Carson City

Nevada Historical Society Photos



The branch of the United States Mint at Carson City, Nevada, in the year 1875.

how much he wanted to pay. No amount of persuasion or guile brought about a reduction in the amount. This exasperated Abe so much he decided to push farther on into the valley and start a town of his own.

The area Curry and his three partners bought was a circular section of country comprising approximately 16,000 acres. Today this same area has an assessed valuation of 17 million dollars.

Abe Curry, being a man of enterprise, ability, and energy, visualized great things as he looked out over the valley toward the Sierras. This territory was known as western Utah, but it was his opinion that eventually it would be a separate state. This was one of the reasons he was eager to have his town developed, and in September, 1858, suggested to his partners that a town site be surveyed.

J.F. Long, a surveyor from Placerville, examined the area, and thought the idea was far-fetched and foolish. To him the valley was nothing but a mud hole. He recommended that such an absurd notion be abandoned. As an added inducement to get the survey under way Curry offered Long a block of land east of the plaza, which the surveyor refused to accept. However, Long did the job, and the first town plats were filed in 1860 and '61. After the survey an equal division of the town lots was made between the four owners, and streets were eventually named after them. About a year later hotels, saloons, stores, a brewery and various other places of business mushroomed overnight, to the delight of Abe Curry!

Along with all this activity and the steady stream of people passing through there was the usual increase in crime. Five or six murders in one month were not unusual. The town was as raw and wild as others on the frontier.

The plaza, or pavilion as it was sometimes called, which played an interesting part in the development of Curry's town, is that section where the State Capitol now stands. About the only thing on the land was an unfinished half-burned structure of some sort. There were no trees, and it was fenced in with planed 6 by 6 timbers, unpainted. A few Indians were always sprawled in the shade of the old building. To most people it was an eyesore. To Abe Curry, however, it seemed the perfect site upon which to erect a capitol building.

One of the early pioneers, and a good friend of Curry's, who shared his dream of a flourishing, progressive town, was Major Ormsby. It was he who named it for Kit Carson. Later Ormsby was killed in the Pyramid Lake massacre.

In the spring of 1859 Curry sold his two-thirds interest in the Gould and Curry mine in Virginia City. This money was used to finance a trip back to Ohio so he could bring his wife, the former Mary Ann Cowen, and family out West. Several in-laws and other relatives accompanied the Currys on their trip around the Isthmus to San Francisco, which took six months. When Abe arrived in San Francisco he intended to buy back his interest in the *(Continued on page 42)*

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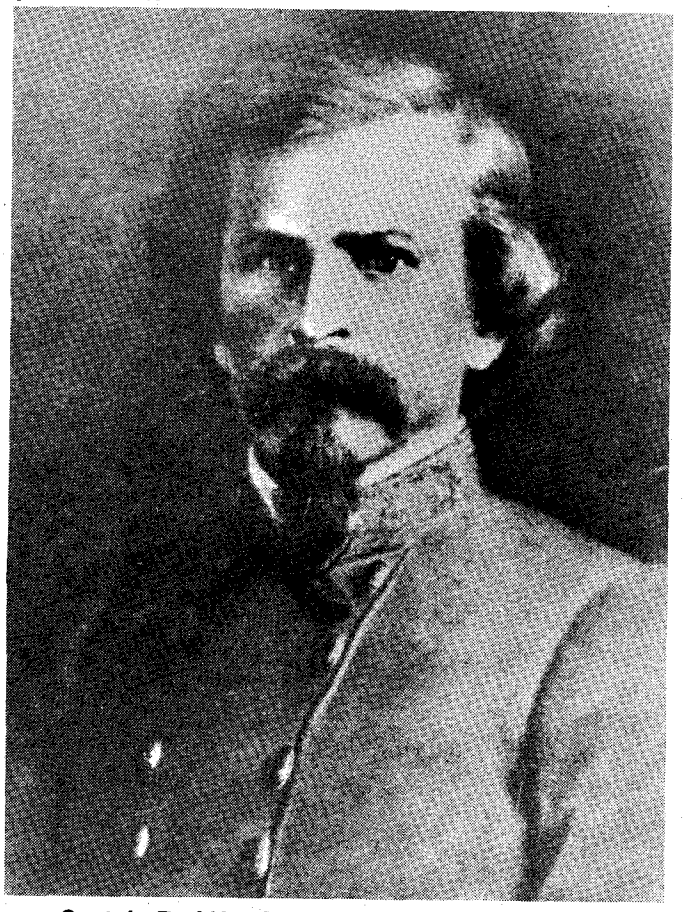
CAMP

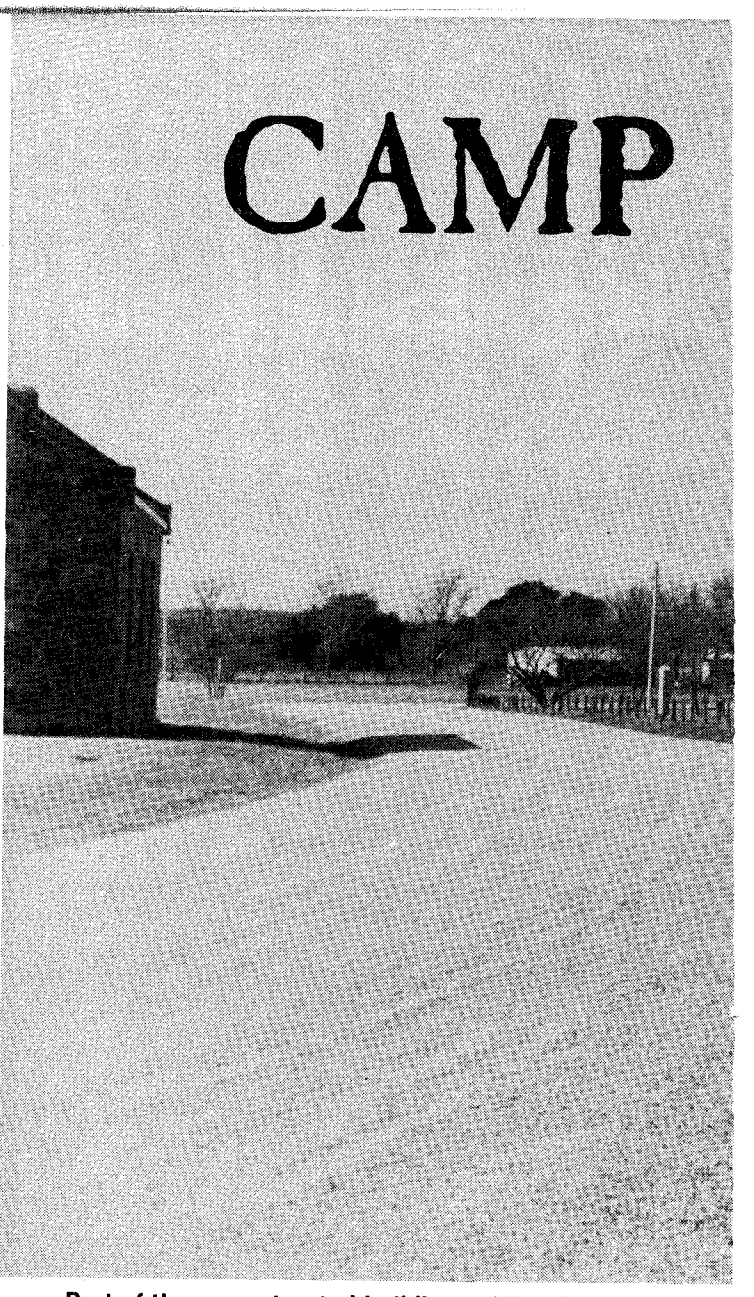
The Comanches fought without giving or asking quarter until there was not one left to bend a bow

by Leola Lehman

National Archives



Captain Earl Van Dorn in his Civil War uniform.



Part of the reconstructed buildings of Fort Belknap

It was on September 15, 1858, that Captain Earl Van Dorn marched out of Fort Belknap, Texas, with four companies of crack Second Cavalry, one company of the Fifth Infantry and a band of over one hundred Indian scouts. These Indians were of the Wichita, Caddo and Tonkawa tribes and under the supervision of Sul Ross, a man born to the frontier.

Van Dorn's objective was to establish a base for operations in Indian Territory and keep the hostile Comanches so busy protecting their own people that they would have to give the harried Texas settlers a little peace.

The troopers left sparsely settled Texas country and entered the land of the Indians above the Red River. When they came to a level stretch beside Otter Creek Captain Van Dorn pulled his horse to a halt and looked about. Herds of buffalo grazed upon the lush grass of the rolling plains stretched off to the west and south. The clear waters of the creek would provide a good supply for his men that, with the fresh meat of the buffalo and grass for their mounts, would take care of commissary needs. The crowding blackjack trees would provide materials for picket enclosures. The wiry, leather brown cavalry officer was pleased. This was a good location, a fine one. The mountains off to the north, the Wichitas, would provide some protection as a windbreak during the winter months.

The site was chosen then and there. Captain Van Dorn was not a man to dawdle over a decision once he had considered all pertinent angles. He gave the encampment the name of Radziminsky in honor of Lieutenant Charles Radziminsky, a member of the regiment who had recently died. During its lifetime Camp Radziminsky was moved twice as pasture for the horses became exhausted. However, it was at all times located on Otter Creek along the fringe of the Wichita Mountains.

While the troopers went to work building a picket stockade to protect their animals and supplies from raiding bands of Indians the scouts scoured the surrounding countryside in search of hostiles. Nasthoe and his son, Wichita scouts, ranged over toward the Wichita village near Rush Springs. There they were surprised to come upon a large Comanche camp near the friendly Wichita village.

Concerned as to what might happen when the soldiers came to fight with the Comanches, the two scouts hid beside the creek near the village until darkness. Then they slipped into the Wichita village and went to the grass huts of the chiefs. They warned these men that Captain Van Dorn and a large party of soldiers would soon come to attack the visiting Comanches. Nasthoe and his companion then stole quietly out of the village and hurried back to Camp Radziminsky. There they reported to Sul Ross.

As it happened, the Comanches knew of the presence of the troopers on Otter Creek. Some of their warriors saw the encampment as they returned from a raid down into Mexico and reported to their chief, Quo-ho-ah-te-me. The chief was not particularly disturbed but sent two braves to watch the blue

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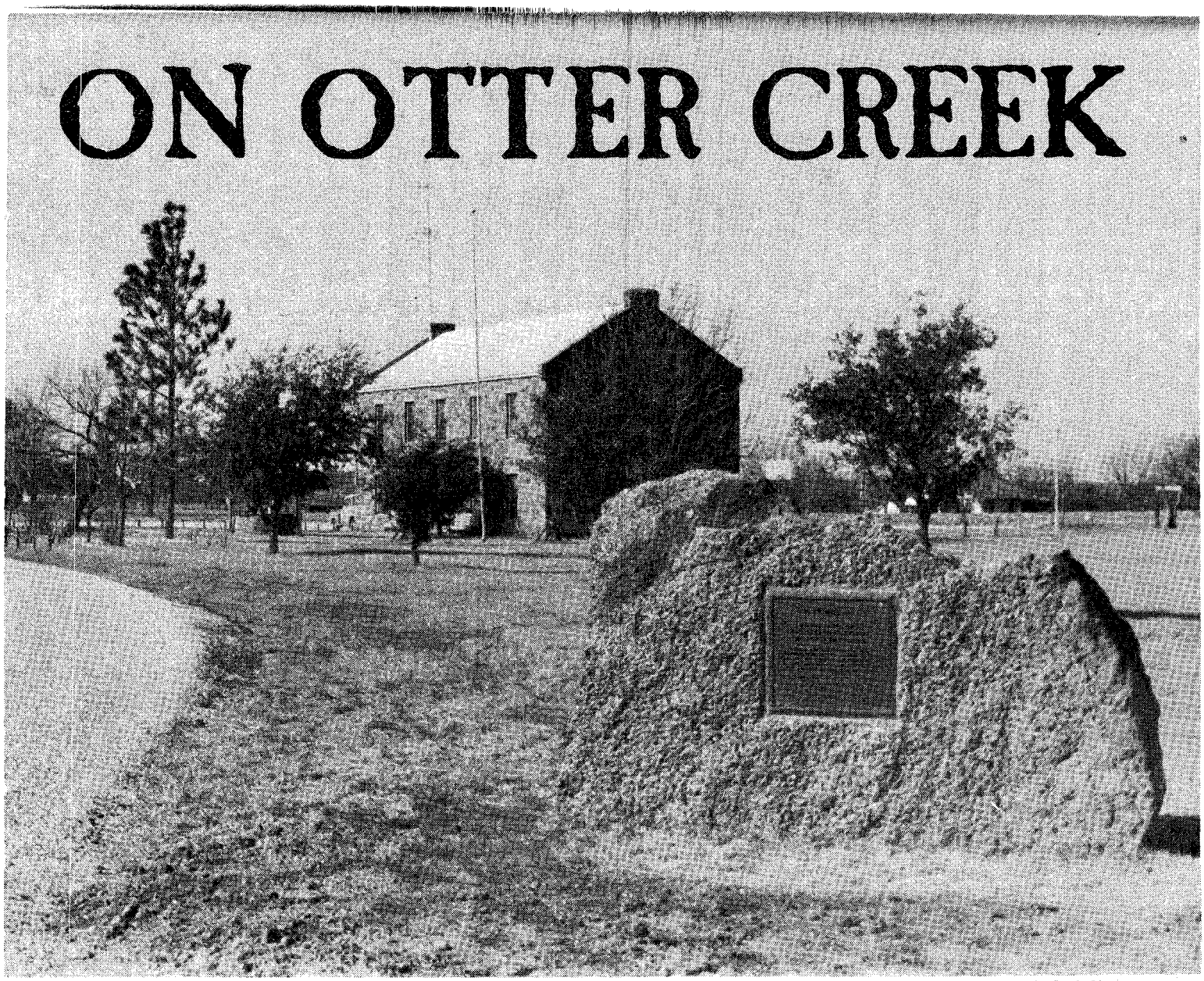
ON OTTER CREEK



from which Captain Van Dorn led his men to establish a base in Indian Territory.

Author's Photo

coats' camp and keep him informed.

Chief Quo-ho-ah-te-me had good reason not to be concerned. He and his people were on their way back from Fort Arbuckle where they had been invited to council by Captain Prince, the commanding officer. A short time before, the Comanches had stolen a large herd of horses from the Wichitas and Captain Prince was trying to recover the stock for the friendly Indians and to promote a better understanding between the two tribes. Now the Comanches had stopped to trade and gamble with the Wichitas before returning to their own range.

But Captain Van Dorn knew nothing of this council and the fact that the Comanches were off their usual range. His orders were to attack them when they left their own country and that was what he proposed to do. When his scouts returned with the information that a large party of Comanches were on the prowl the captain made ready to carry out his orders. The mules, wagons and supplies were hurriedly moved inside the partially finished stockade. Then, although it was nearing nightfall, the cavalrymen and Indian scouts were provisioned with enough food and ammunition for the expected two days away from camp. Then the column moved out on its first foray against the Comanches.

The scouts had reported the hostile camp to be around 40 miles distant, so Captain Van Dorn expected to arrive in time to attack at dawn. The actual distance proved to be closer to 100 miles. This meant that the march must continue through the following day and night. And all the while the troopers' movements were closely watched by Auti-toy-bitsy and another Comanche sentinel. The Comanche warriors were not yet sure if this was a friendly expedition or one that threatened their village.

At sunset the steadily moving column reached White Wolf Ford. Here the blue coats took a short rest, boiled pots of coffee, ate sparingly of their short rations and fed their mounts. Auti-toy-bitsy and his comrade watched all this from a convenient hilltop. When the cavalrymen resumed their march they sped back to camp with the news. Quo-ho-ah-te-me listened to the young warriors. He thought for a moment. This was an unexpected circumstance. It appeared that the soldiers planned an attack. Why else did they come in a forced march?

"Summon the people together for a council," he ordered.

When all were assembled Quo-ho-ah-te-me spoke. He told of the hurried march of a large force of blue coats toward their camp and then allowed the warriors to express their opinions. The warriors were all in agreement. They wanted to fight. They had often fought with the Mexican Lancers, but most of them had never met the United States Cavalry in battle. Since they had not lost to the Mexican soldiers they saw no reason to expect a different story in a fight with the blue coats. Quo-ho-ah-te-me was not so sure.

"Our families are here," he said. "We should go before the soldiers come."

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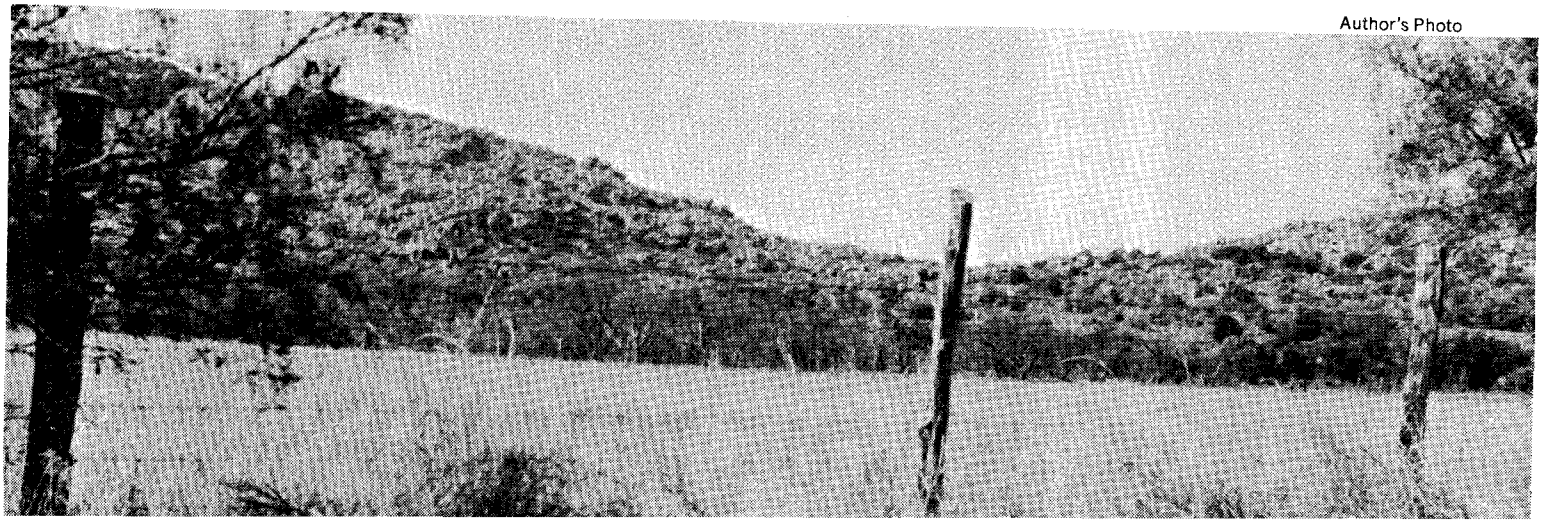
A group of Comanche Indian men and women posed for this picture early in this century. Hugh Corwin Photo



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But the warriors were excited at the thought of a fight with the American troopers. They would not listen to their chief. A medicine woman added confidence to their wishes by saying that she had consulted her oracle and that the omen was good. They were in no danger.

"We are at peace with the white soldiers," she said. "Have we not just made a treaty with the soldier chief at Fort Arbuckle?"

Secure in the belief that they were safe, most of the tribe went back to sleep. A few older men and women with more experience in the ways of men took the precaution of hiding in the bushes before they went to sleep.

Through the long night hours Captain Van Dorn and his weary men proceeded toward the sleeping village. As morning approached a cold fog closed in upon them so that they almost had to feel their way as they stumbled across dangerous prairie dog towns and up and down rough draws and creek banks. The Indian scouts fanned out up ahead. At last they reported back that they had come upon the Comanche horse herd. This meant the camp was nearby.

Captain Van Dorn gave swift orders. Each company was to approach in columns of twos. All four companies were to go in abreast spaced at about 100 yards apart. At the sound of the trumpet they were to go in at a gallop.

The signal to advance was given and the tired soldiers moved forward, up one hill and *(Continued on page 50)*

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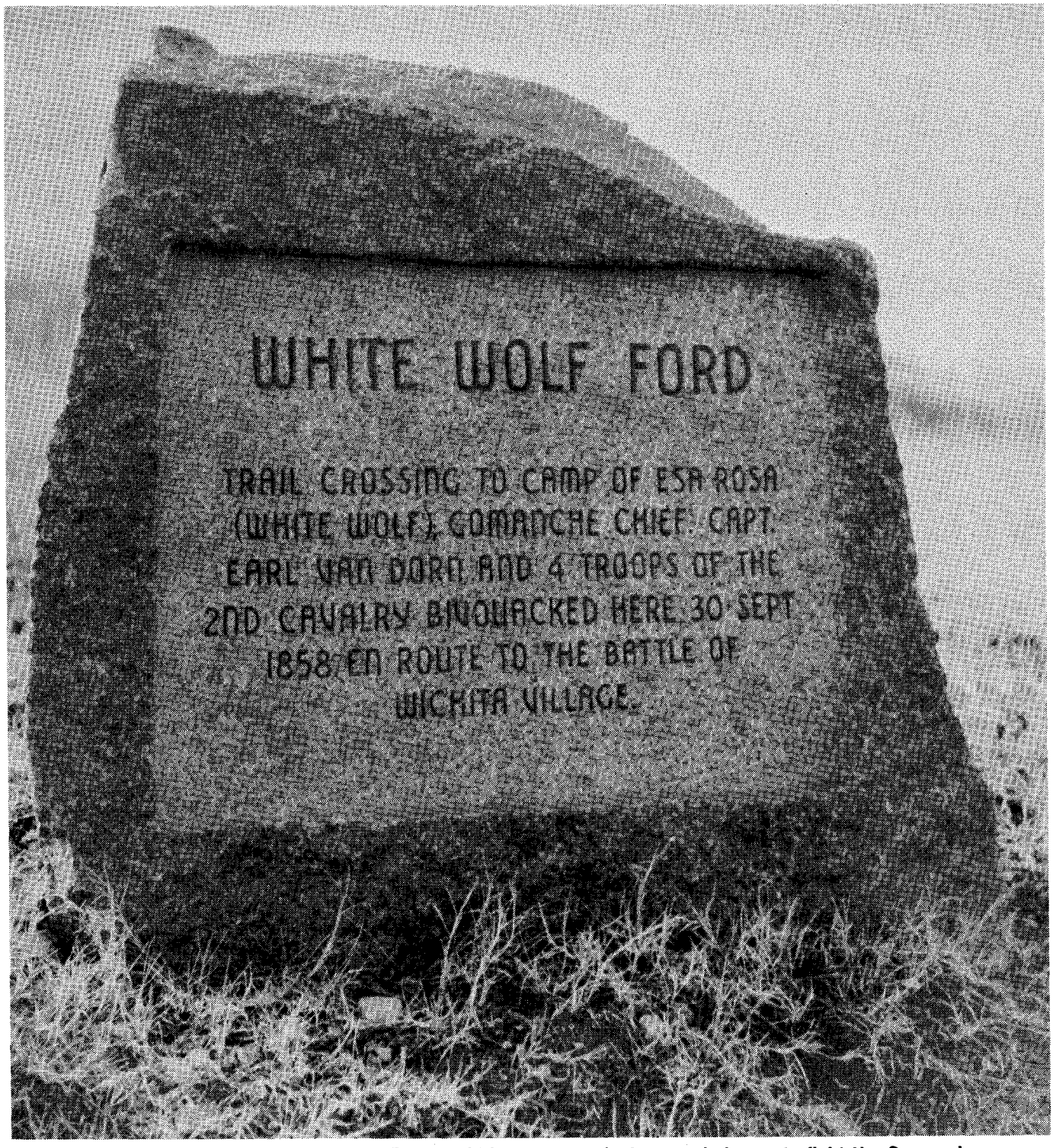

White Wolf Ford where Captain Van Dorn and his men rested when on their way to fight the Comanches.

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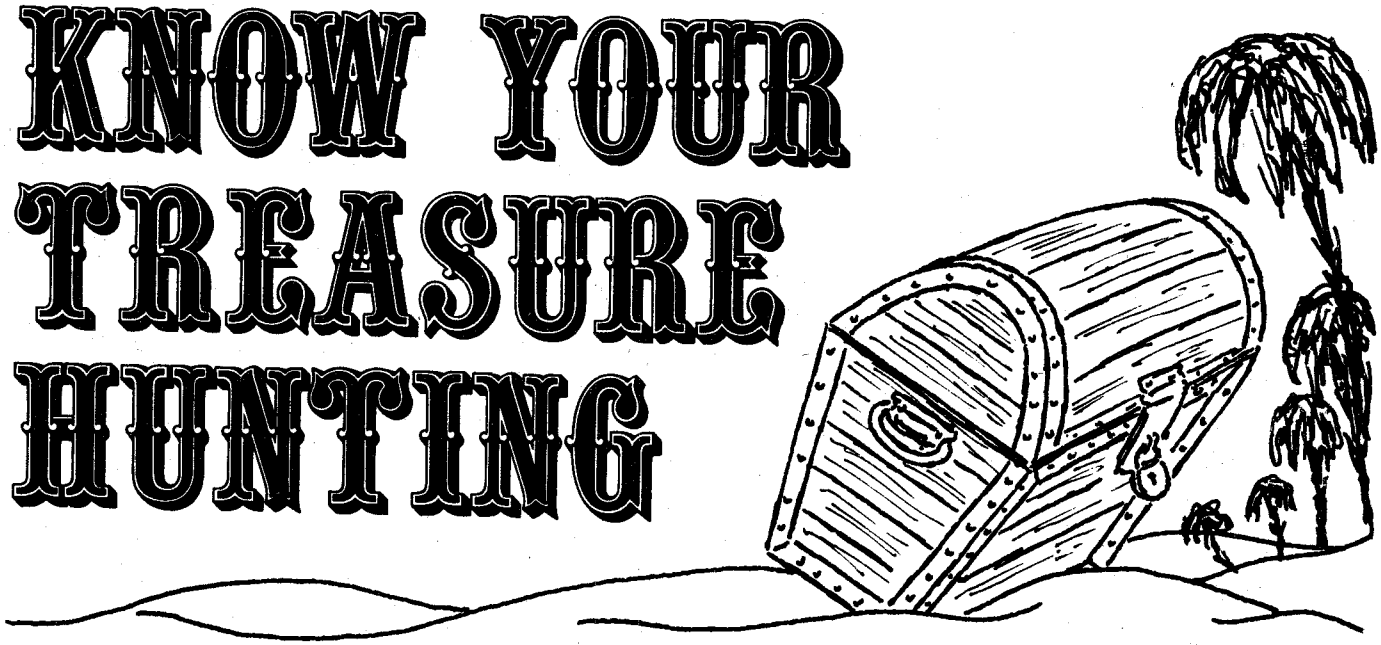
KNOW YOUR TREASURE HUNTING



The author says, "I often think that people who write about buried treasure write most accurately after they've recovered it."

by Morris A. Bernhard
as told to John F. Gilbride

Let me start by explaining that I would like to save time and money for many treasure hunters throughout the United States by pinpointing some well-publicized treasures that are no longer there. I know this is an unusual approach to a highly romanticized subject, and that there are many hopeful people who would rather rely on the colorful (if inaccurate) stories which appear in mass circulation magazines.

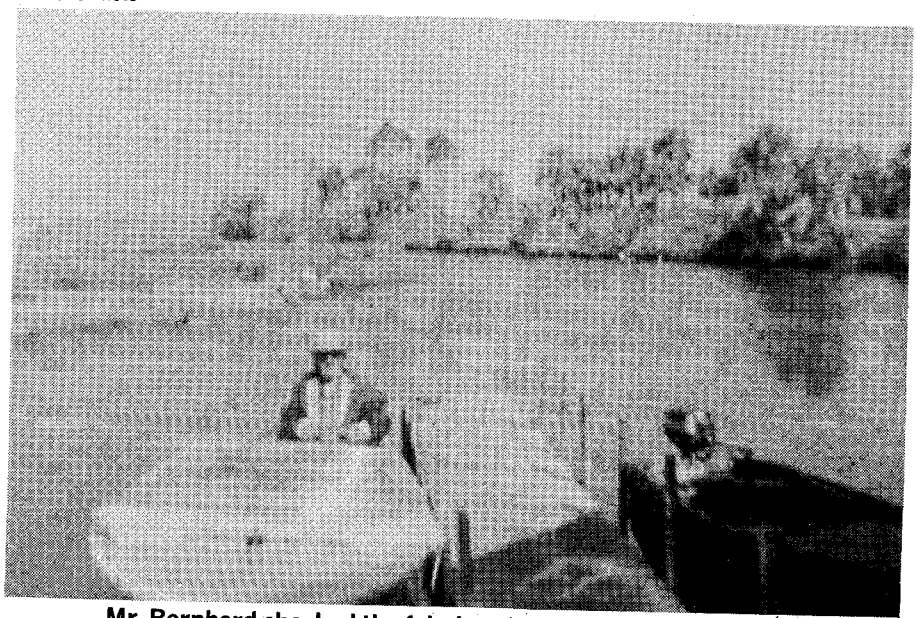
If you prefer fiction, by all means pass this article by.

A handful of people in the nation are living in very comfortable circumstances today because they followed a painstaking trail to some lonely spot where treasures had been hidden. The only trouble is, these people don't put out any flags to announce the fact that they have recently dug up the such-and-such treasure and, as a result, dozens of would-be capitalists spend hard-earned cash and much time following up stale leads from certain magazines and other popular sources which should all be stamped "historical only" in bright red letters.

Right here, for example, let me tell you that the famous Oak Island Treasure, goal of would-be millionaires for over 150 years, is gone. Many hunters will call this bad news and leave it at that, but it is, in my opinion, nothing less than a tragedy when one considers the recent loss of life at that worthless site and the amount of money and hopes poured into the search by treasure hunters from all over North America.

Since 1795, companies and individuals have invested their money and sold shares in prospective gains from what has been called the "Money Pit" on this lonely Canadian Island. Even the late Franklin D. Roosevelt pursued this chimera, and in 1905 invested a substantial amount of money in efforts to recover a fabulous cache made by the notorious and bloodthirsty pirate, Captain William Kidd. Despite occasional signs of previous excavations, this treasure has never been recovered. Excavators have been forced out by sea water which floods in through all subterranean tunnels. Scaffolding and elevators have collapsed as pits caved in, and pumps have broken down in their efforts to clear tunnels of sand-laden brine.

Author's Photo



Mr. Bernhard checked the fabulous "Money Pit" on Oak Island.

In May, 1963, my good friend and associate Edward Reichert of Milwaukee suggested that we visit Oak Island together and check out this fabulous Money Pit. If my indications suggested the treasure was still present, our agreement was to commence recovery operations ourselves. Mr. Reichert had already negotiated a specific lease with Oak Island's owner, which would allow us to take up an option when the current lease expired. At that time, a Canadian family and some hired helpers were attempting a recovery of Kidd's treasure, but without reported success to date. In the fall of that year, Reichert and I drove from Boston to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and continued on to the

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little fishing town of Chester, Nova Scotia. It is directly ashore from Oak Island, so we were able to hire a boat and crew without difficulty.

The fabled island is only one of many small, windswept refuges in famous Mahone Bay. It is barely three-quarters of a mile long by half a mile wide, just a small whaleback of rock in the gray and choppy waters of the Atlantic. The first cold winds of winter moaned through the few bent and shapeless trees near our landing place at the end of a bone cramping 90-minute passage. I was grateful that it took me less than half an hour to find that the treasure was no longer on the island. And I do mean grateful, for I have rarely been so chilled or felt so desolate in my long experiences as a treasure hunter. My instruments showed that a very large quantity of gold and some silver had indeed once been secreted at a particular location on the island, but was now gone. How recently or how long ago this recovery had been made is beyond my ability to say, but my guess is that it happened quite some time ago. In fact, I would go so far as to say that this immense cache was removed by the very pirates and cutthroats who buried it in the first place.

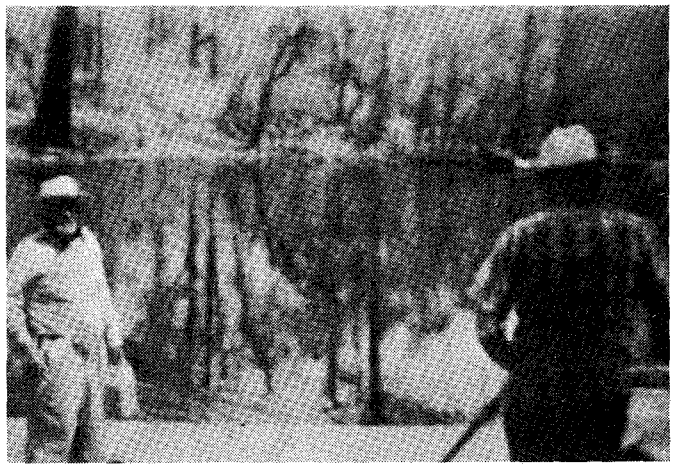
This mention of my instruments is probably something you will wish to have amplified and detailed. These instruments have been the sources of my information and my living for many years now, and I am often asked to write a definitive paper on the principles they utilize. This is a task I am in the process of considering seriously, but in the meantime I feel you are more interested in facts rather than theory.

I use two instruments, one called the Distometer and the other, the Depthometer. Both operate on the same physical principles and, as their names suggest, the first gives me the exact direction and approximate distance of the substance being sought, while the second indicates the exact depth in feet once I reach the site of a hidden or subsurface mass.

Both instruments have been refined and re-built over a period of some 40 years' use and research to a point where I now no longer need to double-check or have any second thoughts regarding the information they give me.

With either instrument, of course, I use a small sample of the substance under search. This pre-sets the instruments' response in a manner roughly analagous to tuning in a radio or TV station on radio equipment. In fact, the basic principle I have been utilizing for four decades now is that all solid substances emit characteristic waves of a nature similar to, but not related to, radio waves. These waves radiate outwards in all directions from a given substance and can be picked up by the Distometer or the Depthometer when these instruments are tuned in by means of the sample. For instance, if I am searching for buried treasure in the form of bullion or artifact gold, I tune in by using a gold signet ring. I always carry a complete set of small samples with me on every trip, including samples of most valuable ores, petroleum, water, economic gravels and some gem stones.

The entire theory of my method is called waveology, by analogy with such disciplines as geology and archeology, and is too intricate to explain here. However, I may say that when a treasure once existed at a specific location, the Distometer will indicate the direction from as far away as 20 miles under certain conditions. The acid test as to whether that treasure is still there or not rests with the Depthometer and is determined when I reach the specific location. If the Depthometer's indicator oscillates to-and-fro idly, indicating "zero depth," then I know that the treasure is gone. The only reason that the Distometer and Depthometer indicate readings at all is due to the action of what I call "Residual Radiation," a sort of echo of real waves set up in the past by specific valuables in the earth and which impressed their vibrations on the enclosing ground, to remain after they themselves were gone. Of course, if the treasure never existed except as the figment of some writer's imagination or popular legend, then neither the Distometer nor the Depthometer will give any readings. If both the Distometer and the Depthometer give real readings, I am obviously dealing with a genuine cache. In this case, it is not likely that you will read about the results, for neither I nor my clients have much time for visitors from the Internal Revenue Service.



The author treasure hunting at Hendrick's Lake.

Apart from the Oak Island Treasure, I have found that many others of almost equal repute have vanished. The famous Eddyville Treasure is a good example.

In 1905, three successful gold miners on their way from the territory around Denver, Colorado, stopped for the night at Eddyville. They selected a quiet, tree covered spot near the small cemetery. As a precaution against robbers, they each buried a sack of gold nuggets and dust nearby, and then settled down to a game of cards before retiring. Unfortunately, a supply of 100-proof liquor just purchased in Eddyville got the better of their friendship and in the ensuing drunken fight one was killed, a second mortally injured, and the third badly wounded. Despite some local help, the third man quickly weakened of infected wounds and realized he would never make it back to the buried gold, much less out of Eddyville to his home in the East. For some strange reason, perhaps a guilty conscience, he scrawled a letter to the editor of the Eddyville newspaper, relating the circumstances of the fight and including a crude map of the buried gold caches. It was indeed his last will and testament, for the miner died within a matter of hours. The editor published the story and the letter, but for some reason withheld the map. For a time, many Eddyville people searched vainly round the cemetery and then gave up.

I checked this location a few years ago and found that sure enough there had been three substantial portions of native gold in shallow caches, each one an equal distance from the base of a large, gnarled tree. I need hardly add that the editor of the newspaper left Eddyville while the local search was still under way. I'm sure the porter on the train got an extra generous tip, for this gentleman's luggage must have been quite heavy. Of course, in those days, a newspaper editor could always say he was carrying lead type around, and it weighs almost as much as native gold.

A few years ago a nationally famous professional treasure hunter published a detailed story of a $50,000 treasure in paper money which was said to have been stuffed in a length of aluminum drain pipe and buried on a vacant lot in Pensacola, Florida. The details were so specific that one could only marvel at the writer's generosity.

I used a sample of aluminum-magnesium alloy of the type commonly employed in pipe production to locate this cache. My client (who shall be nameless) flew me to Pensacola and we quickly made our way in the waning evening light to the intersection described in the story. Everything was exactly as detailed: the very cafe named, the neon signs on the street corner, even the vacant lot across the street. Sure enough, the Distometer indicated something, and we made our way very discreetly to the lot. At the exact spot indicated, I put the Depthometer to work, and we had our answer in seconds: the aluminum pipe was no *(Continued on page 44)*

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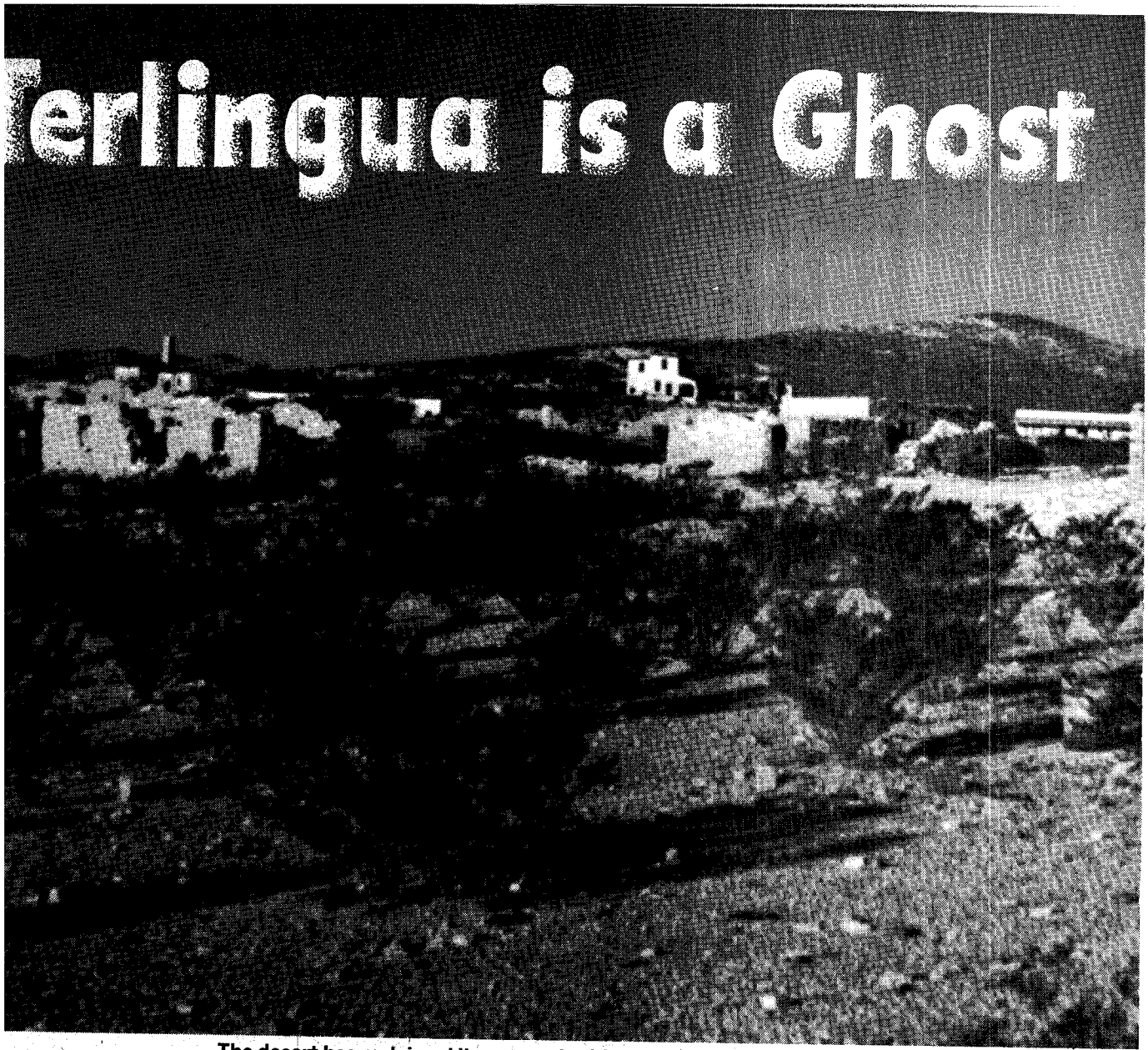
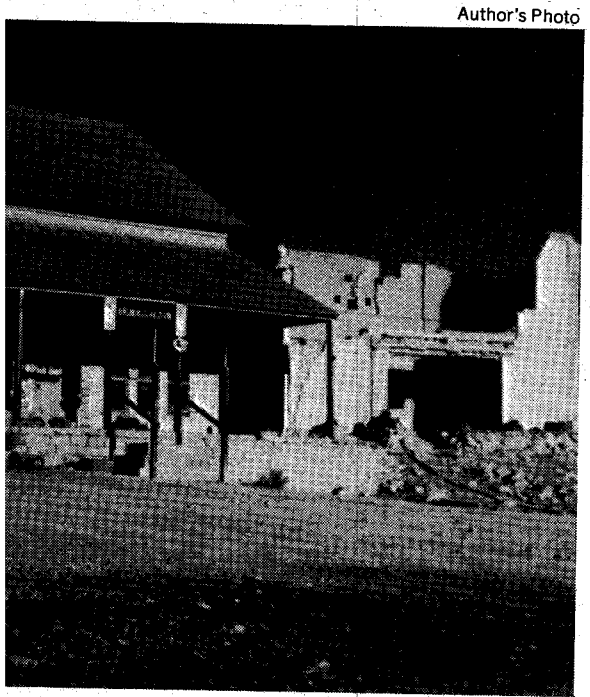
Terlingua is a Ghost



The desert has reclaimed its own and saltbush has overgrown what was once the main street

Author's Photo



company store with remains of theater (r.).

A huge sign says: "What's your hurry? Sunset over the Chisos in full living color. Admission free. Shown nightly. Stop over and see this glorious show."

by Cy Martin

Deep in the heart of the Chisos Mountains, five miles from the western boundary of Big Bend National Park, lies one of the most unique ghost towns of the western United States. Terlingua, Texas, is not noted for silver or gold; instead, between 1898 and 1942 it produced over forty per cent of America's quicksilver.

Mercury, that silvery white metallic element called quicksilver because of its free flowing properties at ordinary temperatures, was named for the fleet footed messenger of the Roman gods. Mercury is used for many purposes. It is excellent for filling thermometers and barometers; the old-time remedy, calomel; red barn paint; and explosives.

Back in the early days, the chief use of mercury was to extract gold and silver from their ores. The finely powdered ore

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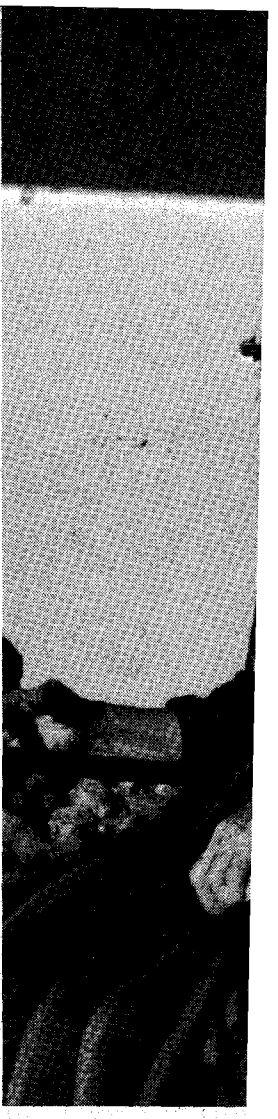
of the quicksilver town of Terlingua, Texas.



Mrs. Cleora Dav

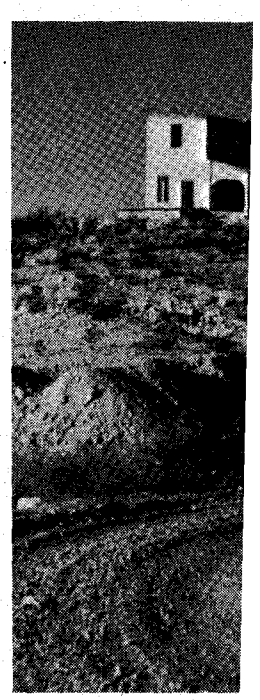
was mixed with water and run over large copper plates, coated with a thin layer of mercury. The mercury combined with the gold or silver to form an amalgam. This remained while water washed away the crushed rock. The amalgam was heated and the mercury boiled off, leaving gold or silver.

The chief ore of mercury is cinnabar and is usually mined from deposits less than 500 feet below the surface of the earth. The mercury is removed from the ore by roasting cinnabar in a strong current of air. The heating process drives off the sulfur, and the metallic mercury is left behind.

It was in 1898 that Howard E. Perry of Cleveland, Ohio and Portland, Maine started the Chisos Mining Company and within a few years a rock and adobe town of 2000 people was built. This town, called Terlingua, was named after the intermittant creek flowing into the Rio Grande a few miles south of the town site.

Howard Perry married into the family of the owners of the Brown Shoe Company of St. Louis. His father-in-law acquired a large tract of land in the Big Bend country of southwest Texas. This land included section number 295, which had the lush cinnabar deposits of the Chisos.

In 1911 Perry hired a mining engineer, F. Harry Fovargue, a coal mining expert from West Virginia. He graduated from the Case Institute of Technology in Cleveland, Ohio, and soon became superintendent of the profitable mine and ovens. He resigned in 1918, to return *(Continued on page 46)*



Howard Pe

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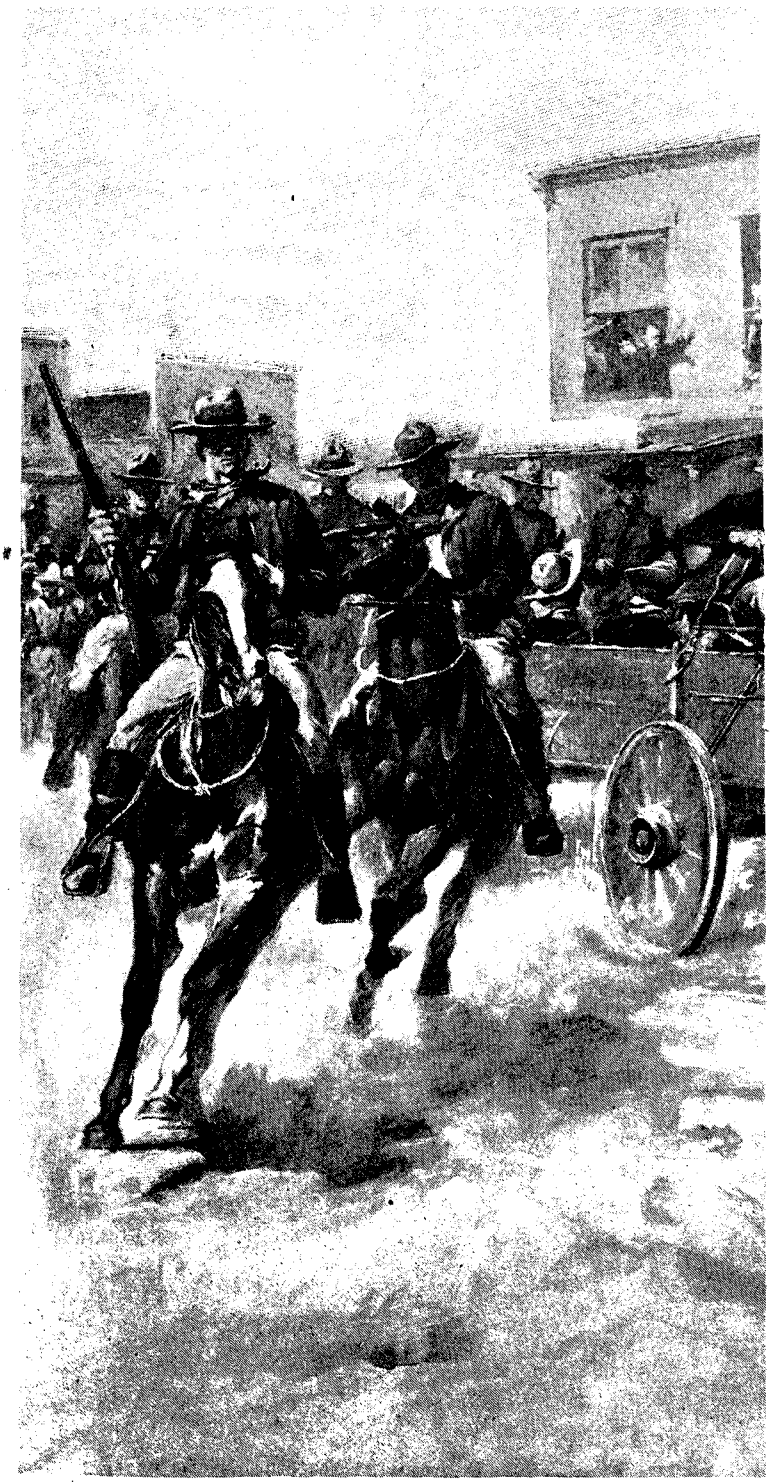
SIX-GUNS IN THE SOUTHWEST

When the battle began, the roar of the revolvers was deafening, and in an incredibly short time all was darkness, except for the lightning flashes of the big 45's

by Albert E. Hyde



Fearing for the safety of his prisoners,

Early in my youth, in November, 1880, armed with letters of introduction to General Lew Wallace, then governor of the Territory of New Mexico, I left my home in Tennessee for Santa Fe.

From the governor I heard the story of the lawless condition of the Territory and the doings of that dreaded desperado "Billy the Kid." His recital of some of the incidents of this "bad" young man's career inspired the writer with a keen desire to see the beardless boy who killed inoffensive people "just to see 'em kick," and incidentally to secure their "valuables."

In a few weeks I moved to Las Vegas, making the Grand View Hotel in "Oldtown" my headquarters. "Newtown," near the railroad, was growing rapidly. Its streets were already marked with scattering adobe buildings, frame houses, and rough board shacks. Oldtown was an interesting study in sun-baked mud, the dingy color of which was relieved here and there by a dab of whitewash. The streets were narrow and, like a very large percentage of the population, crooked. The Grand View Hotel, also adobe, was distinguished mainly by reason of its euphonious and suggestive name; at least, we had the view with regularity and precision three times a day. The amusements of the town were Mexican monte and cock-fighting among the Mexicans, and all kinds of gambling, enlivened by numerous killings among the whites.

In this day and time, when the faithful execution of the law is upheld by a majority of the people in every community, it would seem impossible that a moral code so lax as that which cursed New Mexico at that time could exist in any section of the United States, however remote. The Territory was a rendezvous for reckless, wild, and lawless men, a refuge for fleeing criminals. Of course there were men, adventurous spirits, who were not fleeing from outraged justice, but they were, for the most part, rough specimens who were willing enough to leave the settlement of a dispute to the six-shooter. In 1880 the percentage of peaceably inclined white population was deplorably small.

The Santa Fe Railroad had just strung its line of shining steel across that desert of uncertain sands. Deming, a town of tents near the Texas line, was its terminal. Its single branch line was the eighteen miles of road-bed from Lamy Junction to Santa Fe. On each side of the main line, which divided the Territory from north to south, stretched miles and miles of uninhabited country. The fertile river valleys held a majority of the Mexican population, but the arid desert, the pine-covered slopes and mountains, were marked here and there by Mexican hamlets and Indian pueblos. A vast sea of shifting, treacherous sand constantly menaced the new road-bed of the Santa Fe.

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Garrett gave an order to the driver, who whipped up his team and a run was made across the plaza to the jail.

Time and again rods of track were displaced and covered up during the period of a sand-storm. Such incidents made railway travel on schedule time, south of Santa Fe, as uncertain as the disposition of a Mescalero Apache Indian. The ranges in the Southwest grazed countless thousands of cattle, owned by him whose brand burned the hide and who had the nerve to hold on. Wild horses roamed the foot-hills and plains; wild game inhabited the mountains and valleys; and the shifty coyote, unmolested by man, sat upon his haunches under the stars and sent his blood-curdling howl echoing among the hills.

Silver City, in the mountains near the Arizona line, and the San Juan district in southern Colorado, had been opened up, and the overflow of prospectors and miners began to penetrate the middle ground. Already Whiteoaks, a small mining town in Lincoln County, had sprung into existence. This little place was about the center of the largest operations of Billy the Kid. Men crossed this great inland country by bronco or stage. In those days he was a fearless man who would accept the ribbons on a New Mexico stagecoach.

The cattlemen in Lincoln County employed an army of cowboys — cowpunchers, they called themselves. They were as wild and reckless a set as ever tamed a bucking bronco or pulled the trigger of a Colt's 45. Witness the long, terrible conflict between the cattlemen and the thieves, known as the Lincoln County War, a struggle in which hundreds of lives were sacrificed.

A Colt's 45-caliber single-action revolver was circulating medium. It was good for its exact cost, about $16, in any "game," or over the bar. It was a common thing to see a man

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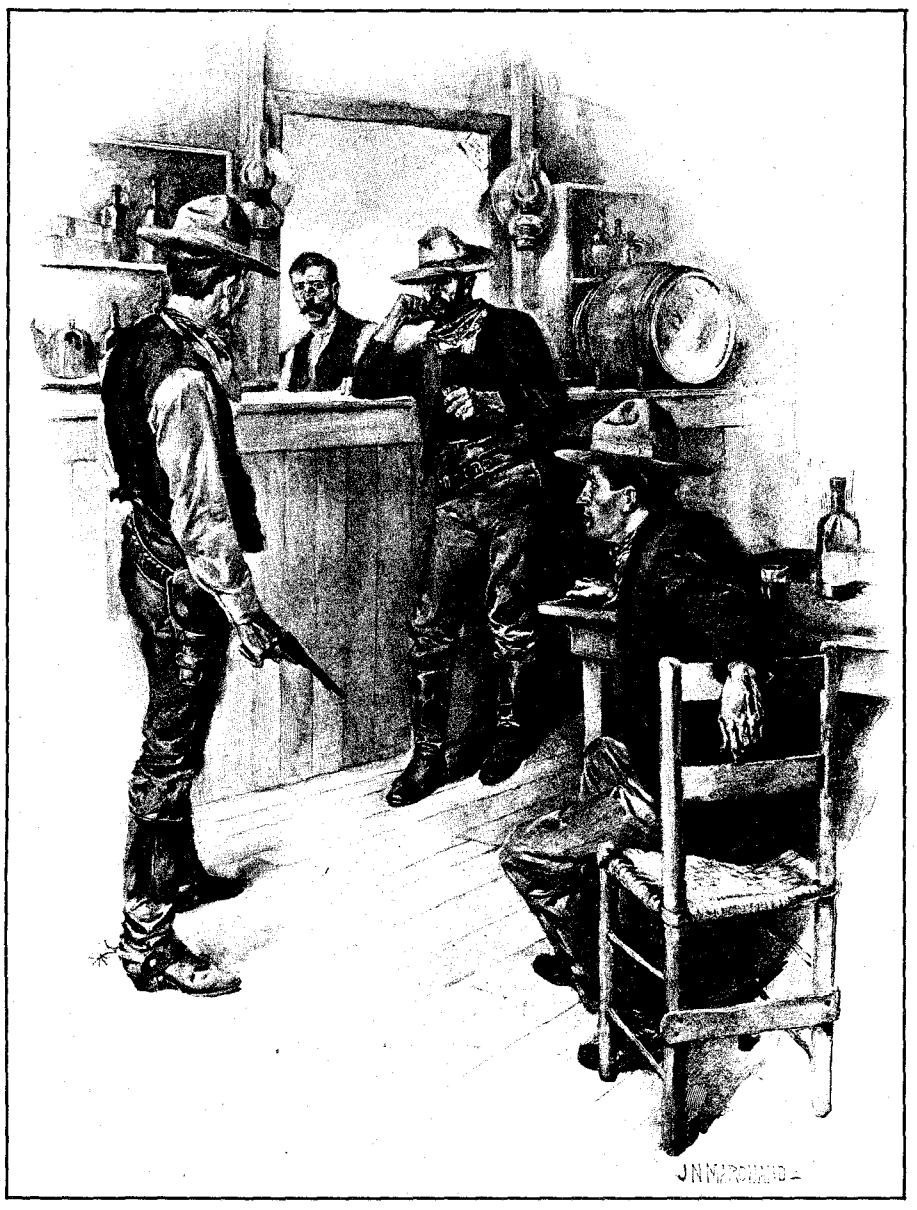

"I cain't shoot a brave man down like a dog."

who was "down on his luck" stake his last cent and then "cash in" his six-shooter. Cowpunchers, mule drivers, tie cutters, miners, ranchmen, gamblers, and all "bad men" generally, wore their revolvers openly on the hip. Those who rode added the deadly Winchester to their armament, carrying it in a leather holster fastened to the saddle under the rider's left leg.

Men knew one another by given name or nickname, for the most part. It was dangerous to be too curious about a man's antecedents. It was a rare thing to hear a man boast of his ancestry.

I was charged to look up a man at one time prominent in an Eastern community, who had suddenly disappeared, and when last heard of was somewhere in New Mexico. Standing in a popular resort in Las Vegas, one night, conversing with the man behind the counter, it occurred to me to inquire about Hillyar, the man whom I sought. As the name was pronounced, a big fellow, standing a few feet away, turned square upon me and proceeded to bore me with a pair of remarkably keen brown eyes. Growing somewhat restless under the steady gaze of so formidable a stranger, I felt much relief when, after a moment's hesitation, he motioned me aside. With his eyes still searching mine, he said, in a low voice: "I heerd ye inquirin' fur a man name' Hillyar. What's yer business with him?"

The situation began to dawn upon me.

"Merely social," I replied, with a smile.

His look did not indicate that he was entirely convinced.

"I knowed a feller by that name wunst," he continued. "He wus a big feller an' wore a heavy brown beard. Is he wanted fur anything?"

"No," I replied, "that is, the law is not looking for him, if that's what you mean, but some friends are anxious to know where he is. If you can give me the information, I will appreciate the favor."

With another penetrating look, he said: "I ain't right shore, but I think he's gone up in the San Juan country; heerd him talkin' about goin'."

I was satisfied by this time that he knew where my man was and could easily reach him.

"What can I do to convince you that I am his friend and one whom he would be glad to see?"

He reflected a moment, and then said: "I'm goin' back to Tie-camp No. 2 termorrer — that's thirty-odd miles from here — and I'll inquire. Ef you'll put yer name down on a piece of paper, so's ef I get on his trail he'll know who wants him, I'll do the best I kin fur ye. I'll be back in Vegas this day week arter next. Meet me here."

At the time appointed I met him, and he accosted me thus: "Young feller, I've found yer man, an' here's a letter from him. I knowed whar he wus all the time, but thar's so many fellers huntin' cover hyar I wanted to make dead shore it wus all right with Hillyar 'fore I said too much."

Later I learned that my messenger was himself one of those "fellers huntin' cover," having killed his man in the East.

Hillyar urged me to visit him, and I left Las Vegas one bright winter morning for Tie-camp No. 2. I had last seen Hillyar about the year 1877. He was then 36 years of age and a splendid specimen of vigorous manhood. He was a professional man and an elegant, polished, faultlessly dressed gentleman.

Inquiring at the saloon at the switch, a crude one-room building constructed of rough pine boards, I was told that Hillyar had come down from the tie-camp that morning, and that I would find him in the tie-yard.

Walking in the direction indicated, I saw my man, and knew him by his beard, sunburnt and unkempt as it was, but, shades of Beau Brummell, what a change! The man, rapidly approaching with outstretched hand and a string of picturesque oaths of cordial welcome, wore a wide sombrero, a blue flannel shirt, a red bandana handkerchief tied loosely about the throat, brown overall trousers, tucked into heavy high top-boots and held in place at the waist by a cartridge-belt, from which dangled a Colt's 45 six-shooter. I could hardly credit my senses.

He introduced me formally to "Dad," the proprietor and bartender of the lone saloon. He kept up his rough talk and ready invective until we were safely in his tent. Then, unbuckling his six-shooter, he grabbed both my hands and became at once the gentlemanly, grammatical Hillyar of old.

At the switch I met "Territory Bill," a white man, tall, angular, with small grayish-blue eyes, a pronounced hooked nose, and scattering sandy whiskers. Territory Bill's business, when he was not engaged in a "killing" or playing cards, was stealing cross-ties. He had the habit of "snaking off" two tie-sticks from the cut and inspected timber of the W. & W. million-

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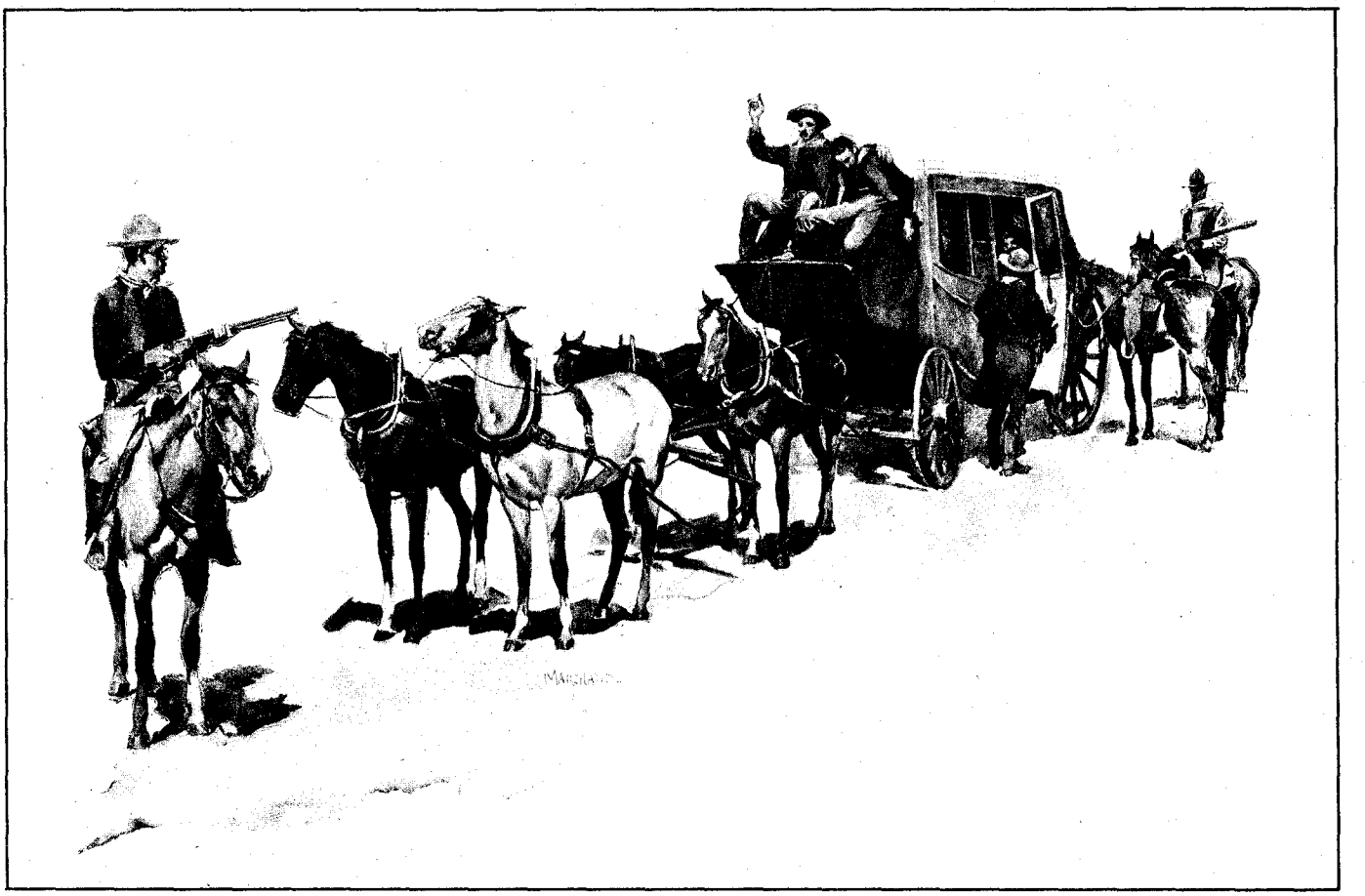

Stagecoach robberies were the order of the day when six-guns and rifles ruled the Southwest.

tie contract. While the occupation proved lucrative and pleasant enough to Territory Bill, his attempt to earn an "honest" living in this way was looked upon with disfavor by the contractors. They therefore promptly "sicked the dog" on him.

One morning, after a particularly satisfactory haul, Territory was drinking at Dad's saloon, where I had been listening to accounts of "hair-breadth 'scapes." There was not a soul in the saloon but Dad, Territory and myself.

Suddenly the sound of rapidly approaching hoofs was heard. A horseman drew up with a sharp clatter at the platform in front, and swinging from the saddle, came dashing through the door. He had a deadly Colt's 45 pushed well to the front, and I could catch the gleam of a pair of cold, determined eyes behind the barrel. This was the "dog," no doubt of it.

The moment he found himself inside and master of the situation, he advanced to within a few paces of Territory Bill, who was leaning carelessly with one elbow on the bar, one hand to his cheek, while the other toyed with his whisky glass. Bill made no move, the hand upon the whisky glass growing quiet. He knew he was "up against it." Death stared him in the face; there was no escape. Not a muscle moved. His eyes, glancing along the threatening revolver, gazed calmly, fearless and unconcerned, into the eyes behind. In quiet, even tones, which scarcely moved a facial muscle, he said: "You've got the drop, Charley. It's all right if you don't pull the trigger."

There were probably ten seconds of agonizing suspense. Dad and myself were speechless. To me, unused to such scenes, those terrible seconds seemed like minutes. Every moment I expected to see the brains of Territory Bill scattered over the rough bar.

Yielding to the spell of Bill's wonderful nerve, Charley muttered, "By — — — —, I sure cain't shoot a brave man down like a dog"; then quickly retreating to the door, he threw the weapon into its holster, was on his horse instantly, and, with a vicious dig of his spurs, galloped away.

We three stood looking at one another in eloquent silence, first broken by Territory Bill's remark, "Close call, Dad; give us a drink."

It was a victory for nerve.

I accompanied Hillyar to Tie-camp No. 2, situated in the mountains about 12 miles from the switch.

Here I not only heard a graphic description of the then recent fight at Cow Creek Hill, but saw the horribly mutilated bodies of the two white men who were killed.

An ancient little Mexican hamlet marks the crest of Cow Creek Hill. It lies on the tie wagon-road, about half-way between the switch and the camp. One evening, returning from the switch, the teamsters learned that a Mexican dance was soon to take place. A number of the drivers determined to go, and when the time arrived they procured an extra supply of whisky in honor of the event. The camp boss readily gave his consent, and about eight o'clock in the evening twelve white men rode over in one of the big Studebaker wagons. On the way they drank freely, and passed the time singing, shouting, and firing their big 45's.

Arriving on the scene, they hobbled the mules and sought admission to the dance. This was graciously granted, accompanied, however, with the polite request that they deposit their arms with the master of ceremonies until they were ready to return.

This they foolishly refused to do, and trouble followed. The Mexicans, while assuming to excuse this breach of etiquette, began quietly to arm themselves.

The house was the usual one-story adobe, originally planned in the form of a square, with the *patio,* or court, in the center. For some reason, three sides only had been completed, leaving the building U-shaped, with the opening facing the road. It was near this opening that the teamsters left their wagon.

Shortly before midnight the white men had monopolized all the available floor space, crowding the Mexican men entirely out of the dance. The master of ceremonies mildly expostulated, but the teamsters were then too drunk to listen to reason

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or care for consequences, and one of them knocked the Mexican down. The lights instantly went out, the women were quickly and safely removed, no one knows how, and the Americans found themselves barred in a dark room, while a score or more of infuriated, well-armed Mexicans were on the outside, thirsting for their blood.

The seriousness of the situation soon began to dawn upon the whisky-addled brain of Doc Hodgson, the powerful and dangerous wagon boss, and it almost sobered him.

"Boys," he roared, "we must git outen here quick and fight it out in the open."

A long bench was converted into a battering-ram, and a vigorous attack was made upon the door, which failed to yield, though it was much weakened. Hodgson, growing uncontrollably desperate, ordered the men to stand back. Rushing through the dark, he hurled his great bulk against the obstacle, and the shattered door flew from its hinges. Crowding out, the men faced a heavy fire directed upon them from the top, openings, and corners of the building.

"Come on, boys; we must git to cover!" yelled Hodgson, as he ran for the wagon, followed by his men. A terrible fusillade was kept up as fast as both sides could load and reload.

The last words his companions heard Hodgson utter were: "Boys, hain't got another cartridge left. We must run fer it. Scatter. Don't git in a bunch."

Abandoning the friendly shelter of the wagon, they separated and ran down the hill, every man for himself, the Mexicans in hot pursuit.

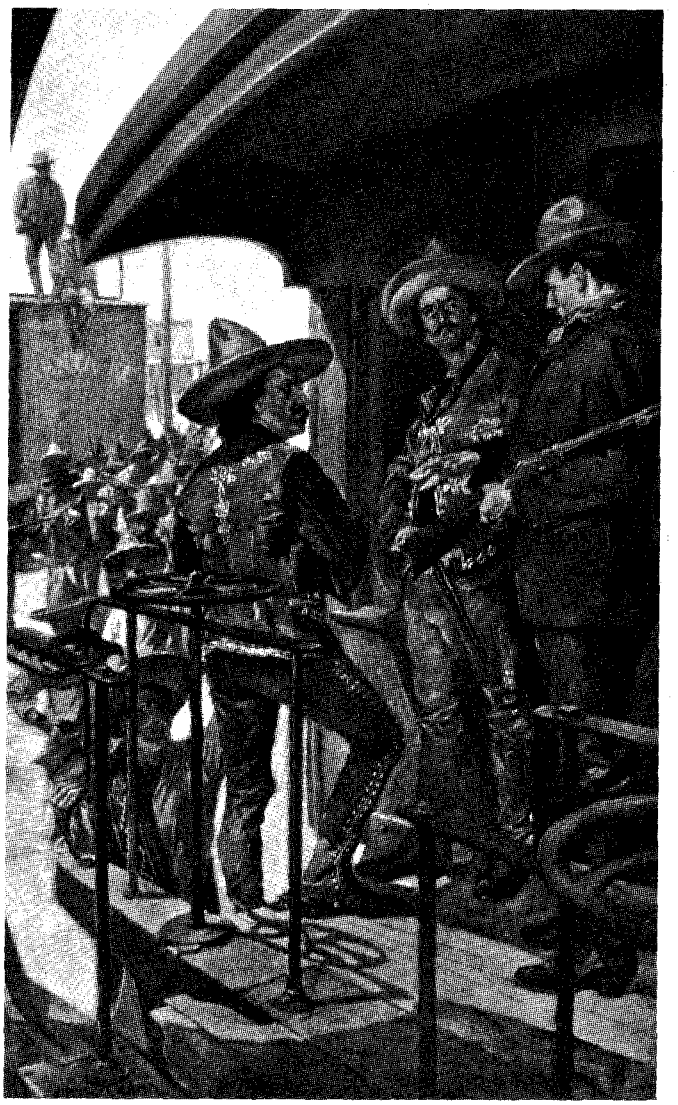
That morning, between two and four o'clock, the weary, smoke-begrimed stragglers began to arrive at the camp. By 5 a.m. nine men had reported; three were missing. No cross-tie teams left the camp that day. A council was held, and it was decided to put the men on the mules, ride down to the scene of battle, and search for the missing men. There were about 30 armed men in the party. When they arrived at the foot of the hill they saw almost a hundred well-armed Mexicans occupying the crest.

A pitched battle seemed imminent. During parleys and threatenings, however, continued till long past noon, small parties were searching the patches of mesquit on the sides of the hill for the missing men. They found the bodies of Hodgson and a teamster known as "Red," both shot, beaten with stones and sticks, and partly burned.

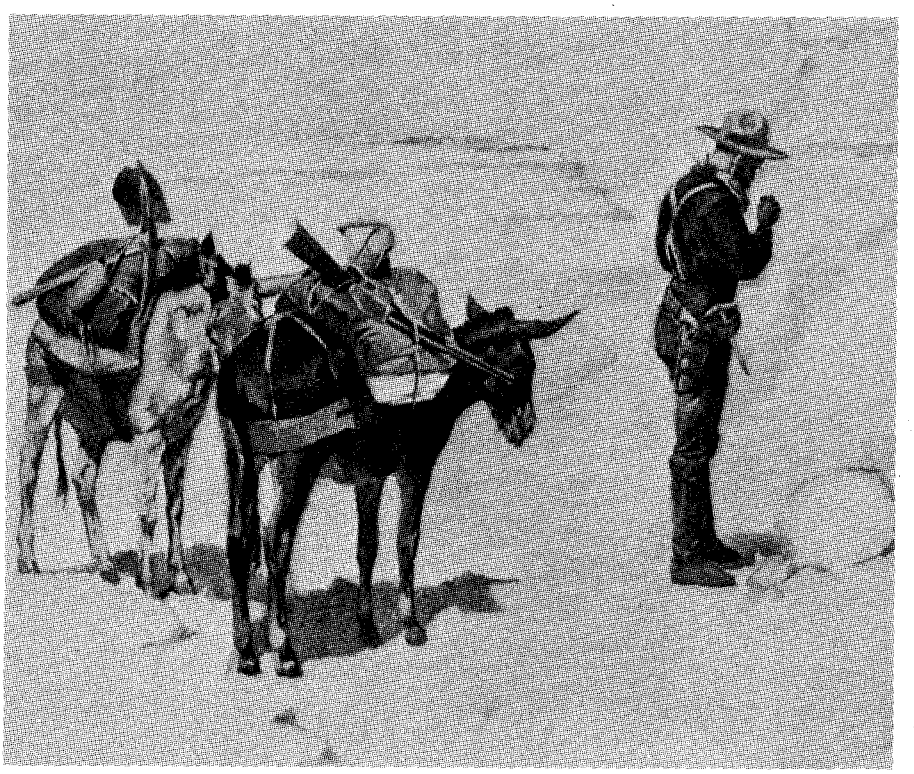
In the meantime it was learned that the third missing man was a prisoner held for trial before a Mexican alcalde in a neighboring town. This man owed his life to the fact that he could not run, having been lamed by a bullet early in the fight. He had crawled into the bed of the wagon, and when found, several hours later, he expected to be torn to pieces, so furiously did the young hotbloods demand his instant execution; but the wild passions of the night had, in a measure, abated, and cooler counsel prevented his immediate slaughter.

The tie-camp party peremptorily demanded the instant release of the prisoner, but were met with shouts of derision. At this critical moment two contractors, who spoke Mexican patois like natives, arrived upon the scene. They arranged a compromise, and prevented another deadly conflict. The trial, which was a great farce, was set for that afternoon, and picked men from the camp were selected to attend and see that "justice" was done. The frightened alcalde released the man, who returned

(Continued on page 50)



The men were ordered off the car.



Prospecting in New Mexico in the early 1880's.

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ROUND-UP • • TIME • •

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. Is it true that all cowboys were bowlegged? Miss D. H., Fresno, Calif.

A. This is one of those half-truth things. It is a fact that a lifetime spent riding horses may tend to bow one's legs, especially if the riding started when a man was young and his bones were pliable. But all cowboys look *bowlegged because their Levi's tend to take on the curvature of the saddle, even the cowhands with the straightest of limbs. So girls, see your cowboy in a bathing suit first, if you don't want a bowlegged man!*

Q. Is there or is there not a Lost Dutchman Mine in the Superstitution Mountains? L.B.F., Wolf Point, Mont.

A. Sticking the neck out some, we would say it is doubtful. Millions have been spent trying to locate this mine; hundreds of competent TH'ers (treasure hunters) have tried to locate it; and the Dutchman himself, it is reported, said he had no mine. Just recently Glenn Magill, Oklahoma City, claimed he and his party had found it. But don't let this stop you from hunting it! They may have located another!

Q. Is there any publication that reports discoveries of treasure troves? E.M.A., Walla Walla, Wash.

A. The Exanamo Express, *Weeping Water, Nebraska, reports such finds periodically, as does the* Gold Bug, *Alamo, Calif. There may be others.*

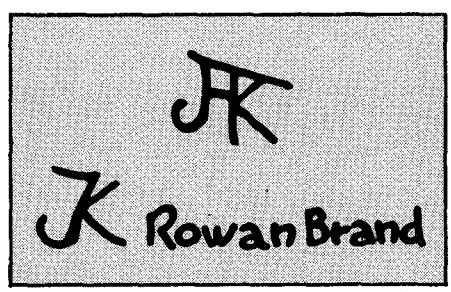
Q. What was the average age of Indian Scouts who accompanied our troops in the Indian Wars in the 1860's and 1870's? M.L., Saginaw, Mich.

A. Of 45 Indian Scouts at Ft. A. Lincoln, Dakota Territory, in 1874-5-6, consisting of Ree, Sioux, Blackfoot, the average age was 28.5 years. The oldest, 45, the youngest, 18.

Q. In trailering my horse, how frequently should I take him off the trailer? A.D., Boise, Idaho.

A. Every four to six hours is recommended. Many animals cannot urinate while on the trailer, and kidney trouble can be the result of this inattention to natural needs.

Q. A friend has a Winchester rifle, Mod. '73, .38 cal. It has these initials on brass plate under cartridge carrier (magazine):



Do you know any outlaw with these initials of the old days? H.L.A., Longton, Kansas.

A. It would be most difficult to trace individual ownership of such a piece back to its outlaw owner, if such did exist. The carved inscription might represent a ranch brand, a Bar JHK connected, for example. Many cowhands and ranch owners did so mark some of their properties. Bill Rowan, a tough hombre who ranched on the Cimarron in western Oklahoma and was killed by a bushwacker, used a 7JK Connected brand, very similar to that shown here. However, there were Ketchums, Kellys, Kilpatricks, Kings, Kidds and no end to the initial "K" through which to search for outlaw ownership. No injury intended the K's, for any other letter of the alphabet had its equivalent number of bad men.

Q. Why do some claim it was an injustice to the Indians to force the cattlemen out of the Cherokee Strip in 1890? A.D., Omaha, Nebr.

A. Prof. E.E. Dale of Oklahoma University stated it well when he wrote in his Cherokee Strip Livestock Association *pamphlet "...the forced removal of the ranchmen from the Cherokee Outlet in order to deprive the Cherokees of further revenue and so force a sale of these lands at a price representing only a fraction of their value presents one of the latest and most glaring examples of injustice done the Indian by the Government of the United States."*

Q. What was meant, in the old song sung in the West, by "Pop goes the Weasel?" E.C.B., Imperial, Nebraska.

A. The "weasel" of that rollicking song, which incidentally was an old English folk song, not a "Western," was not the animal we know. The old song gave a ribald account of the manner in which a workingman's money goes—that is in Saturday night carousing. One verse said:

Up and down the City Road,
in and out of the Eagle,
That's the way the money goes
Pop goes the weasel!

Bartlett's Familiar Quotations, *Page 510, footnote, explains that, "The Eagle was a music hall in which drinks were sold, on the City Road, London. The 'weasel' was a tool used by hatters, often pawned on Saturday night, 'pop' being the British equivalent of our 'hock.'"*

So now you know that Western weasels, though they popped in and out of henhouses, never made that sound "Pop!" which would have been a dead giveaway, and brought out a farmer with a gun! But the lively tune matched the dancing spirit of the West, so it was played for many years at barn dances and picnics.

Q. What is meant by the expression of "mouthing a horse?" V.W., Scottsbluff, Nebraska.

A. To look at his teeth to tell his age.

Q. What was the expression about the cowards and the weak on Western trails? O.S.F., San Francisco, Calif.

A. "The cowards never started, and the weak died on the trail."

Q. From what open range practice did the "wild cow milking" event of modern rodeo emerge? E.C., Thief River Falls, Minn.

A. This is just a "gag" event. The open range cowboys never milked a cow. They used canned milk, called "Iron Cow." Rodeo promoters saw a good laugh for the spectators in having two contestants try to catch and milk a wild cow. Making it more difficult, the promoters made the boys milk into a beer bottle! The milker shows a recognizable amount of milk in the bottom of the bottle to the judges. The first to show it wins. It's some contest, and a barrel of fun to watch!

Q. I have a Winchester Model 73 with inscription: "Presented to W. Booger Kimbrough by the Citizens Committee of Denver, March, 1885." Who was he? What is the gun's history? R.L.W., Manchester, Iowa.

A. Search of files of March, 1885, Daily Denver Times *and* Rocky Mountain News *reveals nothing on the rifle or man. No such man was listed in* Denver City Directory *for 1885. There was a Citizens Protective Organization in Denver at this time. Do any readers know any more of this?* ●

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THE MAN WHO BUILT CARSON CITY

(Continued from page 27)

mine. To his surprise and dismay the price had risen from $2500 for the entire parcel to $2500 a foot. He was unable to pay such a price and consequently lost the mine, which later produced millions.

The population at this time was made up of people living in Carson City, and Washoe and Eagle Valleys, but Eagle Valley was the social center of the scattered settlements around it. There were just about enough people to fill up three sets in a dance. To encourage people to settle in Carson and to promote interest in the land, Curry offered free lots to those who would erect buildings. He was busily engaged, himself, in building adobes at the far end of the valley. Some lots not given away were traded off for anything that was needed and obtainable. For instance, the Methodist Church block and the next one south sold for $25 and a pair of boots.

The hectic rush to the Comstock Lode in 1859 caused considerable interest in the embryo development of Carson City, and early in that year Curry began actively to have it made the territorial capital to replace Genoa. He claimed the town had a principal advantage because it was closer to the main lines of travel.

A one-fourth interest in the sulphur springs at the present site of the Nevada State Prison was sold to him for a pony. His partners made a gift of their interests in the springs, and Curry became sole owner of them. He built and operated the elaborate Warm Springs Hotel there, which was a stopping place for those taking the stagecoach from Virginia City. It was noted for having the best liquor and best food in the territory.

At one time Mark Twain, a good friend of Curry's, stayed at Warm Springs. Mrs. Curry once remarked that Mark Twain would never amount to anything because he was so lazy. This hostelry also played an important part in the development of Carson City. After Nevada was declared a territory, the first territorial convention was held in Carson City. There was no building large enough in the entire town in which to hold the legislative sessions, so Curry offered the use of his establishment. In addition, public spirited Abe Curry built a horse-powered railroad, which was named Curry's streetcar line, to transport legislators to the sessions. He also constructed the early Carson and Empire roads for their convenience.

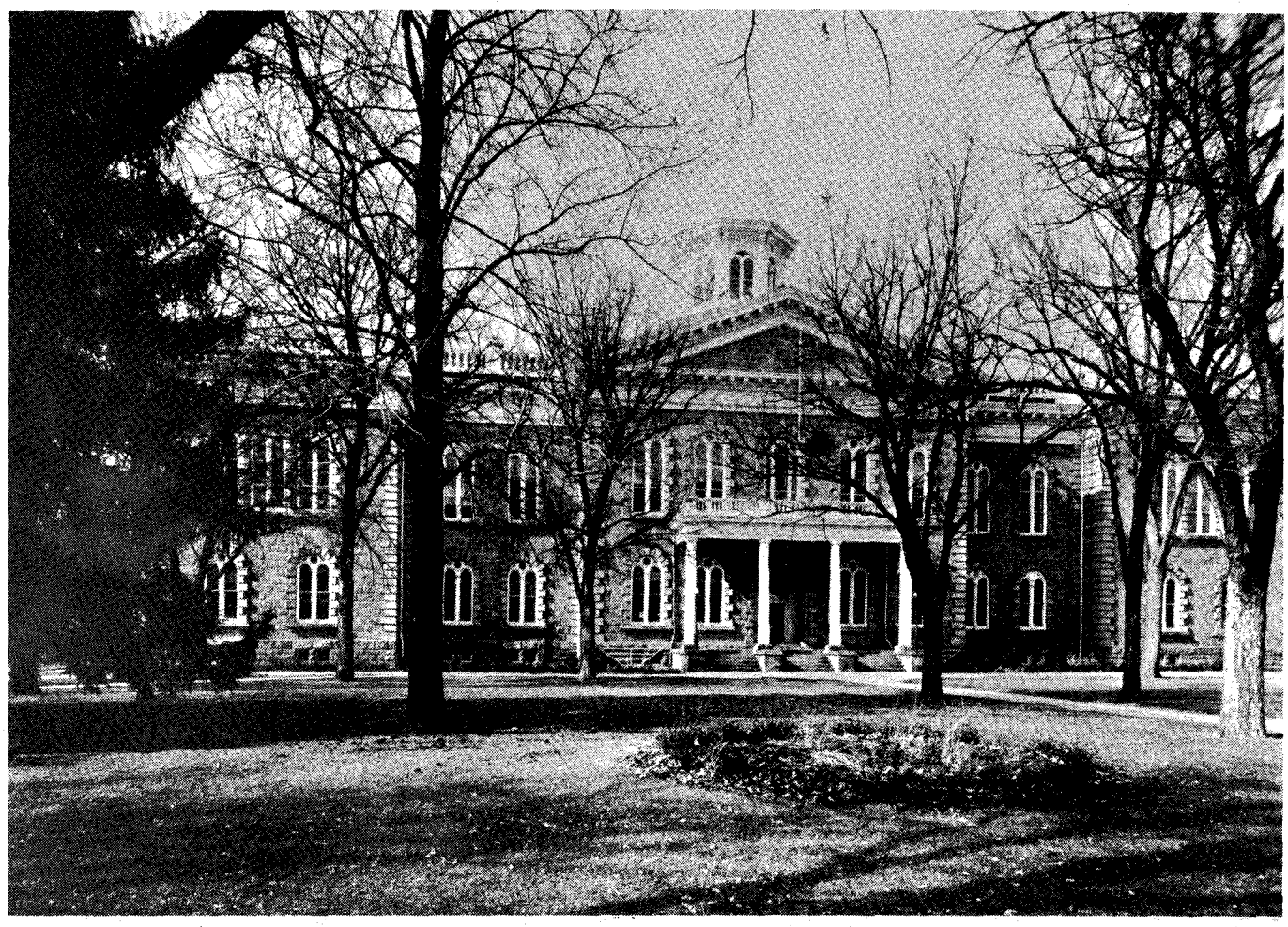
He was elected to the first Territorial Legislature as assemblyman in September, 1862, with A.D. Treadway and W.H. Brumfield.

The Assembly and Senate Chambers had to be separated from each other. Miss Hannah Clapp, a teacher at the Young Ladies' Seminary, Carson's first school, and Miss Babcock, another teacher, sewed curtains dividing the barroom of the hotel into two sections, and the Legislature was ready to start its deliberations. Odd as it seems, Curry's eldest son, Charles, was sent to this private school.

When Carson City became the county seat of Ormsby County there was need of a courthouse. On October 14, 1862, the county purchased a stone building known as the Great Basin Hotel, situated on the corner of Carson and Musser Streets, from Curry for the purpose of building a courthouse. The price was $42,000; $5,000 of which was paid in cash, with bonds issued for the remainder, bearing interest at 10 cents per year. This building was partially destroyed by fire in 1870, but later repaired at a cost of $5,000, including a new tin roof. Before the Capitol Building was constructed, the Legislature met in the Courthouse.

Curry, who had furnished a meeting

Nevada Historical Society



Although Abe Curry lost the bid to construct the capitol building (above), he did design the plaza.

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place for the legislators, now gave some thought to the growing criminal element. A lease was made of his Warm Springs property for the erection of a prison. This property included a stone quarry where the prisoners could be put to work erecting other buildings, such as workshops, etc., as they were needed. Stone from this quarry was used to build most of the important buildings in Carson City.

In January, 1862, the Territorial Governor appointed Curry the first warden. For a year or more the prison was merely a place of detention with Warden Curry as contractor in charge of converting his Warm Springs Hotel into a prison. He was extremely kind to the inmates, who called him Uncle Abe Curry.

The prisoners had little or no supervision. Curry played poker most of the time with the guards. Some convicts took advantage of this laxity, and during the time he was warden several men escaped.

When the Territorial Legislature met in February, 1864, an act was passed approving the building of a territorial prison. Curry sold the hotel, 20 acres of land, the stone quarry with all improvements, mechanic's tools, etc., for $80,000 in bonds. After the purchase the buildings were destroyed by fire together with prison records of the two previous years.

After remaining a territory for three years, Nevada became a state on October 31, 1864. When Henry G. Blasdel became the first governor, Abe Curry served as a colonel on his staff.

According to an item appearing in the July 17, 1866, Carson City *Appeal,* citizens of Carson City were roused from their beds by a medley of confusing sounds; shouting, booming of cannon, and ringing of bells. Such demonstrations were in honor of the arrival by express of a large package of papers containing plans and specifications for the construction of a United States branch mint under the direction of Superintendent Abe Curry. When the mint was partially completed, the Government decided not to continue with the work, and in 1868 Curry travelled to Washington, D.C., to confer with government officials. Had they withdrawn their financial support it would have been disastrous because all the machinery for the operation of the mint had been ordered, and many other details were completed. It took Abe several months to convince bureaucrats that establishment of the mint in Carson City was a feasible idea.

For many years the mint was a bullion depot for the Wells Fargo Company.

There was some question about the initials "CC" engraved on the 13,888,000 dollars minted while it was in use. Some thought they stood for Col. Curry. It is reported he laughed and said they meant "Curry's Compliments." Since 1941 the mint has been utilized as a museum which contains many Indian artifacts, ancient guns, and other relics of the Old West. In the basement is a full size replica of a silver mine similar to those of the Comstock Lode.

Abe was active in every building project that presented itself. When ground was broken for the laying of track for the Virginia and Truckee Railroad on February, 1869, he secured the contract for the stone work in the railway shops. Instead of erecting it in the usual circular fashion, he built it long and narrow so trains could enter from one end. When construction was completed, directors of the railroad, influenced by Sharon, Virginia City mogul, expressed considerable dissatisfaction and refused to pay Curry the full amount of the contract. This decision was a financial disaster for Curry, and was partly responsible for his eventual ruin. During his lifetime he made money, but because of his participation in many activities and his generosity, Abe Curry spent large sums.

Another factor contributed to Abe's money problems—he lost the bid for construction of the capitol building. However, the plaza, or capitol square, was fully designed by him; stone from his quarry was used in the construction of the building.

Col. Curry was a gregarious person, interested in people and generous to a fault. In January, 1873, he organized a social unit, the Grand Council of the Independent Order of Red Men of Nevada. Representatives from all the tribes in the state were present. He is also credited with establishing the first order of Masonry in Carson City. One of his acts of generosity was the presentation to the city of a fire engine, with a stone building to house it. As a reward he was elected foreman of the engine company. After presenting the gift he did not have enough money with which to buy uniforms for the firemen. About that time a circus came to town and he made an arrangement with them to receive a percentage of the profits for selling tickets. He sold a great many and made enough money to buy the Curry Engine Company their uniforms.

Building was a passion with Abe Curry, whether it was private residences or public buildings. Historians indicate he remarked, "There isn't a stone building in Carson City that I did not erect; there isn't a dwelling I haven't watched over." Many of the houses he built were sold. One time when his wife went back East for a visit he sold the house they were living in. When she returned there was no suitable place for her and their six children to live. At that time the mint was being constructed and for awhile they lived in two rooms of the mint, one of which is the present front display room.

After building for everyone else he finally got around to constructing a permanent home for his family. His stone

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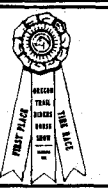
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residence still stands at 406 Nevada Street in Carson City. Its stone walls are 22 inches thick, and the rooms have 16 foot ceilings. It is a most interesting house with a front and back parlor, and a large kitchen along the back of the structure.

It seems incredible that during the short 15 years from the time Abe Curry first saw Eagle Valley until his death October 19, 1873, that one man could accomplish so much and die having so little. People were constantly amazed at his boundless energy and driving force that led him to accomplish the impossible.

Although he was responsible for building many of the county structures in Carson City, in addition to various state buildings, there is no monument to his memory. His last resting place is an unmarked grave in the family plot. His buildings are his monument. ●

KNOW YOUR TREASURE HUNTING

(Continued from page 33)

longer there and the 50,000 dollars were obviously far, far away. To clinch the matter, my client carefully dug a little with a folding spade and found that the hard packed earth had been loosened and disturbed at this location.

I often think that people who write history make problems of the past seem so easy because of that wonderful gift of hindsight, and that people who write about buried treasure write most accurately after they have recovered it.

Another interesting treasure in this same category is the Santa Susana Pass, Treasure of California. My acquaintance with this one started one sunny morning about six years ago when a well-known Los Angeles metal detector distributor called up to ask if I would be interested in accompanying him on a treasure hunt. He said he wished to check out a radically new treasure detector line, and thought he and I might come up with a little profit on the side. He was following up a treasure story originally published by the late Frank Fish, dean of California treasure hunters and ghost towners.

In 1853, this story ran, the Wells Fargo stagecoach was held up and robbed near the top of the long gradient of what is now Route 118, above Santa Susana. The robber was a proud but penniless young Mexican who was trying to court the daughter of a wealthy Sonoran family, but was being snubbed by the girl's relatives because of his financial circumstances. He thought that if he robbed this stagecoach and returned to Sonora he could feign sudden wealth in the gold fields of Northern California and thus aspire to the hand of the girl he loved. Unluckily for him, one of the miners in the stagecoach pulled out a concealed pistol and shot him in a vital organ before he galloped out of sight. According to a detailed record set down in a diary left behind many years later by his broken-hearted sweetheart, the young Mexican stuffed the gold into his saddlebags, rode rapidly away from the stagecoach, received the fatal wound and swung into the heavy brush of a nearby canyon for cover. Knowing he was badly hit, the young man stopped just long enough to bury the incriminating and heavy saddlebags near three small springs in a grove of oak trees. He remounted and rode non-stop back to Sonora in a partial delirium brought on by loss of blood and wound infection. He lived long enough only to send a message of eternal love to the young heiress, telling her of what he had done for her sake, and providing complete details of where he had hidden the stolen gold for which he was paying with his life.

We found the location without any trouble. It is at the foot of a long downhill slope on the San Fernando side of Santa Susana, just beside a small bridge. Sure enough, the small grove of oaks stands to this day, unravished by the subdividers, in a slightly marshy area of about one and a half acres, fed, no doubt, by the three wells specified in the diary. Even before getting out of the car I was able to pick up the gold waves with the Distometer, and I walked directly to the two points from which they came. I hardly needed the Depthometer, nor the distributor's new and ultra-sensitive metal detectors, to show that the gold was gone, for we could clearly see two depressions in the ground at these points where the earth had been removed. Although grass and weeds had now grown over the spots, a few minutes' digging revealed the shallow holes which would have been just what a harassed man in pain would have scooped out of the ground, probably with a knife, in order to conceal two gold-laden saddlebags. Since these holes had been scrupulously re-filled, we concluded that a professional treasure hunter using detailed data and an efficient metal detector, had been there some time before. That particular treasure had amounted to $65,000 in San Francisco minted gold pieces in 1853; only a competent coin dealer could tell you how much more it was worth six years ago. An educated guess is at least $240,000, provided all those magnificent coins were not released together on the market in one city. An experienced treasure hunter would, of course, never make that mistake.

People are still hunting for treasures cached by the notorious bandit, Tiburcio Vasquez, but there is one they can definitely forget: the treasure of Coehody Pass. Vasquez robbed everybody, miners, industrialists, ranchers and stagecoach passengers throughout southern California in the 1870's, with the avowed intention of financing a revolution to recapture the state for the Republic of Mexico. Some of his hideouts were in the mountains of San Gabriel and El Monte, north and east of Pasadena.

In 1928, I was retained by two gentlemen to pinpoint a legendary Vasquez cache at Coehody Pass beside the old coach road from San Gabriel to Los Angeles. I indicated a spot at the base of an old lone oak and returned to Los Angeles as the men commenced digging. That night it started to rain heavily, as is common in this region in winter, and this rain kept on relentlessly for three days. The slope on which I had located the Vasquez treasure was severely eroded by water and mud and the oak tree was undermined and toppled. At the first opportunity, I returned to the site with my two clients, only to find that my instruments showed the treasure to be missing. Some weeks later, the explanation emerged from a grim murder trial: a young Italian laborer who worked in the Simos Brickyard near Coehody Pass was walking to work on the last day of the torrential rains and saw a toppled tree whose roots appeared to hold some glittering objects in the watery sunlight. Sure enough, he recovered several pounds of gold coins from the rotted remains of a pouch that had been buried right at the foot of the oak. Rejoicing in his good fortune, the foolish young man ran home to celebrate and to feast the neighborhood. That night, he was murdered in his bed and the gold he had placed under his pillow was gone. There is no doubt that he had found the Vasquez gold I had located for my clients who would have made the recovery for themselves had not the workmen stopped as soon as the rains began.

Another indication of the need for secrecy in the treasure hunting business — and of a cache no longer there — is a story from my diary for the year 1959. A mature and sensible Mexican lady approached me to locate a trunkful of jewelry, gold and silver coins, Manila lace, religious *objets d'art* and miscellaneous valuable enamelings which had all been hidden by a wealthy Mexican family during a troubled political phase in California's colorful history. My client had come into possession of old family records which showed that these family valuables, now worth ten times as much, had been buried at a certain site in what

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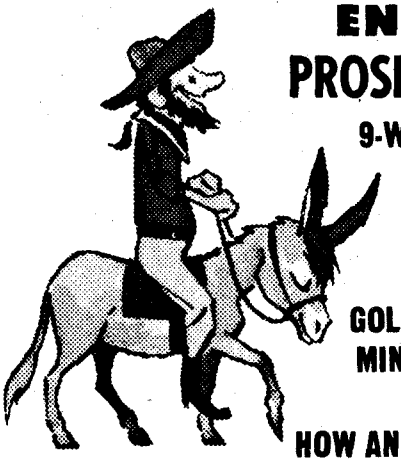
is now the Bellflower area of Los Angeles. It took almost an entire morning's work, with bearings and cross-bearings, until we precisely located the spot. Fortunately we found it close under an old and shady tree in an open schoolyard, when it might equally well have come underneath a row of houses or an apartment building. The school administrators were approached by the Mexican lady and, however surprised or skeptical they may have felt, signed an agreement to allow her to dig at the site I specified in return for a share of recovered valuables.

A few days later I returned to supervise the actual excavating and was irritated to find that this good lady had allowed the news to leak out, and that the scene was jammed with officials, reporters, a TV camera crew and a multitude of goggle-eyed onlookers. I took out my instruments to make a final check and to refresh my memory of the precise location of the treasure, only to find it was no longer there.

"You may forget about the treasure right now," I had to tell her. "Someone has already been here."

As might be expected, both she and the officials were incredulous and suspected I was playing some kind of a trick. "You can see for yourself," I told them. "Something has been dug out of the earth in this corner here." Anyone could see there were still clods of earth mingled with upturned debris and torn grass in the corner I indicated.

"That," I told them firmly, "is where the treasure *was!*" I left them digging in that empty spot and returned home. Two days later, the Mexican lady called me with tears in her voice and explained. Her 18-year old son had just confessed that, unable to wait for the official excavation, he had gone to the schoolyard after dark on the day I made the original location. Perhaps he envisioned himself driving around Hollywood in a new white Cadillac convertible or something, but he simply could not resist the temptation to remove the valuables his ancestor had carefully hidden so many decades before. Perhaps, too, he felt that the entire cache really did belong to his family, and that it simply was not fair to have to share it with others. In any case, he started to work as stealthily as possible in the crooked shadows of the old tree, where I had driven a small peg that morning. At about one foot, his shovel struck something solid that thumped hollowly under the impact of this tool. Excited and preoccupied, the youth was concentrating on scraping away earth with his hands when a deep voice out of the night called out "What'ya doin' there, kid?" The boy looked up in terror and saw the outline of a man against the distant street light. Terror ran through him like an electric shock, and he dropped the shovel. Within seconds he had cleared the school fence and was home. The next morning he was



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almost recovered from his strange encounter, but did not dare tell his mother. The day following, when the official excavation was started, he realized his error, but it was too late then. It was not until two days later that his extraordinary tale came to light, and explained how a firmly fixed cache worth almost $70,000 today had managed to vanish so quickly.

We soon verified that a certain family had lived across the street from the schoolyard, and that these people had suddenly moved from the area to some unknown address. Somehwere, there is an ex-Bellflower resident who deserves some credit for making a very fast deduction and for covering his tracks in a most professional manner.

One last fruitless search from which I can save (perhaps) many a would-be billionaire is the famous Lost Dutchman Mine in Arizona's Superstition Mountains. I was driven all over this region about 12 years ago by a client who must also remain anonymous because of his standing in the world of finance. Expense was no object to this man, so I spent several days crossing and re-crossing a grid that took in every square mile of that bizarre landscape. I can say that there is definitely gold in the Superstitions, but hardly enough to justify the costs of mining and transportation.

If the famous Peralta mine which gave rise to this legend ever existed, it was (or is) *not* in the Superstition Mountains. Wherever old Jacob Walz, the bearded Dutchman himself who was actually a German, did get his gold, it was not in those sun-battered and craggy formations. If you are a Lost Dutchman Mine addict, I suggest you re-examine the original stories of the Peralta mine and see if somehow the directions have not become distorted in the past century and a half.

Of course, I *have* located treasures for clients and seen them successfully recovered. There are other caches too inaccessible to remove or too difficult to negotiate with present property owners which I have also pinpointed. A few of these are actually as huge and fabulous as legend says they are, since I can make a reasonably accurate estimate of the mass of a buried metal from the strength of signal picked up by the Distometer. I have also located several oil wells, some of which still bring me a modest but lasting profit.

In the category of the located, but 'inaccessible,' I would put two at the top of the list for sheer size and value: the Fort Huachuca Bullion Treasure, and the location of *The Trinidad,* lost treasure ship of Cortez, who was double-crossed by an ambitious but ill-starred lieutenant, Francisco de Ulloa. However, these are indeed other stories and deal with real treasures, actually located but not excavated because of size and legal difficulties.

Take a tip from the information I have picked from my own personal diary: don't waste time or money on any of the treasures I have described. They have all been either recovered or are pending recovery. There are many more, far less well known, and more likely to be quietly removed by the beginner. ●

TERLINGUA IS A GHOST TOWN

(Continued from page 35)

to the east. The dry desolate desert wastes of the Chisos were too remote from civilization. But in 1939 he returned and remained as superintendent until the mine was closed and abandoned in 1942.

It was estimated that during the 44 years of its existence, the Chisos Mining Company produced over 40 million dollars worth of mercury. Most of the miners were Mexican peons from just across the Rio Grande. They were paid approximately a dollar a day for nine hours underground. They worked seven days a week in the mine and at the roasting ovens. The air was foul and laden with poisonous mercury vapor.

The cemetery at Terlingua is a grim reminder of the rigors of their work. Back in the early days of the mine the peons petitioned for a six day week, but got a curt "no" for an answer. They were paid each day as they came off shift, in script which could be used only at the company store.

Perry and Fovargue built a movie theater to bring back more script to the

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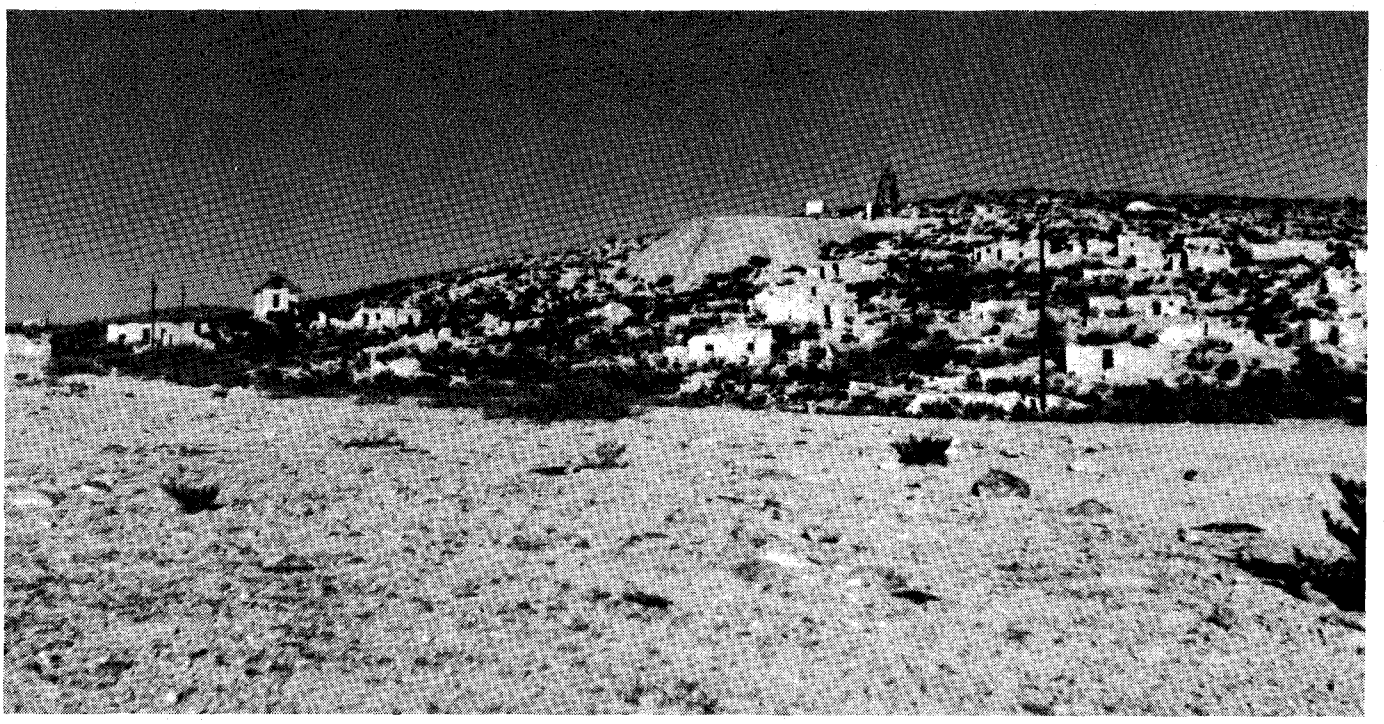

Mine, shaft and tailings on a slight hill overlooking the ghost town of Terlingua.

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company. This soon was the favorite haunt of the Mexican peons. They sat in rapt attention while watching the old-time Western films.

Next door to the theater was the company store, where their script purchased many of the necessities and a few of the luxuries of life, all at inflated prices. Up on the hill was the Big House built by Howard Perry for his family and their guests. Today it is a run-down and empty ruin, but during the boom days it was a very lively place.

It has been said that the Chisos Mine is worked out. Many people disagree, for the town and mine were closed down in the late months of 1942 because Howard Perry, at 80 years plus, was tired of the treeless yellow desert. Too many of his years were left behind on that dry desert mountain.

The current town is under the custodial care of Warren Davenport who lives in the old company store building with his mother, Mrs. Cleora Davenport. They run the *Chisos Oasis,* or the Cantina. Here one can buy a few groceries and a cool beer. The store is a veritable mining museum in itself. Mrs. Davenport has a wonderful sense of humor and is a real pleasure to talk to. Hanging prominently on one wall is a huge sign which advertises:

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SUNSET OVER THE CHISOS
IN FULL LIVING COLOR
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STOP OVER AND SEE
THIS GLORIOUS SHOW

Mrs. Davenport enjoys other things at her desert home. She has a sugar water feeder to coax the hummingbirds to stay awhile, and she has a collection of desert plants in assorted containers on the porch of the Cantina.

Mr. Davenport is employed by the Minchen estate. Maurice Minchen, a wealthy Mexican capitalist of Chihuahua, purchased everything on the surface of the ground. The mineral rights were purchased by George and Herman Brown of Dallas.

A visit to Terlingua is well worth the five mile drive. The road is paved to within a half a mile of the Cantina, then one turns onto a well graded gravel road. No visitor to the Big Bend Country of southwest Texas should miss a visit to Terlingua, the town built by quicksilver. ●

SAGA OF THE OREGON TRAIL

(Continued from page 17)

lively, beguiling strains of "Oh Susannah."

Through the magic of words the venerable pioneer presented the epochal significance of the old trail and his listeners had no trouble visualizing the long winding wagon trains moving slowly toward destiny, always keeping pace with the majestic stride of a nation.

Ezra Meeker was born in Ohio. When he grew up he married Eliza Jane Summer, a farmer's daughter in his community. He determined to take his bride and establish a home in the West. In 1851, he and Eliza drove to Iowa in an ox-drawn covered wagon. On reaching that state they found that most of the good farming land had been taken. But Ezra Meeker held on to his dream of a home in the West and when spring clothed the hillsides and valleys in new, green growth he and his wife and baby son set forth again in a covered wagon headed West. They joined an immigrant wagon train starting out from Independence, Missouri.

The journey into the then little known territory was agonizingly slow and danger and hardship were ever present. But to Ezra Meeker, it was a pleasant adventure. He loved every toilsome mile of the trek, even though the wagon train was on the road until autumn. Twice he guided the big cumbersome vehicle through the tricky and dangerous waters of the Snake River. He cherished the memories of the trip long after it was ended and often recalled the incidents of his long overland journey.

When at last the wagon train reached the end of the trail, Ezra Meeker established a home on McNeil Island in Puget Sound. Sometime later he moved to Puyallup in Washington Territory. He built the first log cabin in the new settlement. And he settled down to farming, raising grain and hops. He prospered in his chosen state some 50 years.

But through these busy years as the Northwest built up and the frontiers bowed before the march of civilization, Ezra Meeker's love for the old trail never diminished nor did the memory of his trip dim. He studiously delved into old records and books pertaining to the trail and his interest grew to such an extent that he determined to use the remaining years of his life in marking and perpetuating the historical pioneer trail.

At 75 he conceived the idea of backtracking the Oregon Trail. He rigged up a replica of the covered wagon which had brought his family to their new home over half a century before. He purchased unbroken oxen from the Tacoma stockyards.

When he reached Independence, Missouri, the original starting point of his first journey westward, he didn't stop

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but pushed on eastward toward his goal, the nation's capital, where he planned to present his idea for reviving interest in the old trail to President Theodore Roosevelt and Congress. As he guided the oxen and the wagon toward Washington, great crowds lined the road to see him and cheer him. In New York City he was photographed with his team and wagon in Wall Street. The big prairie schooner went on until Ezra Meeker drove it proudly down the streets of Washington, D.C. Eventually he shook hands with President Theodore Roosevelt, who made him welcome and gave his crusade a hearty indorsement.

Ezra Meeker's mission was a success. The country was Oregon Trail conscious. Fame had come to rest upon his shoulders but he was far from finished. He had just begun. In 1910 he made another journey east by covered wagon. In 1916 he backtracked the Oregon Trail once more, this time in a more modern vehicle, an automobile, but with a covered wagon top.

Nine years later during an aviation meet in Dayton, Ohio, a small plane zoomed down out of the west to land before the grandstand. When one of the two figures in the cockpit removed his helmet, he was instantly recognized as Ezra Meeker, 94 years old. He had made his last trip over his beloved old trail through the clouds. A few months later he passed away in his home in Washington. His mission was accomplished, for the Oregon Trail, largely through his efforts, had taken its place among the empire landmarks in the hearts of a nation. Ezra Meeker had become a legend as an overland pioneer. ●

GUERRILLA GOLD

(Continued from page 25)

which they were to pay dearly later on, when they roused Abner's ire by making disparaging remarks about the meagerness of the sum.

No self-respecting stage driver, he declared, was ever known to possess more than a couple of dimes at one time, and it was certainly wrong for a bunch of robbers to take them from him. Moreover, he informed them in no polite terminology, that he would sure get even with them if he ever got the chance. Abner did!

Inside the coach was the owner of the stage line, William McClellan, but no other passengers. From him the bandits took about $400, his expensive watch and a gun. Next, despite his offer to provide the key to the strongbox, they chopped off the lock with an ax and got about $6,000 in gold dust and a quantity of amalgam. Finally, they rifled the mail bags, and from the letters in them extracted several thousands of dollars in greenbacks. This was their second blunder of the day since most of the money had been sent to relatives and friends in the East by the miners. When news of the robbery got about, it left the senders in no peaceful mood.

Upon the successful completion of the business on hand, the desperadoes ate the dinner that Mrs. McLaughlin had prepared for them. Fortified by their best meal in weeks, they immobilized the stage coach by chopping the spokes out of its wheels. With their own nags being pretty well travel-worn, they transferred the saddles from them to the stage horses, mounted and rode off, again in the direction of Denver. As soon as they were out of sight, DeMary and McClellan set out to alarm the countryside.

The outlaws crossed over Kenosha Pass but never got any nearer Denver than the region where Conifer and Shaffer's Crossing are now located. Jim did threaten, though, that when his reinforcements, purely imaginary, arrived he would pay his respects to that city and while there, rob the bank and mint and then touch a match to the place. For the present they contented themselves by roaming about, free-loading off ranches, public houses and stage stations and committing an occasional unimportant robbery as a means of diversion. For the first few days they had no difficulty in eluding the posses and the troops that had been sent out from Denver. It was only when these got annoyingly close that Jim wisely decided to get rid of the onerous booty that he and John had been lugging around with them all the while.

After abandoning the mired horse they made it back to camp, and to insure better safety, as they thought, moved it to Geneva Gulch. While two of the men were preparing a meal, Jim began dividing the remaining loot with the intention of breaking up the gang and meeting later at a designated time and place.

Unknown to the outlaws, a posse led by one Jack Sparks had come upon their tethered horses and moved them to a safe distance. Plans for an attack were made whereby each member was to pick out a man and shoot him down when the order to fire was given. Some of the clumsy miners, however, unaccustomed to stalking anything more lively than as acquiescent dance hall girl, made such a clatter in their approach that the bandits, becoming alarmed, grabbed up their guns and fled into the bushes. Sparks' men fired wildly after killing Owen Singletary, and although they wounded Jim Reynolds severely in the left arm, he made his escape with the others.

The posse, wary of being ambushed in the gathering darkness, waited until morning before entering the camp to examine it. They recovered the amalgam and some of the gold dust that had been taken in the stage robbery and also McClellan's watch and gun. They likewise found the bandits' equipment and personal belongings which was later auctioned off in Fairplay for $154.45. The horses were sold separately.

When Singletary's body was found one of the more callous members of the posse cut off the head and took it along when he returned to Fairplay. It was preserved in alcohol and displayed for a number of years as a warning to anyone who might entertain ideas of again robbing the miners' mail.

After their escape from the trap the survivors parted, mostly in pairs, as had been planned. One of them, Tom Halliman, elected to go it alone and was soon captured and taken to Fairplay. He stubbornly refused to divulge any information about the gang and a hangman's noose was placed around his neck as a means of persuasion to make him change his mind. Tom promptly passed out and upon being revived and finding that he was still alive, decided to extend his tenure on earth by telling all he knew.

The other guerrillas, still free, wandered about South Park stealing food, clothing and other necessities. Knowledge of their presence was far from easy on the nerves of the residents of the sec-

• OUR COVER •

The beautiful painting on this month's cover is one of eight large murals in the County Courthouse in Missoula, Montana. The work of the gifted Western artist Edgar S. Paxson depicts the signing of Governor Stevens' Treaty with the d'Oreilles, Flatheads and Kootenais Indians at Council Grove, Montana.

E.S. Paxson's fidelity to historic accuracy was almost an obsession. Therefore, all of his historical scenes have an authenticity born of painstaking research and study.

Left to right in the painting, the figures pictured are W.H. Pearson, famous guide and express rider; Christopher P. Higgins, packmaster; Chief Alexander of the Pend d'Oreilles, interpreter; James Doty, secretary; Delaware Jim, hunter and guide; Governor Stevens; Chief Victor of the Flatheads and Chief Michel of the Kootenais.

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tion. Apprehensive and excited, a number of them collected at Fairplay to organize a pursuit of the fugitives. It was there that the only casualty occurred among those on the side of the law. Early one morning a jittery guard, mistaking a fellow posseman for one of the desperadoes, shot him through the leg as he was leaving one of the small buildings on the outskirts of town.

About 75 men in wagons and on horseback finally got under way, after many delays, taking Halliman with them. A day or so later they ran into Co. A of the Third Colorado Cavalry commanded by Lt. George L. Shoup, who was out searching for the outlaws, too. U.S. Marshal A.C. Hunt accompanied the troops.

Coming upon the fleeing men on the Arkansas River near Cannon City, they captured six of them including the wounded but still arrogant Jim Reynolds. His brother, John, and Jake Stowe got away and were chased by the soldiers into the mountains of New Mexico where they made good their escape.

The prisoners were taken to Denver by Marshal Hunt and the troops where they were convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment in what was, from all appearances, a cut and dried military trial. While some people were for stringing them up, many others felt that the penalty was much too severe as the gang had never harmed anyone while in Colorado, except, perhaps, the feelings of some, and outside of de-spoking the wheels of the stagecoach, had done no material damage. Previously regarded as the most dangerous of desperadoes, public sentiment turned somewhat in their favor; an example, even then, of the American spirit of ever pulling for the underdog.

Early that fall a detachment of Colorado cavalry with Capt. T.G. Cree in command, started south with the felons for Ft. Lyon where they were to be imprisoned. Among the troopers was the former stagecoach driver, Abner Williamson, who had become a sergeant.

The first night out the convicts were given a chance to escape, but sensing what was in the wind, they made no attempt. The next day, the wagon bearing the prisoners guarded by Williamson and his squad was allowed to drop behind the main column. Later, when the sergeant and his men, but without the prisoners, caught up with the cavalcade Williamson reported that all of them had been "shot dead while trying to escape." This was the extent of the sketchy and only version of the affair that was released later by the military authorities.

In time, however, the true facts came out and the details of what actually happened were revealed.

Williamson ordered the prisoners removed from the wagon. They were lined up and blindfolded and the hands of all, except those of Jim Reynolds, were bound. Abner stationed his men in firing squad formation facing the guerrilla leader. When he gave the order to fire, Jim was the only one to fall. The other troopers purposely fired high. In this manner the sergeant disposed of five of the prisoners himself, the sixth being felled by one of his men who wanted to get the disgusting business over with. Williamson, his vow to get even with his former belittlers fulfilled, rode away with his squad, leaving his victims where they lay.

Although desperately wounded, John Andrews survived and painfully made his way to a deserted cabin nearby where he bound up his wounds with his ragged shirt. For several days this tough character subsisted on scraps of buffalo meat which he found in the cabin and water from a spring that ran nearby. One day he managed to hail a passing horseman and sent a note to a friend, J.N. Cochrane, in Denver.

This individual of shady morals went to Andrews' aid at once, and in a covered wagon smuggled him back to Denver where the wounded man told him the full story of the massacre. As soon as he was able to travel, Andrews set out on a horse that Cochrane gave him and, following a hunch, went to Santa Fe where he found John Reynolds and Jake Stowe. The three ex-guerrillas lost no time in starting out to retrieve the silver dollars they had buried on the banks of the Cimarron River. On the way their horses played out and they were caught stealing some fresh ones from a Mexican ranch. Stowe was killed outright but John and Andrews got away on their stolen mounts, recovered the money and then took off for Texas. The persistent Mexicans, unhappy over the loss of their horses, followed the thieves and killed Andrews.

John, fortunate to escape with a whole hide, changed his name and drifted about the Southwest making his living mostly by gambling. It was not until October, 1871, that he figured it was safe to go after the big treasure hidden far up in the Colorado Rockies. Needing help, he tied up with another of his breed, Albert Brown, and told him about it. Brown, always on the lookout for easy money, readily agreed to accompany John on this promising expedition. As horses were needed for the trip, John, still a gambler and not heeding the lesson learned from the fate of his former partners, again attempted to steal them. This time he was the loser when he was mortally wounded while trying to get away with the needed mounts from a ranch near Taos, New Mexico. With Brown's help he escaped into the nearby hills. When he realized that he was near the end of his profligate existence, John Reynolds described in detail the exact site of the cache. Having no pencil, he drew a crude map of the

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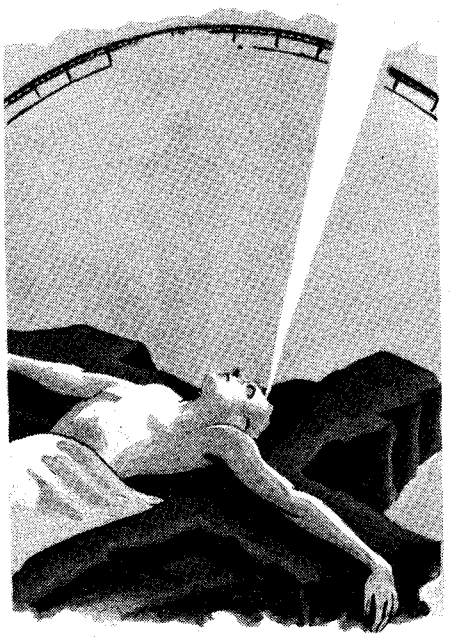

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section with ink made of a mixture of gunpowder and water. With this, John, the last of his brother's band of Confederate guerrillas, died.

Brown buried the dead desperado in a shallow grave that he dug in the hard earth with a stick. With this grim chore completed, he then made his way to Denver with the map and full information as to the location of the treasure.

Scouting around when he arrived there, Brown accidentally met Cochrane, rescuer of the now deceased John Andrews. After sizing him up, Brown let him in on the secret of the cache and the two outfitted themselves and proceeded to take up the search. Disappointment was theirs, however, for upon their arrival in the vicinity of the buried loot, they found that a forest fire had changed the scene entirely. For days they searched over the area, but outside of a few relics of the gang and the bones of a horse, they found nothing else except—a headless, human skeleton.

Whether or not this guerrilla loot has ever been recovered has never been determined. Occasionally, over the years, when some individual in the region exhibited signs of sudden affluence of unknown origin, he was suspected of having found it. In a feature article with pictures, one of the newspapers reported the finding of the knife, but as to the treasure: Well, pardner, mebbe it's still thar and mebbe it ain't. ●

CAMP ON OTTER CREEK

(Continued from page 31)

down another. The sun rimmed the horizon and thinned the fog cover slightly so that as they topped the fourth hill the Comanche tepees scattered for several hundred yards along the creek bank just ahead were dimly visible. Brash notes from the bugle jarred the early morning quiet. The cavalry charged.

Almost instantly Comanche warriors rushed from their tepees with their bows and arrows at the ready. They ran to catch their ponies but were too late. Tonkawa scouts already had them on the run away from the camp. With 200 mounted troopers rushing swiftly down upon their village this placed the Comanche warriors at a serious disadvantage. They did not hesitate. To a man they ran for the protective cover of a low ravine just in front of the camp area. A cloud of arrows whined out to meet the onrushing enemy. The women, children and old people ran as fast as they could to the brushy countryside behind the camp ground.

Pistol and carbine fire answered the deadly arrows. Men shouted. The Comanche war cries cut through the other sounds and chilled the blood of many a seasoned trooper. Gunsmoke mingled with the fog. Visibility was cut so that soon it was difficult to tell friend from enemy. Rifles against bows and arrows gave the soldiers big odds, but the bitter fight went on.

From every depression and from behind every bush Comanche warriors crouched and fought for more than three desperate hours as they covered the retreat of their families. Then they followed them into hiding. The exhausted soldiers counted their dead and methodically destroyed the village.

Several troopers were dead and others were wounded, some seriously. Captain Van Dorn, who had gone into battle at the head of one column, was severely wounded. He had been hit in his right side by an arrow that penetrated his stomach. His men were afraid to move him. An express messenger was sent to Fort Arbuckle with a request for a surgeon, an ambulance and rations for the hungry men and horses. It was only after the arrival of the surgeon that the arrow was removed from the captain's body. He was so near death that he was not moved for five days. Then, much improved, he was taken back to Camp Radziminsky upon a litter swung hammock-wise between two horses.

Such was Radziminsky's initiation in Indian Territory. It was a battle that need not have been fought if communication had been better: a battle that only served to make a serious situation worse.

The winter months were busy ones in the frontier army camp. It was very cold and there was much snow. The men cut blocks of turf and laid them along with logs part way up the sides of their tents for greater warmth. They drilled for hours every day in preparation for the spring campaigns. With horses and mules pastured out on the prairie, guards had to be on constant duty. Horse stealing was the great sport of the Plains Indians and they were unbelievably expert at this game of wits. The cavalry mounts at Camp Radziminsky were painstakingly trained to turn and gallop back to camp at the slightest alarm. This bit of enterprise undoubtedly prevented the loss of many a fine animal. The Second Cavalry was reputed to be the best mounted of any in service. Most of their horses came of blooded Kentucky stock. The Comanches were competent judges of horses and the excellence of these animals was not lost upon them.

As spring drew near the force of Indian scouts at Camp Radziminsky was increased. Keechies, Delawares and Shawnees were added. Late in April when the grass was green and forage for the horses became assured Captain Van Dorn led another expedition out in search of hostile Comanches. The Comanches had drifted northward and it was only after a long march that the troop came upon a large village in what is now Ford County, Kansas, just above the border of Indian Territory. A pitched battle followed.

In writing his report of this action Van Dorn said, "The Comanches fought without giving or asking quarter until there was not a one left to bend a bow."

That was the last battle of importance engaged in by the troopers at Camp Radziminsky. When abandoned on December 6, 1859, the trouble between the Indians and the Texans was still present and still violent, a cause for many more years of frontier warfare. ●

SIX-GUNS IN THE SOUTHWEST

(Continued from page 40)

to the camp in triumph. It was impossible to ascertain how many Mexicans were killed in the fight. They never give out information of this kind. The Americans attributed their "good luck" to the bad aim of the Mexicans, who were more enthusiastic than accurate.

Each of the ten white survivors of the fight soon received a note, written in good Spanish, ordering him to leave the country without delay. Some of them heeded the warning, but the majority continued their work. It was necessary for the latter to pass through the hamlet on Cow Creek Hill twice a day. They did not know at what moment they might be shot, but judging from their demeanor, they cared little if they could only get a chance at the enemy during the shooting.

Such was the condition of society in New Mexico during the reign of the six-gun and in the days of Faro Charley, Stuttering Joe, and Billy the Kid.

There was no municipal or state system worthy the name for the apprehension and conviction of criminals. It would

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have taken a most powerful Law and Order League backed by incorruptible courts, or the more speedy punishment of "Judge Lynch," to have stemmed that current of reckless, riotous lawlessness and daredeviltry which overflowed the vast Southwestern "no-man's-land" at that time.

In the cities of Las Vegas and Santa Fe the constabulary was only a weak pretense, and the machinery of the courts was rusty and unoiled. Under the eye of the police every form of gambling and every shade of vice went on day and night. Murders were committed in dance halls and gambling resorts without fear of arrest. The "song of the six-shooter" was heard in the land, but it seldom attracted official investigation.

When a crowd of cowboys came to town to "blow in their money," pandemonium broke loose. The dance halls blazed all night unless temporarily darkened by some hilarious marksman's unerring aim.

The usual dance hall was a low adobe building, possibly one hundred feet long, with the entire street front wide open. On the right of the entrance was located the bar. Along the left wall stood a row of gambling tables with gaming devices from "rolling faro" and "high-ball poker" (two extremely popular games) to Mexican monte, a game in evidence in every resort in the Territory. The tables extended back from the entrance to the edge of the floor space set apart for the dancers, and at the extreme end of the room was a crude vaudeville stage.

These places were lighted brilliantly enough at night by rows of oil-lamps along the walls. At dark the music began, and a little later the dancing. Gambling never stopped. Mexican women, some of them very young, sat quietly waiting for an invitation to dance. There were a few American women, but the Mexicans predominated. One paid fifty cents for the privilege of dancing with a girl. The fee also entitled the couple to a drink at the bar at the conclusion of each dance, the woman being permitted to take a check, its equivalent, if she preferred. At midnight the crowd was largest and the revel reached flood tide.

If no killing marred the evening, one might have looked upon a wonderful picture, which in all probability will be seen no more. The gambling tables were crowded with "cappers" and whisky-heated players, whose operations were feverishly watched by a nondescript crowd of game-hungry humanity. Cowboys, ranchmen, miners, teamsters, and soldiers lined the tables and staked their last dollar with a nonchalance worthy of a better cause. When a seat at the tables was vacated, it was instantly filled. Whisky was served free at the tables.

Beyond this intense scene was an animated picture. To the cracked music of a half-drunken Mexican band, gaily dressed girls were whirling in the figures of the Spanish quadrille. Their partners were men of all types representing untamed Western life. The prevailing style of dress was the wide hat, red silk neckerchief, blue flannel shirt, fringed leggings and moccasins, or plain overalls and high-heeled boots, with the inevitable cartridge-belt, revolver, and big spurs. A few of the men were dressed in corduroy or the regulation army blue. There were only two styles of hat worn by the men, however otherwise dressed. They were the wide-brimmed, heavy, cone-shaped Mexican sombrero, and the large, soft, fine wool hat, either white (the favorite color) or black.

In the winter of 1880-81 there were many such resorts in Las Vegas and Santa Fe.

Once I saw one of these brilliant scenes vanish as quickly as if some one had cut off an electric wire. A dispute arose over a Mexican girl. The two contestants were trying to decide which merited the honor of the next dance. When the battle began, the roar of the revolvers was deafening, and in an incredibly short time all was darkness, except for the lightning flashes of the big 45's.

These incidents of country and city life are particularly noted in order that the reader may get an intelligent grasp of the social conditions which made it possible for Billy the Kid to mark out for five years his career of crime, unmolested by law and order. It was these conditions which made it necessary, at last, to vest in one man the civil and military authority of the Territory in an effort to kill Billy the Kid and thus break up his gang. The man selected for this hazardous undertaking was Pat Garrett, who was chosen solely upon the understanding that he would kill or capture this desperado.

Garrett's election was the legal challenge from law to lawlessness. Without other preliminaries, personal quarrel, or malice, the contest was between the most dangerous law-breaker of the century and a cool-headed, clear-eyed, courageous, and resourceful man. It was to be a manhunt to the death, and both men so accepted the coming struggle.

I met Pat Garrett at Las Vegas shortly after he became sheriff. He was a tall, spare man, with noticeably long legs and arms. He was a silent man, but nevertheless pleasant enough socially. Coolness, courage, and determination were written on his face.

Billy the Kid, on the other hand, was utterly reckless, relentless, and cruel. He was quick as lightning with the revolver, and a dead shot. He was 21 years of age at the time of his death and had killed 21 men. He was supported by as desperate a gang of "killers" and thieves as were ever recorded in the annals of crime. This was the man Pat Garrett had

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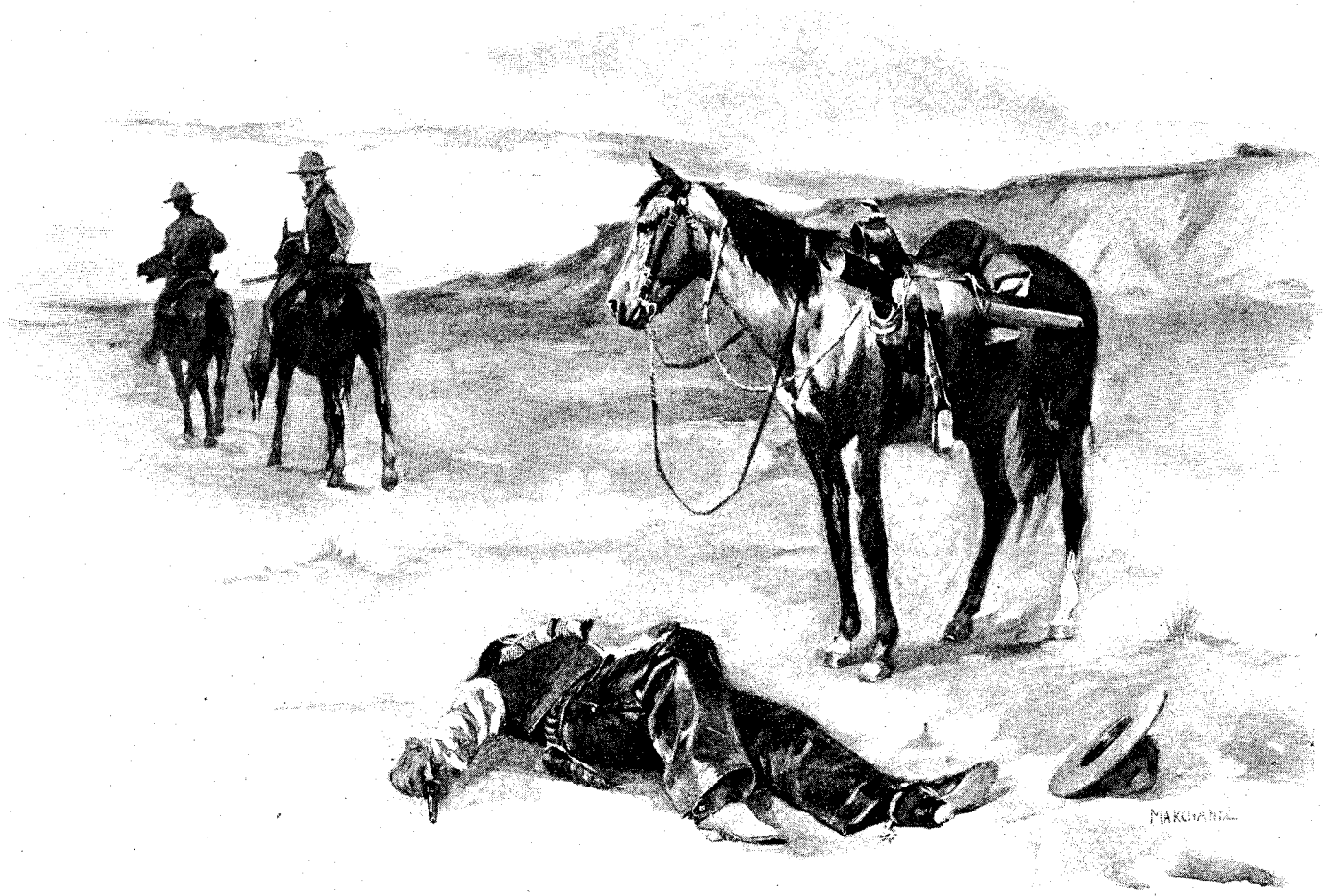

Incidents such as the one depicted above marked the Lincoln County War.

pledged himself to deliver to the authorities dead or alive.

One day Garrett was missing from his usual haunts. He had silently disappeared. The people knew that he was about to make his first move in this game of life and death, and the whole population of New Mexico awaited the issue in nervous suspense.

I was lounging on the veranda of the Grand View Hotel one afternoon when a man on a horse covered with foam galloped past. He shouted to Dr. Sutfin, the proprietor, as he rode by: "Garret's got the Kid and three of the gang. He's bringing 'em in to Vegas."

In half an hour, Oldtown, usually peaceful and quiet in the afternoon, was seething with excitement.

The news of the capture of the Kid spread like a prairie fire. People began at once to line up on each side of the road by which Garrett would enter the town. As it terminated in the street in front of the Grand View, I merely moved my position from the veranda to the adobe fence which inclosed the yard.

The news was not generally believed. The capture of Billy the Kid alive was simply beyond belief. A rumor, however, was sufficient to turn the entire populace to curious expectancy.

It was a beautiful afternoon, and the elevation of the Grand View afforded a wide range of vision across the plains, stretching to the blue line of distant hills.

As the hours passed, the crowds began to grow more impatient and distrustful. All had become skeptical, when from our point of vantage we discerned a cloud of dust in the southwest. When the cause of it advanced close enough for the people to see a wagon outfit accompanied by mounted men, a mighty shout went up. The good news was indeed true. Billy the Kid was a prisoner, and Pat Garrett was a hero.

As the wagon, pulled by four mules, approached, we saw four men sitting in the bed, two on a side, facing each other. The Kid, whom Dr. Sutfin had known in his cowboy days and instantly recognized, was on the hotel side of the wagon, chained to a fierce looking, dark-bearded man, who kept his slouch hat pulled well down over his eyes, and who looked neither to the right nor to the left. This was the daring and dangerous Dave Rudabaugh, who, among many other crimes, had killed the Mexican jailer at Las Vegas a short time before, making good his escape along with the companions he released. He feared recognition, as well he might, for the Mexican population thirsted for his blood. The other two prisoners were Pickett and Wilson, prominent members of the Kid's gang.

Billy the Kid was in a joyous mood. He was a short, slender, beardless young man. The marked peculiarity of his face was a pointed chin and a short upper lip which exposed the large front teeth and gave a chronic grin to his expression. He wore his hat pushed far back, and jocularly greeted the crowd. Recognizing Dr. Sutfin, he called: "Hello, Doc! Thought I'd jes drop in an' see how you fellers in Vegas air behavin' yerselves."

Heavily armed deputies rode on each side of the wagon, with two bringing up the rear. Garrett rode in front. The large crowd evidently surprised and annoyed him. Fearing for the safety of Rudabaugh, he turned and gave a low order to the mule driver, who instantly whipped up his team, and a run was made across the plaza to the jail.

Garrett heard enough during the next few hours to convince him that an attempt would be made to lynch Rudabaugh. He promptly increased his force to 30 men, who guarded the jail that night. In the meantime he planned to take the prisoners next day to Santa Fe for safe keeping. Not a suspicion of this move was allowed to get out.

Just before train time Garrett dressed the men in plain clothes. He waited until the train was due, and then placed the prisoners in a closed carriage and drove rapidly to the depot. He placed his men in the smoking car, and but for the accident of a delayed north-bound train his ruse would have been entirely successful. Las Vegas was the meeting point,

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and the south-bound train had received orders to side-track. The Kid was still chained to Rudabaugh, and as they brushed past me on the platform I had a good look at the wild animal, and met the gaze of a pair of round, cold grey eyes.

There were many conflicting stories about the origin of Billy the Kid. Dr. Sutfin maintained that Billy was a Chicago boot-black whose mind had become inflamed by reading dime novels. He arrived in New Mexico when 16 years of age, and went to work on a cattle ranch in Lincoln County. When the long and deadly cattlemen's war broke out he fought for his employer. His record of killings began then. He was to receive five dollars per day for his services, but when the day of payment came a dispute arose between "the man behind the gun" and the man behind the cash. Billy quit, ugly and dissatisfied. He swore he would get even. He became an outlaw. He ran off his former employer's cattle and killed his employees at sight. Soon he began to enlarge his operations. He gathered about him a band of reckless rough-riders and deadly pistol shots, among whom Dave Rudabaugh was the chief and the Kid's right-hand man.

The deeds of murder, robbery, and fiendish deviltry accredited to Billy and his gang would fill a volume. His remarkable career developed only one chivalrous or generous impulse. For some inscrutable reason he gave liberally to the poor out of his murderous levies, and consequently many grateful blessings followed the little fiend as he rode from the doors of squalor, poverty, and distress. He had no other redeeming quality, unless his attachment to a Mexican girl could be so considered. His pastime, his greatest amusement and delight, was the taking of human life. The name of this youthful "killer" carried such terror into the homes of the Southwest that not a man could be induced to discuss his crimes. When a stranger introduced the subject, the host would look furtively around, and say: "Oh, Billy's all right. There are worse men than Billy. He's kind-hearted enough." Then the subject was hurriedly dropped.

The story of Billy's capture is that Garrett and his posse of carefully selected deputies, aided by a light fall of snow, tracked the Kid and his party to a lonely ranch and surrounded them. The order was to shoot the Kid dead on sight, and a young man who resembled him, coming to the door, was mistaken for Billy and instantly killed. This deplorable mistake gave the besieged knowledge of the situation. They were fairly caught. Garret's men were all under cover commanding the only exit from the house. The Kid wanted to fight it out. He swore that he would rather be killed than taken. He raved, stormed, and cursed his men. Rudabaugh held out the hope of escape to him, and thus persuaded him to give up. Making known their desire to surrender, Garrett ordered them to leave their arms in the house and step out one at a time with hands up. This was done, the men were shackled and the homeward march began. Garrett had achieved the impossible.

Now this cruel, slender, boyish-looking man sat in the smoker of the south-bound train, handcuffed to Rudabaugh and chained to the seat. When the train backed in on the siding, I and a companion started back to the hotel. We had gone only a few yards when we heard men shouting, and soon met crowds of Mexicans armed with Winchesters running in our direction. It flashed upon me at once that Garrett's move was known, and that a mob was coming to take Rudabaugh.

Opposite the side-track on which the passenger train stood, and only 50 feet away, was another siding holding several empty freight cars. I suggested to my friend that we occupy the top of one of the cars. We could not have selected a better place. Our position commanded an excellent view of the interior of the smoker, and we could observe every movement of its occupants.

The moment Garret was informed of the approaching danger, he requested the passengers to leave the train and seek a place of safety, which advice they were not slow to follow. Fearing that Rudabaugh might be shot from the outside, he unchained him from the Kid and moved him across the aisle, pulling down the lattice-shade. Walking up and down the car from door to door, his Winchester across his arm, Garrett calmly awaited developments.

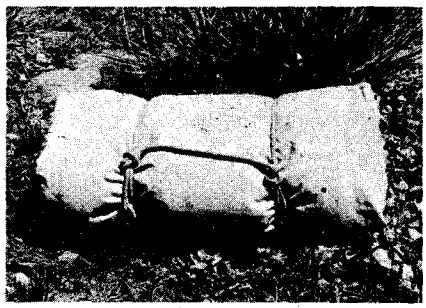
We could see Rudabaugh through the window at which the Kid still sat, but he was not visible to those standing on the ground. He leaned back against the window shade, quietly puffing a cigar. He did not appear to be disturbed by the thought that his life hung in the balance, and that a horrible death awaited him should the mob succeed in its purpose. His expression was that of a man absolutely indifferent to his fate.

The mob arrived and assembled between the freight cars and the passenger train. Two men with Winchesters were stationed at the engine. The leaders, three in number, mounted the steps of the smoker and demanded admittance. This was promptly refused, and the men were ordered off the car. They came back to the main body and demanded the prisoner Rudabaugh.

"I have reason to believe that these prisoners are not safe here," replied Garrett, "and I am taking them to Santa Fe, where they can be more securely guarded."

This explanation failed to satisfy the crowd.

"Take the other prisoner to Santa



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Fe," replied their spokesman, "but give Rudabaugh to us. His crime was committed here against one of our own people, and you have no right to remove him."

Slowly Garrett replied: "I have risked my life to bring these men to justice alive, and I will risk it again to protect them, for this is my sworn duty. I solemnly warn you that an attempt to take them from me will fail, unless you kill me first."

During this exciting colloquy, Billy the Kid, with his head thrust out of the window, was an amused listener. Unable to restrain himself, he began in rapid Mexican Spanish to tell the crowd what he thought of them, and judging from the interpretation of my friend, his regard for them and their forebears was not of a complimentary kind. He turned rapidly to Garrett, and said: "Pat, take these things off (holding up his manacled hands), give me a couple of guns, and turn me loose in that crowd. If you will do that I'll walk right back in here and hold out my hands for the bracelets."

Wise old Garrett said nothing, but shook his head.

The spokesmen of the Mexicans, after considerable discussion among themselves, changed the form of their demand. They wanted Rudabaugh returned to the Las Vegas jail.

Garrett refused to yield the point.

Then there was a cry of rage. Some one yelled "Look out!" and there was instantly a hurried scattering of the mob.

The Mexicans hastily sought cover. They dropped behind piles of cross-ties, the trucks of the freight cars, and other shelter, and then the ugly muzzles of guns covered the smoking car from all directions.

We thought the battle was squarely on, and quickly flattened ourselves on the top of the car, expecting every minute to hear the roar of guns; but seconds passed, and not a shot disturbed the stillness. Venturing a look into the car, we saw Garrett, his face pale but sternly set, his hand upon the lever of his rifle, waiting grimly the first shot. Rudabaugh had not moved his position, but was chewing viciously at the stump of his cigar. The Kid, still begging Garrett to turn him loose temporarily, seemed perfectly wild to get actively into the excitement. He was in his element, but for the first time in his life his hands were tied and the novelty of the situation galled him.

Gradually the Mexicans came out and assembled for another parley. Twice more was this stirring scene repeated.

Garrett began to weary, and at last declared that at the first shot he would arm the prisoners. This settled it. A compromise was quickly arranged. Garrett proposed that two citizens, representing the Mexicans of Las Vegas, accompany him to see that he turned the prisoners over to the proper authorities at Santa Fe.

Amid the cheers of belated passengers and white spectators, the train, held up for an hour, pulled out from the station. The coolness, nerve, and resource of Pat Garrett had saved the day.

Governor Wallace's threat to use the military power to end the Lincoln County War and to break up the Kid's gang did not in the least disturb the murderous robbers. They were too well aware of the military situation at the time. The truth was that the soldiers had their hands full during the winter of 1880-81 keeping Victorio and his marauding bands of Mescalero Apaches under some sort of surveillance. The Kid, knowing this, laughed derisively at the governor's threats, and rejected contemptuously his offers of personal pardon.

I saw Billy the Kid twice after the Las Vegas incident. The first time was during his incarceration at Santa Fe. He was hobbling about the open court of the jail, his ankles heavily ironed. The second time he was on the train being conveyed back to Lincoln County, the scene of his gravest crimes.

The treacherous murder of his two white jailers at Lincoln, his dramatic escape, and finally his death at the hands of Pat Garrett at Maxwell's ranch, near Las Cruces, is well known.

His death was the signal for rejoicing throughout the Territory. To only one living soul in all the world did Garrett's fatal bullet carry sorrow that moonlit night on the Bonito: the poor Mexican girl, his faithful sweetheart. Billy wanted to see her for the last time and he risked and forfeited his life to do so. She alone mourned him. He died as he had lived, a wild, untamable, remorseless human fiend. With him passed the old order of things. The reign of the six-gun in New Mexico was over forever. ●

Reprinted from The Century Magazine, March, 1902.

FEMALE OLD HICKORY

(Continued from page 8)

She moved her mother and brood to Osage Mission, now St. Paul, Kansas, and taught school there for two years.

During this time she was very popular and decided to marry Charles Lease, a young dentist. The other Clyen children were older by then, so they could help support the family. Mary wanted to marry and as was her custom, she did what she wanted to do.

She and Charles were married in the winter of 1873. Little did the girl realize that eighteen years later "The Physiognomy of Mary E. Lease" would be written. In it she would be described as having a face which expressed "faith, hope, ardor and love of the beautiful; taste and love for the dramatic; creative; versatility of mind; great push and energy."

By 1884, Mary Elizabeth Lease had decided she and her husband should try homesteading. They filed a claim on land at Kingman, Kansas. This ambitious young wife worked and struggled hard on their farm. People said she really delighted in the stress and strain of mothering four children and doing the work of a man on the farm. Aside from the gruelling work of the day, she studied by oil lamp light into the small hours of the morning. Mary was determined to be a lawyer. After one short year of self-preparation, she traveled alone to Topeka, where she took the bar examinations.

After passing the bar, her ambition was to move to Wichita. So, at the drop of a sunbonnet, she moved Charles and their four children to the thriving cow town. Mary Lease was always quick to move in the way she thought best. She was soon practicing law. However, it was not long before she put aside her practice to take up the Crusade of 1890.

Mary's first move was to have published in the local paper a most unique notice which stated: "Will all Wichita women interested in bettering their own and other women's education meet this afternoon to organize with this in mind." Six others besides herself were there and from this meeting the Hypatia Society was formed with Mary Lease as its president. Today, three-quarters of a century later, the Hypatia Society is still functioning as one of Wichita's most active organizations.

Mary Lease talked with people individually and to small groups about the advantages of the Populist party and the rights of the underdogs. This led to her giving a speech before the annual meeting of the Labor party in 1888, where she was introduced as the Kansas Joan of Arc.

Mary declared, "My tongue is loose at both ends and hung on a swivel, so I'm likely to have considerable notoriety in the near future." That was what she wanted. That was what she got, and for ten years after this boast, she was an intensifying political power in Kansas.

Mary Lease was given a place in the Populist lecture bureau and was soon more in demand than any other speaker. The meetings grew from small schoolhouse gatherings to some so well attend-

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ed that there were no buildings large enough to house the crowds. People drove for many miles to hear the orators speak. They became charged with the idea of Populism and Mary Lease was the one to turn on the current to produce an electric display of enthusiasm.

Her fame was likened to a skyrocket and became more comet-like with such speeches as: "Wall Street owns the country. We have a government of Wall Street, by Wall Street and for Wall Street. The great common people of this country are slaves. Monopoly is the master. The West and South are bound and prostrate before the manufacturing East. Money rules and our Vice President is a London banker. Our laws are the result of a system which clothes rascals in robes and honest people in rags. There are thirty men in the United States whose aggregate wealth is over one and one-half billion dollars. There are a half a million people looking for work. We want money, land and transportation. We want the abolition of the National Banks and the accursed foreclosure system wiped out. We shall stand by our homes and stay by our firesides by force if necessary, and we will not pay our debts to the loan shark companies until the government pays its debts to us. The people are at bay. Let the bloodhounds of money who have dogged us thus far beware!"

These words were a joyful sound to the ears of the debt ridden throngs whose backs were bent from plowing and hoeing only to be "corn-poor." It was a rallying cry of revolution: one which was repeated over and over again at all the crusade meetings.

As was usual in those days, a woman who had the courage to take up an issue was bitterly assailed, abused, and abhorred. Her bitterest enemies were Senator John J. Engles and the Republican press. But the bad things they said about Mary Elizabeth Lease only stirred her on to more fiery oratory. She was the most eloquent and perhaps the most influential leader of the Populist party. Between 1892 and 1896, she spoke as many as 160 times in one year, swinging the governorship of Kansas to L.D. Lewelling.

As a reward, he appointed her president of the State Board of Charities, she being the first woman ever to hold such a position in the state. However, Mary Lease didn't do her job in a way to please the governor, and he attempted to remove her. She appealed to the Supreme Court and won. She was also given credit for the defeat of Senator Engles.

As far as the Republican press was concerned, it didn't dare contest the arguments of Mary Elizabeth Lease. It devoted its forces to ridiculing her.

She was a tall, slender, good looking woman and also refined and magnetic. It is said her face was that of a dreamer.

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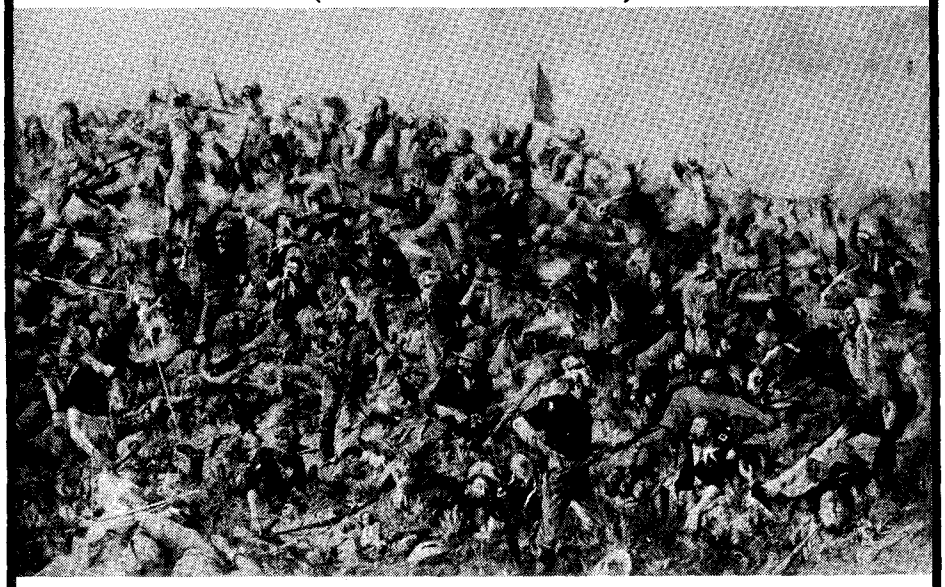

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She was not a vain woman, merely self-assured. She was aware of her natural endowments and made full use of her commanding appearance.

It didn't bother her that an editor changed her name from Mary Elizabeth to Mary Ellen so that it might be debased to "Yellen Ellen." Her natural dignity permitted her to ignore all unflattering remarks about her features and her manner of dress. Many of the locations where she spoke were not too clean, so she always wore a high-collared, black dress. It wouldn't show the dirt.

As time went by Mary Lease began to lose favor with the People's party. When it fused with the Democrats in 1896, she said, "I feel terrible. It is a death blow to the party, state, and the nation. I can only speak for myself. I do not feel I can ever again make a political speech. I have not the courage nor the strength to go on campaigning after I see the work of four years turned over to the Democrats."

This said, she turned to the Republicans. Some claim she truly wanted to be President of the United States. Needless to add, this ambition was never fulfilled. She moved slowly away from Kansas and found her niche in lecturing on woman suffrage, prohibition, and birth control. She traveled all over the United States and Europe.

By this time the Republican press was much more sympathetic toward her. They described Mary Lease as "the most interviewed woman in all the country," adding, "this honor, of course, is the just reward of one who has something interesting to talk about."

One reporter was quick to point out that there was a noticeable change in Mrs. Lease's attire. The conventional black cassimere of uncertain fashion formerly worn had given way to a very stylish garment of rich purple broadcloth. The trimmings were of velvet and braid of the same color. There was a chic hat, also the same color, resplendent with a rhinestone crescent. Another reporter said of Mary Elizabeth Lease, "She looks the Eastern woman she is by birth."

In one interview, she told a newspaperman, "Oh, I love New York. I love to breathe the fresh sea air. I don't know why it is but I always have been a water dog. However, I don't intend to settle in New York. I love Kansas too well for that. I lecture on historical, literary, psychological and economic subjects. I am thoroughly in love with my work and am constantly thrown in contact with the highest intellectuals in the country." Later, she divorced her husband and moved to New York.

Mary Elizabeth Lease found a kindred spirit in Joseph Pulitzer of the *New York World*. He put her to work on his paper. Her feature articles were discourses against the enemies of the underdogs.

Kansas State Historical Society

Mary Elizabeth Lease knew what she wanted and how to get it.

Her dissertations became so popular that Pulitzer sent her on a nation-wide lecture tour, and she was paid so well that her children were able to graduate from college.

Mary Lease used her talents in many ways. Aside from her magazine and newspaper articles, she wrote a book, "Problems of Civilization Solved." She served as vice president of the World Peace Congress and had many other honors too numerous to mention.

Finally Mrs. Lease gave up her career as lecturer and devoted most of her time to practicing law in downtown Manhattan. It was there that she gave the poor from the East Side free legal aid. Throughout her life, she lived up to what she considered her moral obligations.

In later years she reflected, "I was not a major prophet. But my voice was so big that I could talk to twenty thousand people in the open air and be heard in the farthest fringes of the crowd. I still fight as I fought when I was young, for every cause I believe in."

Mary Elizabeth Lease died in Callicoon, New York, in 1933. She was eighty years old. During her lifetime the crusader had, as William Allen White said, "been a harridan in the eyes of her enemies, a goddess to her friends." ●

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QUAKER AGENT TO THE KIOWAS

(Continued from page 15)

excitement as a group of Indians approached and he saw white children among them. The agent hurried out to greet them. Instead of one woman and five children, however, he saw only four children.

"Here are the captives," the Kiowas told the interpreter. "We are ready for our rations. Heap coffee and sugar. Heap guns and ammunition. We have quit the warpath."

Tatum didn't answer until the children were safely inside. "There are more captives," he said. "The mother and another child. Bring them in. Then you get the usual rations. No guns. No ammunition. And tell the Comanches I want the white boy."

He turned his back and walked away. Had he endangered the lives of Mrs. Koozer and her child and the Kilgore boy? He hoped not.

His answer came in a few days. The Kiowas brought Mrs. Koozer and her other child to the agent's office. Tatum was elated. He said he was willing to make the Indians presents of $100 for each captive. Grierson got his mules for nothing.

This marked a major advance in dealing for captives. Never before had the Kiowas and Comanches returned anyone for less than $300. Two years earlier the government had paid $1,500 each.

Within two weeks Isa-habeet, a Comanche, and his band rode in to powwow over terms for Martin Kilgore. He was being heap generous, the Indian said, and would surrender his white son when Bald Head paid more than $100. He wouldn't take what the Kiowas had accepted.

Tatum's reply was firm: no rations for Isa-habeet's people until he accepted $100 for the boy. No more.

Showing anger, the Comanches stalked outside. At that moment a company of cavalry was observed approaching the agency. The sonorous, flowing Comanche language quickened. An Indian hurried quickly to Isa-habeet's tent.

Soon young Martin Kilgore, frightened and wondering, was standing in the Quaker agent's office. Isa-habeet made a sign: the boy was free.

All eyes and unbelieving, young Kilgore staggered toward Tatum, who placed his sturdy farmer's arm around his thin shoulders. Even the hardened Comanches were moved.

Tatum saw in the cavalry's chance arrival another demonstration of the divine guidance that enabled him, without prior experience at handling Indians, to meet each new hazard somehow.

"My trust was in the Lord," he wrote later, "to restrain the evil intentions and passions of the Indians."

Except for several captives believed held by the Quahada Comanche band, which roamed the Staked Plains and did not come to the agency, Tatum had recovered all captives known to have been in the two tribes' possession.

A lull set in. For a patient man who loved all children, his problems in founding the Indian boarding school were more times inspiring than not, a relief from the violence he abhorred.

Builders finished his long awaited school in February, 1871. Since the suspicious Kiowas and Comanches refused to allow their children to attend, the Quakers taught any Indians who came, mainly Caddoes and Delawares. To the boys' delight, Tatum furnished them with hooks and lines to go fishing on Saturdays, and he used persuasion instead of force in breaking their tobacco chewing habits. When a boy quit, Tatum presented him with a pocket knife and a silver dollar. One Indian student, in an essay, confirmed his kindly agent's influence:

"All the boys quit chewing tobacco. Tobacco no good, heap cost money. Buy good horse and wagon. No use tobacco in school. I like to go to school. All the girls good sew. I love God. I want to go to school eight years. Your friend. Joe Washington."

Writing to the Friends' Committee, Tatum described his pupils as "kind, tractable, studious and confiding . . ."

When the spring of 1871 arrived, and the dreadful raiding season with it, Tatum's conviction deepened that greater firmness was necessary to reduce depredations in Texas.

"I think the Kiowas are determined to provoke a war," he informed the committee in March. "They have killed several persons in Texas, and have stolen many horses. Will the committee sustain me in having Indians arrested for murder and turned over to the proper authorities in Texas for trial?"

The committe would not.

Late in May, Colonel Grierson brought a visitor dressed in civilian clothes to the agency. Tatum saw a restless man with a stubble beard and greying reddish hair. It was General W.T. Sherman.

The commanding general of the U.S. Army was blunt. Had any Indians been off the reservation lately? About 100 braves had killed seven teamsters on the Butterfield Trail in Young County, Texas. One victim was found chained to a wagon tongue, tortured by fire.

Tatum was stunned. In a heavy voice he said, "I think I can find out within a few days, when the Indians come in for rations."

Four days afterward the principal Kiowa chiefs arrived. Tatum recognized Satanta, so quarrelsome his own people feared him, and Satunk, Eagle Heart, Big Bow, Big Tree and Fast Bear.

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called them in for a talk. Who had killed the teamsters in Texas? The Kiowas? The Comanches?

Satanta rose and tapped his broad chest. "Yes," he said, pride and scorn in his voice, "I led that raid. I took about a hundred of my warriors to Texas. I wanted to show them how to fight. I also took Chief Satank, Eagle Heart, Big Bow, Big Tree and Fast Bear. We found a mule train and killed seven men. Three of our men got killed, but we are willing to call it even. We won't do any more raiding around here this summer, but we will raid in Texas." He seemed to loom larger in the cramped office. "If any other Indian claims the honor of leading that party, he will be lying to you. I led it myself."

Tatum made up his mind. Forbearance in this case would be wrong. Playing for time, he gave the order to begin issuing rations and rode to Fort Sill, where he asked Colonel Grierson to arrest the chiefs involved.

General Sherman called a council on the front porch of Grierson's quarters. There, after narrowly averting a close-quarter fight, troopers arrested Satanta, Satank and Big Tree.

On the morning of June 8 soldiers started the prisoners to Jacksboro, Texas, for trial. The manacled Satank decided to die like a warrior. Brave to the last, he was killed fighting his guards. In September, a cowboy jury sentenced Big Tree and Satanta to be hanged.

The person responsible for their seizure did not desert them, however. Lawrie Tatum recommended life and the Texas governor commuted their terms.

But to Tatum's bitter distress the summer of 1872 appeared to be as bloody as the previous season, and the Indians resumed taking captives.

White Horse led a Kiowa revenge party to the farm of Abel Lee, on the Clear Fork of the Brazos River. The raiders fired bullets into Lee and killed his wife and a 14-year-old daughter with arrows, then mutilated the bodies. They captured Susan, 16, Millie, 9, and John, 6, and distributed them among the captors.

Months passed. Avoiding their own agency because of its proximity to Fort Sill, the raiders tried to ransom the girl captives at the Wichita agency, whose officials notified Tatum.

The agent's spirits were low. Why encourage murder and the stealing of children? Not one dollar for ransom! Furthermore, he said, the Kiowas would draw no rations until all the Lee children were freed.

To Lawrie Tatum's surprise the Kiowas gave in.

He placed the children in the agency school and started writing letters in the hope of finding relatives. By September an older brother arrived to take the family back to Texas.

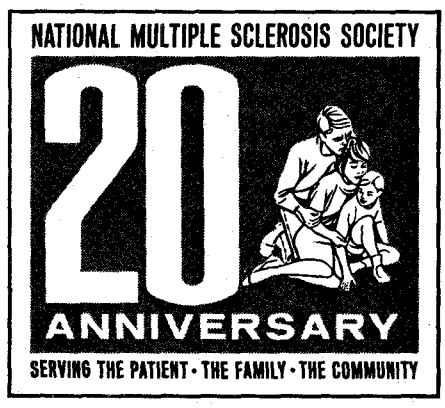
Still, there seemed no end to the anguish of torn frontier families. Word reached Tatum that Indians had captured Dorothy Field, a young Texas woman. J.B. Maxey, living south of Montague, Texas, rode to the agency and related an old story. Indians had killed his father and one infant son, wounded and scalped his wife and taken a daughter, three, and his son, six. Two other children of another family died in the same attack.

Tatum continued his dogged efforts. He wrote, "through the overruling providence of God, I procured Mr. Maxey's son from the Quahada Comanches. The little girl was killed on account of her crying so much. I think that we never heard of Dorothy Field after she was carried off."

About this time the Quahadas came to the agency, seeking release of their own women and children captured in north Texas by the Fourth Cavalry.

"For three years I've been trying to get thee to release some of my children," he reminded them. "When I see them here, free, I will talk some more."

Quickly the Indians delivered two boys. Tatum located their parents by advertising in Texas and Kansas newspapers and writing numerous letters. Meanwhile, the boys revealed, there were more captives the Quahadas hadn't surrendered. Tatum applied pressure. There would be no more talk until the Comanches gave up all their captives.



Chief Horseback brought two long-haired boys to the agency, Adolph Kern, captured near San Antonio three years before, and one who recalled little of the dim past, not even his name.

Tatum remembered L.S. Friend, a Methodist minister in Kansas, who had visited the agency and inquired about his grandson.

When the minister arrived, Tatum and his wife took him to the schoolhouse. Just then the boy romped in with other children and Mary Ann Tatum suggested, "Say hello to this gentleman."

Puzzled, the boy could only stare.

"Temple Friend!" the older man said, recognizing the missing boy.

The boy looked back. His eyes widened. Then a weak smile spread across his face and he answered in a groping way, "Yesh."

"Florence Temple," said the grandfather, speaking the name of the boy's sister.

Startled, the boy said, "Yesh." He had no doubt now. The boy and his grandfather embraced.

Next, a Mexican girl fled her Comanche captors and found refuge with the Tatums. She pleaded for other Mexican captives. Could he free them?

Again, the agent threatened to hold back rations.

It was as if a dam had broken. Each released captive told of others, until Tatum had recovered 11 boys.

Treatment of the youths did not vary unless they were ill. Taken first to the agency office, they were given all they could eat. Then followed baths, hair cuts, new "citizen's clothing" and enrollment in the school.

One photo shows Tatum with five rescued captives. Their clothing is neat, their hair combed and cut. Their faces are serious. Solemn dark eyes mirror the haunting past. There's a closeness about the group remindful of a family and the kindness of a father. The smallest boy, five or six, sits on the agent's knee and Tatum's big right hand rests on the boy's shoulder. Another boy, older, stands with one affectionate arm across his benefactor's shoulder, his other around a companion. There is no fear.

During his last eight months as agent, Lawrie Tatum liberated seven whites and eight Mexicans, and in his four years in Indian country he freed a total of 26 captives, proving that the Peace Policy, when administered with firm restraint instead of maudlin sentiment, could be effective and that it made friends.

But change rode the prairie wind. Tatum was nearing the close of his work among the wild tribes. On August 14, 1872, he informed the committee that he opposed the parole of Satanta and Big Tree from prison in Huntsville, Texas.

The committee did not agree and Lawrie Tatum resigned as a protest of principle, effective March 31, 1873.

Yet the agent who carried nothing more deadly than a pocketknife when he rode to the distant camps need not have been disillusioned.

Kicking Bird, the friendly Kiowa, was disconsolate. "I am sorry you are going to leave us," he said, shaking hands. "No other agent has treated us with the kindness you have. When you leave, you will be dead to me."

"The white people are very foolish," a Comanche said. "They send us an agent here, and when we all get to loving him he is sent away and they send a stranger to take his place."

What made Lawrie Tatum the strangest white man of all was that he loved his enemies, the Indians, who had become his friends. Now he was gone and they would never see him again. ●

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PIONEER DAYS IN KANSAS

(Continued from page 13)

made by a man in Randolph who was a fine cabinet maker. I can still remember how glad we were when father brought them home.

Our first furniture was homemade. The bed was made from split logs and joined together as a bed and then legs attached to it. Instead of springs, rope was strung through holes in the side and ends and crisscrossed. The mattress was laid on top and both mattress and pillows filled with hay. Mother used to tell how she picked a substance resembling cotton which came around cottonwood tree seeds to make her first pillow. She saved every chicken feather and even stripped the wings and tail feathers to make feather pillows.

When the family moved into the stone house, they bought beds, chairs and a sitting room table. The first homemade chairs were made of large round logs and sawed in rounds about two inches thick and with legs attached. Some small benches were made the same way which would seat two or three. Our china was heavy stoneware, plate, cups, and bowls. There was no silverware. Our knives and forks were made of some metal that required polishing every day with fine dust to keep it bright. There were also a few tin spoons.

Our first wild fruit was dried and canned in tin cans which were covered with sealing wax. While father was working on the railroad a lady asked him to bring her some tin cans from Manhattan. The storekeeper showed father some glass jars which he said were much better so he took them. The lady would not accept them and said that fruit would surely spoil in them. Father gave them to mother and that was how she got her first glass jars. I still have one of them. It had a glass lid, too.

In those early days, the grain was cut with a scythe and tied into bundles. When dry it was pounded by hand and ground into meal. For coffee, they ground rye, corn and wheat to make a drink something like Postum.

Hogs were butchered and the meat cured at home. What was not used by the family was hauled to Manhattan and sold directly from the lumber wagon door to door. The extra butter and eggs were sold in the same way.

Neighbors were few and far between, but everyone was glad to help the other fellow. They shared food and cabins with the new settlers as they came out and until they could build cabins and break ground for crops. Food was simple, often dried peas and beans that were raised in our gardens and corn bread from ground corn. There was usually plenty of potatoes. Milk and butter came from the family cow.

Father helped many young men come out to Kansas by sending them tickets. Sometimes he hired one or two for the summer and in the winter they worked for their board and room. There were others who had no place to stay and father took them in. They were free to do as little or as much as they chose. Some of them would saw wood or grub out trees and do as much as they could to help out. Others did very little. Often we had as many as six or eight men during the winter and it meant a heavy task for mother to care for such a large family. Often there was nothing that could be done except saw wood and we would have more than we could use. Then father would haul the wood into Blue Rapids and sell it.

One day when he was going to Blue Rapids with wood he passed the cabin where a widow lived alone with her two small children. Although father was anxious to get the wood to town, he felt he should stop and see how she was getting along. When he went in the lady said she had been praying God would send someone to her as she was out of wood and it was terribly cold. So father unloaded all of the wood right there, and the lady praised God for answering her prayer. She told father that she had no money to pay for the wood. He said he didn't want any money for it so she went inside and got some dried peaches and gave them to him, which was all she had to share. Father did not want to accept them but she insisted and so he took the peaches because it made her feel better.

When father returned home mother said, "You surely got back quickly from Blue Rapids."

Then he told her what had happened. He said, "She was praying for someone to help her in her great need and I was the one that God sent."

Father loaded another wagon with wood and went to Blue Rapids to trade for groceries. This is an instance of how everyone helped the other fellow in those early days. In this way father repaid the man who lent him the pony when he staked his claim and also Uncle Jacob, who kept him before his cabin was built, as well as the man who lent him the oxen to break ground. As each settler became self-sufficient he helped those who were starting out or who had met with some misfortune.

All settlers had great trials in those days. There were drouths, floods, prairie fires and grasshopper invasions which darkened the skies. I remember when Grandma Swenson told me about seeing what she thought was a big, dark thundercloud coming from the West. As it drew nearer she saw it was a great cloud of grasshoppers. She called all the children and they got down on their knees and prayed that the grasshoppers would pass over without stopping. How happy they

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were when the horde did not settle but went on. It was truly an answer to prayer. They had experienced such an invasion years before when the grasshoppers devoured every green thing and left the stripped fields a pitiful sight. Even the trees were stripped of their leaves.

Although the pioneers of mother's day were faced with much hardship they were determined to stay on and with their faith in God they were able to make out. I often thank God that we had Christian parents and that they gave us faith in God when trials came. Father always had morning devotions but one day he was going to take some hogs to market and was anxious to get on the road before the heat of the day. He missed the morning devotions. He went out and tried to load the hogs, but everything went wrong. So father asked mother to call the children together so they could have the family worship which had been omitted. Then father went out and loaded the hogs and everything went like clockwork. This made a great impression on us and has stayed with me through life.

In my family, as soon as our children were able they would read a verse from the Bible along with us. This took time but it paid in many ways and made the children feel they had a part in the morning worship. They were also less restless than when my husband read alone.

As young people we had many good times. These are some of the pleasant memories I have of my childhood and as a young girl. We often had swimming parties in the Big Blue River. We young people would get together at twilight on moonlight evenings. The big yellow moon rose and shone on the water. It was just beautiful and we were young. We would build a big campfire after we tired of swimming and would sit around the fire and sing. It seems like yesterday. We would have a picnic lunch on the sandbar before going home.

The first day of May was one of excitement. We would gather in the lumber wagon and go from place to place hanging May baskets. What fun we had! The hayrack rides of long ago were not like today when they hitch a hayrack behind a tractor. Then we jolted along behind a lazy team and sank deep in the sweet smelling straw. There was always singing when the young people got together. They would sing until the very hills seemed to ring with melody and the big moon smiled down and appeared to be almost within reach. Taffy pulling was great fun, too. When the boiling syrup or molasses was just right we would grab it and handle it very carefully until it began to cool off, and the long ropes were a golden color and smelled delicious.

Fourth of July was always a big celebration. We got together with big baskets filled with fried chicken, cake, pie and other good things to eat. Oh, yes, and there were box suppers when all the girls vied with each other to create the prettiest box and to fill it with all kinds of good things to eat. You would have to go far to find more fun than a box supper. Each man tried to single out his favorite girl's box and when he did not get the one he wanted he was desperate, especially if he had bid a very high price for it. In winter we used to have exciting spelling bees on Friday nights when the crowd got together. There was as much excitement over the spelling bee as we have at basketball games today. We did not have the advantages we have today, but community spirit was very high and we did have very good times when we young people got together.

Farming was different, too, and there were no big combines that do the job as today. Father got the first grain harvester in the neighborhood that cut grain and laid it in piles. It took five or six men to keep up with the machine. They would take some straw and tie it together and then tie the grain in bundles and shock the wheat and later stack it. The first threshing machine was run by horse power. Several teams were hitched to a beam and then tied to another beam in front of them and they would go around and around and that would run the threshing machine. They had to measure the grain in half bushels and sometimes the man who measured the grain would disagree with the thresher and there would be some hot disputes. Threshing is more of a pleasure in this machine age, for in the early days women had to cook for a large crew in the very hottest part of the summer.

We had an orphan boy by the name of John who lived with us. He was about 15 years old. He could not tell the milk cows from the rest of the herd so we girls would go along to pick them out. Uncle Vilander's, Mr. Lundin's and our pasture were all in one. Sometimes we could have quite a time finding the cows. One night when we were slow in finding them, John got turned around and insisted on driving them the wrong way. We did not want to leave him alone with the cows so we went with him begging him to turn around and go the right way. It grew dark and he would not listen to us so we left him and started home to get father. We met father and Uncle Vilander coming with a lantern along the dark pasture looking for us. We told him where we had left John with the cattle and father told us to hurry on home as mother was very worried about us. It was midnight when we got home, tired and hungry, for we had not had supper. Poor father did not get home with John and the cows until two in the morning. They were all worn out.

Ida and I always had to take the cows to the pasture before we went to school in the morning. The pasture was across the river and we took the pony. One day there was a big rain and it left a large pool in the middle of the road. When the pony came to it she swerved to avoid the water and we slid into the puddle with the pony going full speed. The pony stopped and looked around at us as if to say, "What are you doing there?" We got up not much the worse for our tumble except that we were all wet and dirty. We could catch our pony any place by giving her an ear of corn. When she put her head down we grabbed her ears and slid up on her neck and onto her back. We could ride her without a bridle by slapping her on one side or the other depending which way we wanted her to go.

There were no household conveniences we have today to make the work lighter. Mother did all the washing on a washboard and used flat irons which she heated on a hot stove for her big ironings. Her first washing machine was one that had to be rocked back and forth with a handle. It was not very satisfactory but it was better than a washboard. I used the same method when I first got married. Later, electricity came in and we got an electric iron, washing machine, refrigerator, hot plate and percolator. What a change it made in housekeeping!

We had one deep sorrow when we lost our only brother who was the oldest in the family. He took sick and two of our neighbor's children were also sick. He was only a baby at the time. Our neighbor went to Manhattan and got the doctor to come out and father had him come over and look at my brother before he went back. He looked the baby over and then gave him some medicine. The baby immediately went into spasms and died before the doctor left. The doctor walked the floor and wrung his hands when he saw what happened. They understood he made a mistake in giving the wrong medicine. They could not speak his language and he could not understand them.

After that they never had a doctor if any one of us got sick but took care of us as best they could. We had measles,

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whooping cough, diptheria and mumps without a doctor and came through all right. I can't remember ever having a doctor except when we were vaccinated for smallpox. Mother was a mid-wife in Sweden and her mother had been one too. When a child was to be born in the neighborhood they would call for mother. She delivered over 200 babies and never lost a one. When her children were born father would call a neighbor woman in and mother would tell her what to do.

We were seldom sick and mother was strong and had lots of courage. We met with accidents as all children do. I remember when my sister, Ida, lost her fingertip in the sausage grinder. Mother had just finished grinding sausage and the meat had stopped coming out when Ida stuck her finger in to make the last bit of sausage come out and the tip of her finger was cut off. Another accident occurred when our stone house was built. They slaked lime in a big box and I came along and fell head first into the lime. They thought for a time that I would lose my sight as I could not see for several days. As I got older my eyesight got better but until I got my glasses, I could not recognize people across the aisle in church. I will never forget when I got my first glasses. It seemed as if I was in a new world. Everything looked so beautiful and I saw so many things I had never seen before. I never realized my eyesight was so poor.

In the fall, we cooked hundreds of gallons of sorghum. My sister Amanda went to work in Topeka during the summer but came back each fall to help cook the sorghum. We girls liked the sorghum cooking time because all the young folks would come over. In the evenings we would rake coals out of the fire and pop corn over them and sit around the fire and sing. My father loved to sing and had a good voice. We often brought schoolmates to stay all night and when it was moonlight father would take us boat riding on the river and we would sing all evening. When he thought it was time to go home he would sing in Swedish about "Pull for the Shore" and we knew it was time to go home.

As I said before, our pasture was on the other side of the river and we had to cross the river on horseback. One day our pet lamb followed us and kept coming into the water. It couldn't swim and started to float down the stream. We had to jump off and carry him to safety and then one of us had to stay with him while the other one went for the cows.

We walked two miles to school and in the winter we wore long underwear with long sleeves and one or two petticoats depending on the weather. We wore a heavy woolen dress and scarves over our hoods, leggings and overshoes and hand knitted woolen mittens on our hands. At school we played many games: Blind Man's Bluff, Auntie Over the Schoolhouse, Hide and Go Seek, Hide the Thimble, London Bridge is Falling Down, and Button, Button, Who's Got the Button?

Among some of the early facts about Cleburne is that it was founded in 1886 the winter before the railroad was built. The first log cabin was built over a cave on the lot of the parsonage and is still in use as a potato cellar and fruit cave. The first frame building was built by Mr. Pit Fenstrom and was mother's old home which is owned today by Mrs. Florence Bergsten Nordgren. Henry and Charley Swensen built the Swensen Brothers Store in 1895. It burned to the ground. It was owned by Albert Samuelson and Son at the time.

The First Covenant Church was organized in 1886 and was held in the Bellgrade Schoolhouse until the present church was built in 1892. Those who went to school before 1900 went to Harmony School about two miles north of town until a small schoolhouse was built on Main Street. Later they built a two story school north of town. In 1927, they built a two story brick high school.

When the Ladies Aid was first started, it met at 10 o'clock in the morning. Lunch was served in the person's home where the meeting was being held. Often the whole family came and the men visited, the children played together and the women sewed, made quilts or knit woolen socks, stockings and mittens. Everybody stayed for dinner, too. In the fall the women had a sale and sold the things they made. The money was used for the church aid and the missions, half and half.

A ferry was used in crossing the river until the first bridge was built in 1889. This bridge was ruined by ice a few years later and the ferry was again put in use. In March, 1912, a terrible accident happened which took the lives of three men. One man, Albert Holt, was rescued by Sig Palmer. The river was high and it was thought the ferry was too heavily loaded with corn and two teams of horses. The cable slipped and everything slid into the water and the three men drowned.

Mother was called upon to bear much sorrow while still a young woman. Her first husband, as has been said, was taken sick when they came from Sweden on a sailing vessel. He died and was buried at sea. She lost her only son when he was a baby and lost her second husband, my father, suddenly and tragically.

Father went to a church conference in Lindsborg. Ida and I went with him to stay with our aunt while father attended the conference. He took us to our aunt's and intended to go to the conference the next morning. But he had a stroke in the night and died before the doctor got there. What a sad ending to what was to be a happy trip! Uncle and Aunt Velen came back home to tell mother the sad news. At first mother was sure there had been a train wreck and we were all killed. She bore her grief with great courage and found comfort through faith in God. ●

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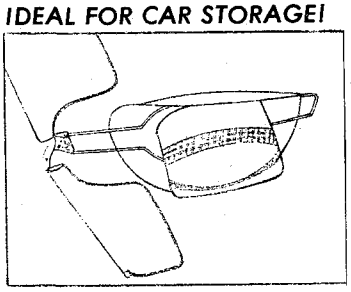

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CUSTER'S LAST BATTLE

(Continued from page 23)

ant; if he did, he certainly would provide that such failure should not turn into disaster.

During a long time after the junction of Reno and Benteen we heard firing down the river in the direction of Custer's command. We were satisfied that Custer was fighting the Indians somewhere, and the conviction was expressed that "our command ought to be doing something or Custer would be after Reno with a sharp stick." We heard two distinct volleys which excited some surprise, and, if I mistake not, brought out the remark from some one that "Custer was giving it to them for all he was worth."

I have but little doubt now that these volleys were fired by Custer's orders as signals of distress and to indicate where he was.

Captain Weir and Lieutenant Edgerly, after driving the Indians away from Reno's command, on their side, heard the firing, became impatient at the delay, and thought they would move down that way, if they should be permitted. Weir started to get this permission, but changed his mind and concluded to take a survey from the high bluffs first. Edgerly, seeing Weir going in the direction of the firing, supposed it was all right and started down the ravine with the troop. Weir, from the high point, saw the Indians in large numbers start for Edgerly, and signaled for him to change his direction, and Edgerly went over to the high point, where they remained, not seriously molested, until the remainder of the troops marched down there. The Indians were seen by them to ride to about what afterward proved to be Custer's battlefield, shooting into the bodies of the dead men.

McDougall came up with the pack-train and reported the firing when he reported his arrival to Reno. I remember distinctly looking at my watch at twenty minutes past four, and made a note of it in my memorandum book, and although I have never satisfactorily been able to recall what particular incident happened at that time, it was some important event before we started down the river. It is my impression, however, that it was the arrival of the pack-train.

It was about this time that thirteen men and a scout named Herendeen rejoined the command; they had been missing since Reno's flight from the bottom; several of them were wounded. These men had lost their horses in the stampede from the bottom and had remained in the timber; when leaving the timber to rejoin the command they were fired upon by five Indians, but they drove them away and were not again molested.

My recollection is that it was about half-past two when we joined Reno. About five o'clock the command moved down toward Custer's supposed whereabouts, intending to join him. The advance went as far as the high bluffs where the command was halted. Persons who have been on the plains and have seen stationary objects dancing before them, now in view and now obscured, or a weed on the top of a hill, projected against

National Archives

General Custer (extreme right, seated) is shown with some of his officers and their wives at Fort Lincoln.

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the sky, magnified to appear as a tree, will readily understand why our views would be unsatisfactory.

We could see stationary groups of horsemen, and individual horsemen moving about; from their grouping and the manner in which they sat their horses we knew they were Indians. On the left of the valley a strange sight attracted our attention. Some one remarked that there had been a fire that scorched the leaves of the bushes, which caused the reddish-brown appearance, but this appearance was changeable. Watching this intently for a short time with field-glasses, it was discovered that this strange sight was the immense pony-herds of the Indians.

Looking toward Custer's field, on a hill two miles away we saw a large assemblage. At first our command did not appear to attract their attention, although there was some commotion observable among those nearer to our position. We heard occasional shots, most of which seemed to be a great distance off, beyond the large groups on the hill. While watching this group the conclusion was arrived at that Custer had been repulsed, and the firing was the parting shots of the rear-guard.

The firing ceased, the groups dispersed, clouds of dust arose from all parts of the field, and the horsemen converged toward our position. The command was now dismounted to fight on foot. Weir's and French's troops were posted on the high bluffs and to the front of them; my own troop along the crest of the bluffs next to the river; the rest of the command moved to the rear, as I supposed to occupy other points in the vicinity, to make this our defensive position. Busying myself with posting my men, giving direction about the use of ammunition, etc., I was a little startled by the remark that the command was out of sight.

At this time Weir's and French's troops were being attacked. Orders were soon brought to me by Lieutenant Hare, Acting-Adjutant, to join the main command. I had gone some distance in the execution of this order when, looking back, I saw French's troop come tearing over the bluffs, and soon after Weir's troop followed in hot haste. Edgerly was near the top of the bluff trying to mount his frantic horse, and it did seem that he would not succeed, but he vaulted into his saddle and then joined the troop.

The Indians almost immediately followed to the top of the bluff, and commenced firing into the retreating troops, killing one man, wounding others and several horses. They then started down the hillside in pursuit. I at once made up my mind that such a retreat and close pursuit would throw the whole command into confusion, and, perhaps, prove disastrous. I dismounted my men to fight on foot, deploying as rapidly as possible without waiting for the formation laid down in tactics. Lieutenant Hare expressed his intention of staying with me, "Adjutant or no Adjutant." The led horses were sent to the main command.

Our fire in a short time compelled the Indians to halt and take cover, but before this was accomplished, a second order came for me to fall back as quickly as possible to the main command. Having checked the pursuit we began our retreat, slowly at first, but kept up our firing. After proceeding some distance the men began to group together, and to move a little faster and faster, and our fire slackened.

This was pretty good evidence that they were getting demoralized. The Indians were being heavily reinforced, and began to come from their cover, keeping up a heavy fire. I halted the line, made the men take their intervals, and again drove the Indians to cover; then once more began the retreat. The firing of the Indians was very heavy; the bullets struck the ground all about us; but the "ping-ping" of the bullets overhead seemed to have a more terrifying influence than the "swish-thud" of the bullets that struck the ground immediately about us.

When we got to the ridge in front of Reno's position I observed some Indians making all haste to get possession of a hill to the right. I could now see the rest of the command, and I knew that the hill would command Reno's position. Supposing that my troop was to occupy the line we were then on, I ordered Hare to take ten men and hold the hill. But, just as he was moving off, an order came from Reno to get back as quickly as possible, so I recalled Hare and ordered the men to run to the lines. This movement was executed, strange to say, without a single casualty.

The Indians now took possession of all the surrounding high points, and opened a heavy fire. They had in the meantime sent a large force up the valley, and soon our position was entirely surrounded. It was now about seven o'clock.

Our position next to the river was protected by the rough, rugged steep bluffs which were cut up by irregular deep ravines. From the crest of these bluffs the ground gently declined away from the river. On the north there was a short ridge, the ground sloping gently to the front and rear. This ridge, during the first day, was occupied by five troops. Directly in back of the ridge was a small hill. In the ravine on the south of this hill our hospital was established, and the horses and pack-mules were secured. Across this ravine one troop, Moylan's, was posted, the packs and dead animals being utilized for breastworks. The high hill on the south was occupied by Benteen's troop.

Everybody now lay down and spread himself out as thin as possible. After lying there a few minutes I was horrified to find myself wondering if a small sage-

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Sitting Bull won a great victory at the Little Big Horn in a fight he claimed his people did not want.

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bush, about as thick as my finger, would turn a bullet, so I got up and walked along the line, cautioned the men not to waste their ammunition, ordered certain men who were good shots to do the firing, and others to keep them supplied with loaded guns.

The firing continued till nearly dark (between nine and ten o'clock), although after dusk but little attention was paid to the firing, as everybody moved about freely.

Of course everybody wondered about Custer—why he did not communicate by courier or signal. But the general opinion seemed to prevail that he had been defeated and driven down the river, where he would probably join General Terry, and with whom he would return to our relief. Quite frequently, too, the question, "What's he matter with Custer?" would evoke an impatient reply.

Indians are proverbial economists of fuel, but they did not stint themselves that night. The long twilight was prolonged by numerous bonfires, located throughout their village. The long shadows of the hills and the refracted light gave a supernatural aspect to the surrounding country, which may account for the illusions of those who imagined they could see columns of troops and other such fantasies.

Although our dusky foes did not molest us with unpleasant attentions during the night, yet it must not be inferred that we were allowed to pass the night in perfect rest; or that they were endeavoring to soothe us into forgetfulness of their proximity, or trying to conceal their situation.

They were a good deal happier than we were; nor did they strive to conceal their joy. Their camp was a veritable pandemonium. All night long they continued their frantic revels; beating tomtoms, dancing, whooping and yelling with demoniacal screams, and discharging firearms. We knew they were having a scalp-dance.

In this connection the question has often been asked "if they did not have prisoners at the torture?" The Indians deny that they took any prisoners. We did not discover any evidence of torture in their camps. It is true that we did find human heads severed from their bodies, but these probably were paraded in their orgies during that terrible night.

Our casualties had been comparatively few since taking position on the hill. The question of moving was discussed, but the conditions coupled to the proposition caused it to be indignantly rejected. Some of the scouts were sent out soon after dark to look for signs of Custer's command, but they returned after a short absence saying that the country was full of Sioux. Lieutenant Varnum volunteered to go out, but was either discouraged from the venture or forbidden to undertake this mission.

After dark the troops were arranged a little differently. The horses were unsaddled, and the mules relieved of their packs; all animals were secured to lariats stretched and picketed to the ground.

Soon after all firing had ceased the wildest confusion prevailed. Men imagined they saw a column of troops over on the hills or ridges, that they could hear the tramp of the horses, the command of officers, or even the trumpet-calls. Stable-call was sounded by one of our trumpeters; shots were fired by some of our men, and familiar trumpet-calls were sounded by our trumpeter immediately after, to let the supposed marching column know that we were friends.

Every favorable expression or opinion was received with credulity and then ratified with a cheer. Somebody suggested that General Crook might be coming, so some one, a civilian packer, I think, mounted a horse and galloped along the line yelling, "Don't be discouraged boys, Crook is coming."

But they gradually realized that the much-wished-for reinforcements were but the fantasies of their imaginations, and settled down to their work of digging rifle-pits. They worked in pairs, in threes and fours. The ground was hard and dry. There were only three or four spades and shovels in the whole command; axes, hatchets, knives, tableforks, tin cups, and halves of canteens were brought into use. However, everybody worked hard, and some were still digging when the enemy opened fire at early dawn, between half-past two and three o'clock, so that all had some sort of shelter, except Benteen's men.

The enemy's first salutations were rather feeble, and our side made scarcely any response; but as dawn advanced to daylight their lines were heavily reinforced, and both sides kept up a continuous fusillade. Of course it was their policy to draw our fire as much as possible to exhaust our ammunition. As they exposed their persons very little we forbade our men, except well-known good shots, to fire without orders. The Indians amused themselves by standing erect, in full view for an instant, and then dropping down again before a bullet could reach them, but of that they soon seemed to grow tired or found it too dangerous. They then resorted to the old ruse of raising a hat and blouse, or a blanket, on a stick to draw our fire; we soon understood their tactics. Occasionally they fired volleys at command but their marksmanship was not very effective.

Benteen's troop suffered greater losses than any other, because their rear was exposed to the long-range firing from the hills on the north. The horses and mules suffered greatly too, as they were fully exposed to long-range fire from the east.

Benteen came over to where Reno was

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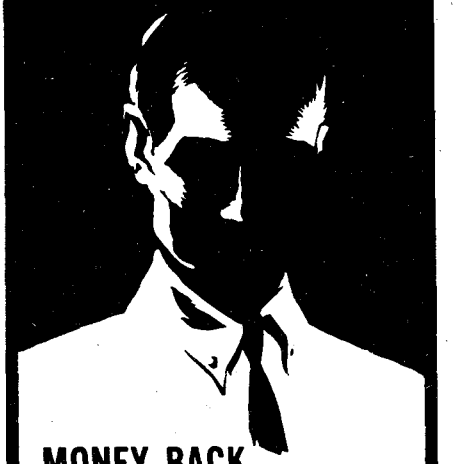

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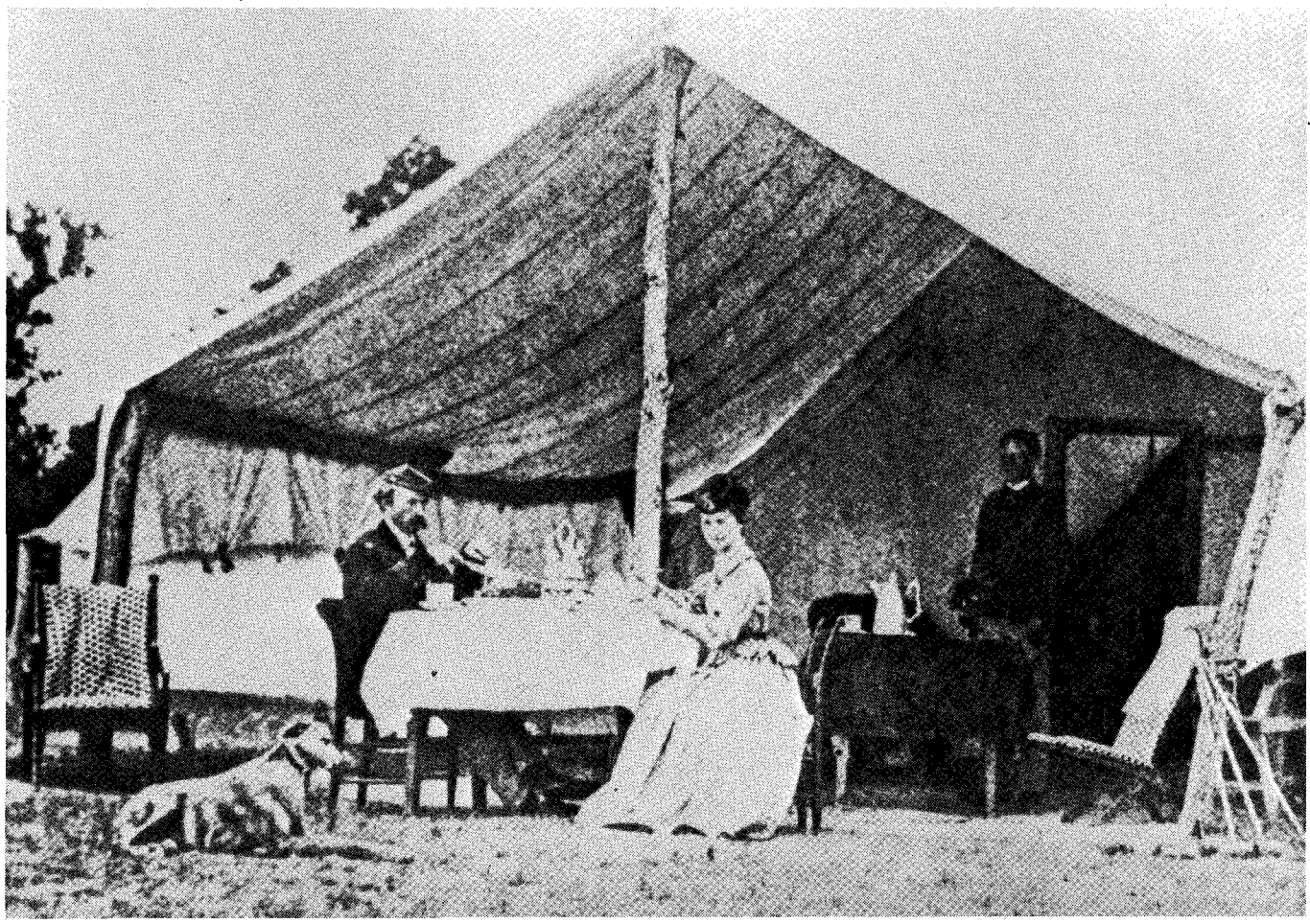

General Custer and his wife, Elizabeth, in camp near Fort Hays in 1869.

lying and asked for reinforcements to be sent to his line. Before he left his line, however, he ordered Gibson not to fall back under any circumstances, as this was the key position.

Gibson's men had expended nearly all their ammunition, some men being reduced to as few as four or five cartridges. He was embarrassed, too, with quite a number of wounded men. Indeed, the situation here was most critical, for if the Indians had made a rush, a retreat was inevitable.

Private McDermott volunteered to carry a message from Gibson to Benteen urging him to hasten the reinforcements. After considerable urging by Benteen, Reno finally ordered French to take "M" troop over to the south side. Just previous to Benteen's return an Indian had shot one of Gibson's men, then rushed up and touched the body with his "coup-stick," and started back to cover, but he was killed. He was in such close proximity to the lines and so exposed to the fire that the other Indians could not carry his body away. This, I believe, was the only dead Indian left in our possession. This boldness determined Benteen to make a charge, and the Indians were driven nearly to the river. On their retreat they dragged several dead and wounded warriors away with them.

The firing almost ceased for a while, and then it recommenced with greater fury. From this fact, and their more active movements, it became evident that they contemplated something more serious than a mere fusillade. Benteen came back to where Reno was, and said if something was not done pretty soon the Indians would run into our lines. Seeing, after a short while, that no action being taken on his suggestion, he said rather impatiently: "You've got to do something here pretty quick; this won't do, *you must drive them back.*"

Reno then directed us to get ready for a charge, and told Benteen to give the word. Benteen called out "All ready now, men. Now's your time. Give them hell. Hip, hip, here we go!" and away we went with a hurrah, every man, but one who lay in his pit crying like a child.

The Indians fired more rapidly than before from their whole line. Our men left the pits with their carbines loaded, and they began firing without orders soon after we started. A large body of Indians had assembled at the foot of one of the hills, intending probably to make a charge as Benteen had divined, but they broke as soon as our line started.

When we had advanced 75 or 100 yards, Reno called out "Get back, men, get back." And back the whole line came! A most singular fact of this sortie was that not a man who advanced with the lines was hit; but directly after every one had gotten into the pits again, the one man who did not go out was shot in the head and killed instantly.

The poor fellow had a premonition that he would be killed, and had so told one of his comrades.

Up to this time the command had been without water. The excitement and heat made our thirst almost maddening. The men were forbidden to use tobacco. They put pebbles in their mouths to excite the glands. Some ate grass roots, but did not find relief; some tried to eat hard bread, but after chewing it awhile would blow it out of their mouths like so much flour. A few potatoes were given out and this afforded some relief.

About 11 A.M. the firing had slackened, and parties of volunteers were formed to get water under the protection of Benteen's lines. The parties worked their way down the ravines to within a few yards of the river. The men would get ready, make a rush to the river, fill the camp-kettles, and return to fill the canteens. Some Indians stationed in a copse of woods, a short distance away, opened fire whenever a man exposed himself, which made this a particularly hazardous service. Several men were wounded, and the additional danger was then incurred of rescuing their wounded

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comrades. I think all these men were rewarded with medals of honor.

By about one o'clock the Indians had nearly all left us, but they still guarded the river. By that time, however, we had about all the water we needed for immediate use. About two o'clock the Indians came back, opened fire, and drove us to the trenches again, but by three o'clock the firing had ceased altogether.

Late in the afternoon we saw a few horsemen in the bottom, apparently sent there to observe us, and then fire was set to the grass in the valley.

About 7 P.M. we saw emerge from behind this screen of smoke an immense moving mass crossing the plateau, going toward the Big Horn Mountains. A fervent "Thank God" that they had at last given up the contest was soon followed by grave doubts as to their motive for moving. Perhaps Custer had met Terry, and was coming to our relief. Perhaps they were short of ammunition, and were moving their village to a safe distance before making a final desperate effort to overwhelm us. Perhaps it was only a ruse to get us on the move, and then clean us out.

The stench from the dead men and horses was now exceedingly offensive, and it was decided to take up a new position nearer the river. The companies were assigned positions, and the men were put to work digging pits with the expectation of a renewal of the attack. Our loss on the hill had been eighteen killed and fifty-two wounded.

During the night Lieutenant De Rudio, Private O'Neal, Mr. Girard, the interpreter, and Jackson, a half-breed scout, came to our line. They had been left in the bottom when Reno made his retreat.

In this narrative of the movements immediately preceding, and resulting in, the annihilation of the men with Custer, I have related facts substantially as observed by myself or as given to me by Chief Gall of the Sioux. His statements have been corroborated by other Indians, notably the wife of "Spotted Horn Bull," an intelligent Sioux squaw, one of the first who had the courage to talk freely to any one who participated in the battle.

In 1886, on the tenth anniversary, an effort was made to have a reunion of the survivors at the battle-field. Colonel Benteen, Captains McDougall and Edgerly, Dr. Porter, Sergeant Hall, Trumpeter Penwell, and myself met there on the 25th of June. Through the kind efforts of the officers and of the ladies at Fort Custer our visit was made as pleasant as possible.

Through the personal influence of Major McLaughlin, Indian Agent at Standing Rock Agency, Chief Gall was prevailed upon to accompany the party and describe Custer's part in the battle. We were unfortunate in not having an efficient and truthful interpreter on the field at the reunion. The statements I have used were, after our return to the agency, interpreted by Mrs. McLaughlin and Mr. Farribault, of the agency, both of whom are perfectly trustworthy and are familiar with the Sioux language.

It has been previously noted that General Custer separated from Reno before the latter crossed the Little Big Horn under orders to charge the village. Custer's column bore to the right of the river (a sudden change of plan, probably); a ridge of high bluffs and the river separated the two commands, and they could not see each other.

On this ridge, however, Custer and staff were seen to wave their hats, and heard to cheer just as Reno was beginning the attack; but Custer's troops were at that time a mile or more to his right. It was about this time that the trumpeter was sent back with Custer's last order to Benteen. From this place (*see A on map*) Custer could survey the valley for several miles above and for a short distance

LIEUTENANT B. H. HODGSON, ACTING ADJUTANT.

LIEUTENANT DONALD McINTOSH, COMMANDING TROOP "G."

B.H. Hodgson and Donald McIntosh, Reno lieutenants, were killed.

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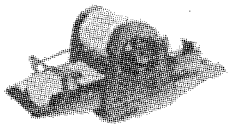

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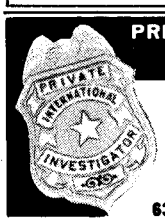

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below Reno; yet he could only see a part of the village; he must, then, have felt confidence that all the Indians were below him; hence, I presume, his message to Benteen.

The view of the main body of the village was cut off by the highest points of the ridge, a short distance from him. Had he gone to this high point he would have understood the magnitude of his undertaking, and it is probable that his plan of battle would have been changed.

We have no evidence that he did not go there. He could see, however, that the village was not breaking away toward the Big Horn Mountains. He must, then, have expected to find the squaws and children fleeing to the bluffs on the north, for in no other way do I account for his wide detour to the right. He must have counted upon Reno's success, and fully expected the "scatteration" of the non-combatants with the pony herds.

The probable attack upon the families and the capture of the herds were in that event counted upon to strike consternation in the hearts of the warriors, and were elements for success upon which General Custer fully counted in the event of a daylight attack.

When Reno's advance was checked, and his left began to fall back, Chief Gall started with some of his warriors to cut off Reno's retreat to the bluffs. On his way he was excitedly hailed by "Iron Cedar," one of his warriors who was on the high point, to hurry to him, that more soldiers were coming. This was the first intimation the Indians had of Custer's column; up to the time of this incident they had supposed that all the troops were in at Reno's attack.

Custer had then crossed the valley of the dry creek, and was marching along and well up the slope of the bluff forming the second ridge back from the river, and nearly parallel to it. The command was marching rapidly in column of fours, and there was some confusion in the ranks, due probably to the unmanageableness of some excited horses.

The accepted theory for many years after the battle, and still persisted in by some writers, was that Custer's column had turned the high bluffs near the river, moved down the dry (Reno's) creek, and attempted to ford the river near the lowest point of these bluffs. There, (the theorizing continues), he was met by an overpowering force and driven back; that he then divided his battalion, moved down the river with the view of attacking the village, but met with such resistance from the enemy posted along the river bank and ravines that he was compelled to fall back, fighting, to the position on the ridge.

The numerous bodies found scattered between the river and ridge were supposed to be the first victims of the fight. *I am now satisfied that these were men who either survived those on the ridge or attempted to escape the massacre.*

Custer's route was as indicated on the map, and his column was never nearer the river or village than his final position on the ridge. The wife of Spotted Horn Bull, when giving me her account of the battle, persisted in saying that Custer's column did not attempt to cross at the ford, and appealed to her husband, who supported her statement. On the battle-field, in 1886, Chief Gall indicated Custer's route to me, and it then flashed upon me that I myself had seen Custer's trail.

On June 28, while we were burying the dead, I asked Major Reno's permission to go on the high ridge east or back of the field to look for tracks of shod horses to ascertain if some of the command might not have escaped. When I reached the ridge I saw this trail, and wondered who could have made it, but dismissed the thought that it had been made by Custer's column, because it did not accord with the theory with which we were then filled, that Custer had attempted to cross at the ford, and this trail was too far back, and showed no indication of leading toward the ford.

Trumpeter Penwell was my orderly and accompanied me. It was a singular coincidence that in 1886 Penwell was stationed at Fort Custer, and was my orderly when visiting the battle-field. Penwell corroborated my recollection of the trail.

Kansas State Historical Society

Elizabeth Bacon Custer wrote books upholding her husband's memory.

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The ford theory arose from the fact that we found there numerous tracks of shod horses, but they evidently had been made after the Indians had possessed themselves of the cavalry horses, for they rode them after capturing them. No bodies of men or horses were found anywhere near the ford, and these facts are conclusive to my mind that Custer did not go to the ford with any body of men.

As soon as Chief Gall had personally confirmed Iron Cedar's report he sent word to the warriors battling against Reno, and to the people in the village. The greatest consternation prevailed among the families, and orders were given for them to leave at once. Before they could do so the great body of warriors had left Reno, and hastened to attack Custer.

This explains why Reno was not pushed when so much confusion at the river crossing gave the Indians every opportunity of annihilating his command.

Not long after the Indians began to show a strong force in Custer's front, Custer turned his column to the left, and advanced in the direction of the village close to a place now marked as a spring, halted at the junction of the ravines just below it, and dismounted two troops, Keogh's and Calhoun's, to fight on foot.

These two troops advanced at double-time to a knoll, now marked by Crittenden's monument. The other three troops, mounted, followed them a short distance in their rear. The led horses remained where the troops dismounted.

When Keogh and Calhoun got to the knoll the other troops marched rapidly to the right; Smith's troop deployed as skirmishers, mounted, and took position on a ridge, which, on Smith's left, ended in Keogh's position (now marked by Crittenden's monument), and, on Smith's right, ended at the hill on which Custer took position with Yates and Tom Custer's troops, now known as Custer's Hill, and marked by the monument erected to the command. Smith's skirmishers, holding their gray horses, remained in groups of fours.

The line occupied by Custer's battalion was the first considerable ridge back from the river, the nearest point being about a half a mile from it. His front was extended about three fourths of a mile. The whole village was in full view.

A few hundred yards from his line was another but lower ridge, the further slope of which was not commanded by his line. It was here that the Indians under Crazy Horse from the lower part of the village, among whom were the Cheyennes, formed for the charge of Custer's Hill.

All Indians had now left Reno. Gall collected his warriors, and moved up a ravine south of Keogh and Calhoun. As they were turning this flank they discovered the led horses without any other guard than the horse-holders.

They opened fire upon the horse-holders, and used the usual devices to stampede the horses—that is, yelling, waving blankets, etc.; in this they succeeded very soon, and the horses were caught up by the squaws. In this disaster Keogh and Calhoun probably lost their reserve ammunition, which was carried in the saddle-bags. Gall's warriors now moved to the foot of the knoll held by Calhoun. A large force dismounted and advanced up the slope far enough to be able to see the soldiers when standing erect, but were protected when squatting or lying down. By jumping up and firing quickly, they exposed themselves only for an instant, but drew the fire of the soldiers, causing a waste of ammunition.

In the mean time Gall was massing his mounted warriors under the protection of the slope. When everything was in readiness, at a signal from Gall the dismounted warriors rose, fired, and every Indian gave voice to the war-whoop; the mounted Indians put whip to their ponies, and the whole mass rushed upon and crushed Calhoun. The maddened mass of Indians was carried forward by its own momentum over Calhoun and Crittenden down into the depression where Keogh was, with over thirty men, and all was over on that part of the field.

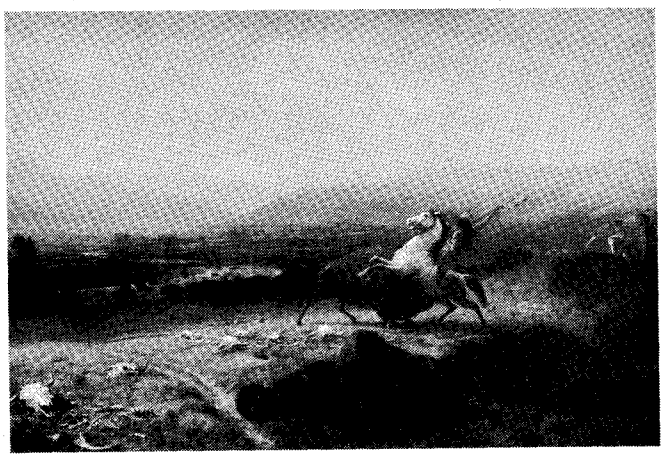
In the meantime the same tactics were being pursued and executed around Custer's Hill. The warriors, under the leadership of Crow-King, Crazy Horse, White Bull, "Hump," and others, moved up the ravine west of Custer's Hill, and concentrated under the shelter of the ridges on his right flank and back of his position.

Gall's bloody work was finished before the annihilation of Custer was accomplished, and his victorious warriors hurried forward to the hot encounter then going on, and the frightful massacre was completed.

Smith's men had disappeared from the ridge, but not without leaving enough dead bodies to mark their line. About twenty-eight bodies of men belonging to this troop and other organizations were found in one ravine nearer the river. Many corpses were found scattered over the field between Custer's line of defense, the river, and in the direction of Reno's Hill. These, doubtless, were of men who had attempted to escape; some of them may have been sent as couriers by Custer.

One of the first bodies I recognized

MEMO: From The Publisher



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Custer's Hill and the battle monument as seen from the side toward the river.

and one of the nearest to the ford was that of Sergeant Butler of Tom Custer's troop. Sergeant Butler was a soldier of many years experience and of known courage. The indications were that he had sold his life dearly, for near and under him were found many empty cartridge-shells.

All the Indian accounts that I know of agree that there was no organized close-quarters fighting, except on the two flanks; that with the annihilation at Custer's Hill the battle was virtually over. It does not appear that the Indians made any advance to the attack from the direction of the river' they did have a defensive force along the river and in the ravines which destroyed those who left Custer's line.

There was a great deal of firing going on over the field after the battle by the young men and boys riding about and shooting into the dead bodies.

Tuesday morning, June 27, we had reveille without the "morning guns," enjoyed the pleasure of a square meal, and had our stock properly cared for. Our commanding officer seemed to think the Indians had some "trap" set for us, and required our men to hold themselves in readiness to occupy the pits at a moment's notice. Nothing seemed determined except to stay where we were. Not an Indian was in sight, but a few ponies were seen grazing down in the valley.

About 9:30 A.M. a cloud of dust was observed several miles down the river. The assembly was sounded, the horses were placed in a protected situation, and camp-kettles and canteens were filled with water. An hour of suspense followed; but from the slow advance we concluded that they were our own troops.

"But whose command was it?" We looked in vain for a gray-horse troop. It could not be Custer; it must then be Crook, for if it was Terry, Custer would be with him. Cheer after cheer was given for Crook. A white scout, Harris, I think, soon came up with a note from General Terry, addressed to General Custer, dated June 26, stating that two of our Crow scouts had given information that our column had been whipped and nearly all had been killed; that he did not believe their story, but was coming with medical assistance.

The scout said that he could not get to our lines the night before, as the Indians were on the alert.

Very soon after this Lieutenant Bradley, 7th Infantry, came into our lines, and asked where I was. I hurried to him, and greeting most cordially my old friend, I immediately asked, "Where is Custer?" He replied, "I don't know, but I suppose he was killed, as we counted 197 dead bodies. I don't suppose any escaped."

We were simply dumbfounded. This was the first intimation we had of his fate. It was hard to realize; it did seem impossible.

General Terry and staff, and officers of General Gibbon's column, soon after approached, and their coming was greeted by the men with prolonged, hearty cheers, but the grave countenance of the General soon awed the men to silence.

The officers assembled to meet their guests. There was scarcely a dry eye; hardly a word was spoken, but quivering lips and fervent grasping of hands gave token of thankfulness for the relief and portrayed great grief for the misfortune.

During the rest of that day we were busy collecting our effects and destroying surplus property. The wounded were cared for and taken to the camp of our new friends of the Montana column. Among the wounded was saddler "Mike" Madden of my troop, whom I promoted to be sergeant on the field for gallantry.

Madden was very fond of his grog. His long abstinence had given him a famous thirst. It was decided to amputate his leg, which was done without administering any anesthetic; but after the amputation the surgeon gave him a good, stiff drink of brandy.

Madden eagerly gulped it down, and his eyes fairly danced as he smacked his lips and mumbled, "M-m-mm, hey, doctor, cut off my other leg."

On the morning of the 28th we left our entrenchments to bury the dead of Custer's command. The morning was bright, and from the high bluffs we had a clear view of Custer's battlefield. We saw a large number of objects that looked like white boulders scattered over the field. Glasses were brought into requisition, and it was announced that these objects were the dead bodies. Captain Weir exclaimed, "Oh, how white they look!"

All the bodies, except a few, were stripped of their clothing. According to

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my recollection nearly all were scalped or mutilated, but there was one notable exception, that of General Custer, whose face and expression were natural; he had been shot in the temple and in the left side.

Many faces had a pained, almost terrified expression. It is said that "Rain-in-the-face," a Sioux warrior, has gloried that he had cut out and had eaten the heart and liver of one of the officers. Other bodies were mutilated in a disgusting manner. The bodies of Dr. Lord and Lieutenants Porter, Harrington, and Sturgis were not found, at least not recognized. The clothing of Porter and Sturgis was found in the village, and showed that they had been killed.

We buried, according to my memoranda, 212 bodies. The killed of the entire command was 265, and of wounded we had 52.

The question has often been asked, "What were the causes of Custer's defeat?" I should say:

First. The overpowering numbers of the enemy and their unexpected cohesion.

Second. Reno's panic rout from the valley.

Third. The defective extraction of empty cartridge-shells from the carbines.

Of the first, I will say that we had nothing conclusive on which to base calculations of the numbers—and to this day it seems almost incredible that such great numbers of Indians should have left the agencies to combine against the troops without information relating thereto having been communicated to the commanders of troops in the field, further than that heretofore mentioned. The second has been mentioned incidentally. The Indians say if Reno's position in the valley had been held, they would have been compelled to divide their strength for the different attacks, which would have caused confusion and apprehension, and prevented the concentration of every able-bodied warrior upon the battalion under Custer. Further, that at the time of the discovery of Custer's advance to attack, the chiefs gave orders for the village to move, to break up. That, at the time of Reno's retreat, this order was being carried out, but as soon as Reno's retreat was assured the order was countermanded, and the squaws were compelled to return with the pony herds; that the order would not have been countermanded had Reno's forces remained fighting in the bottom. Custer's attack did not begin until after Reno had reached the bluffs.

Of the third we can only judge by our own experience. When cartridges were dirty and corroded the ejectors did not always extract the empty shells from the chambers, and the men were compelled to use knives to get them out. When the shells were clean no great difficulty was experienced. To what extent this was a factor in causing the disaster we have no means of knowing.

A battle was unavoidable. Every man in Terry's and Custer's command expected a battle; it was for that purpose, to punish the Indians, that the command was sent out, and with that determination Custer made his preparations. Had Custer continued his march southward—that is, left the Indian trail—the Indians would have known of our movement on the 25th, and a battle would have been fought very near the same field on which Crook had been attacked and forced back only a week before. The Indians never would have remained in camp and allowed a concentration of the several columns to attack them.

If they had escaped without punishment or battle Custer would undoubtedly have been blamed. ●

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THE MAIL POUCH

(Continued from page 6)

"Doc" Davis. I'm afraid that if it hadn't been for men of courage like that we wouldn't be the great nation we are today.

"Little Sister of Courage" by Louise Cheney and "Saga of Barrett Scott" were both good. They give readers a clear picture of the early frontier life just as the "Doc" Davis story does.

I want to say that I like the departments, too. I read "The Old Scout", "The Mail Pouch" and "Round-Up Time" first because they are short. Next, I look at the pictures with each story and read them according to how the pictures interest me. I can always tell the stories that are written by people whose relatives were the main characters.

Keep publishing magazines like the July issue and we'll sure keep buying them.

Sincerely,
Hugh Walker
15462 Evanston
Detroit, Michigan

COVER COMPLIMENT

Dear Mr. Grayson:

The cover on the June issue of *The West* is outstanding. I know your reproduction of Albert Bierstadt's "The Last of the Buffalo" is excellent because I've seen the original painting in the Whitney Gallery of Western Art in Cody, Wyoming.

Sincerely,
Joseph Tufts
Phoenix, Arizona

SOURCE OF INFORMATION

Dear Mr. Grayson:

I have been a reader of your two fine magazines, *The West* and *Golden West,* for several months now and I'm amazed at the authenticity of the stories and the excellent pictures you use to illustrate them.

Would you mind telling me where you get these stories and the pictures? I've discussed this with several of my friends and we have different ideas about it.

I would certainly appreciate an answer in *The Mail Pouch.*

Thanking you in advance, I am,

Yours truly,
Sam Fruches
Watertown, N.Y.

We can tell you haven't been reading our magazines too long Mr. Fruches because we have told where we get our stories and pictures in both The Old Scout and Powwow. *However, we're glad to repeat the information. All of our writers are Westerners who live in the neighborhoods where the stories they write about have taken place. Many of our contributors write about people in their own families who played a part in building the West. "Pioneer Days in Kansas" in this issue is a good example of that. State historical societies cooperate with our writers and furnish story information as well as pictures from their files.*

ONE MAN'S OPINION

Dear Mr. Grayson:

There's no doubting the fact that you've got a couple of fine magazines in *The West* and *Golden West.* I read and enjoy both of them. However, I've been wondering if you couldn't make them even better.

What I'm getting at is the fact that a lot of very interesting things took place in the 1800's in places other than the West.

There was a lot of Indian fighting in Michigan and Indiana and other states. Why have you limited your Americana stories to the West?

I really think you are missing a good bet by passing up colorful stories east of the Mississippi. Hope you don't mind my questioning your policy.

Sincerely,
John R. Stone
Cheboygan, Mich.

You've got a good point, Mr. Stone. However, the titles of our magazines tell the story. Wouldn't it be misleading to run a story that took place in Indiana or Michigan in magazines called The West *and* Golden West? *We'd like to have opinions from other readers on this subject.*

MORE WELL-KNOWN NAMES?

Dear Editor:

I am a regular subscriber to *The West.* Does that give me the right to do a little criticizing? I hope so, because here goes.

I'd like to see more stories about very well-known people of the Old West. I mean stories about characters like Jesse James, Joachin Murietta, Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson and many others.

They are the outstanding characters that everybody associates with the West. You use a lot of stories about obscure men that we're not well acquainted with.

Don't get the idea that I don't like your magazine. I do. But I'd like to see more stories about the people I've mentioned.

Sincerely,
W. H. L.
Baltimore, Md.

Maybe there's something to what you say, W. H. L. An editor has to take a lot of things into consideration when it comes to choosing stories. All of the people you mention have been written up many times. Are readers still interested in them? Or are lesser known characters better? It's a problem! ●

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NEW Free Home Trial Plan Lets YOU CLEAN UP A FORTUNE—

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by Letting Housewives see How DuraSani Eliminates the Most Hated Bathroom Chore of All—Cleaning the Toilet Bowl

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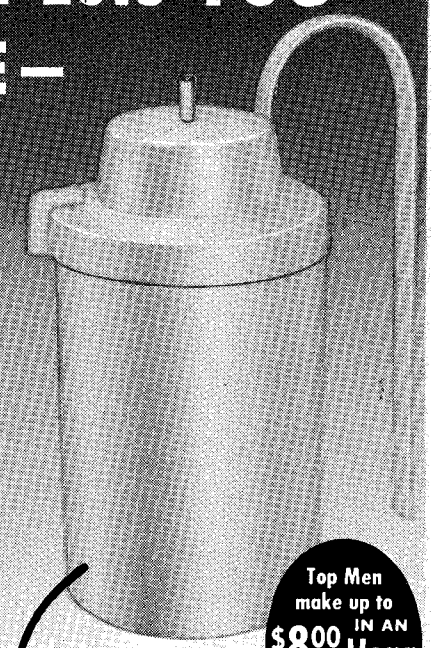
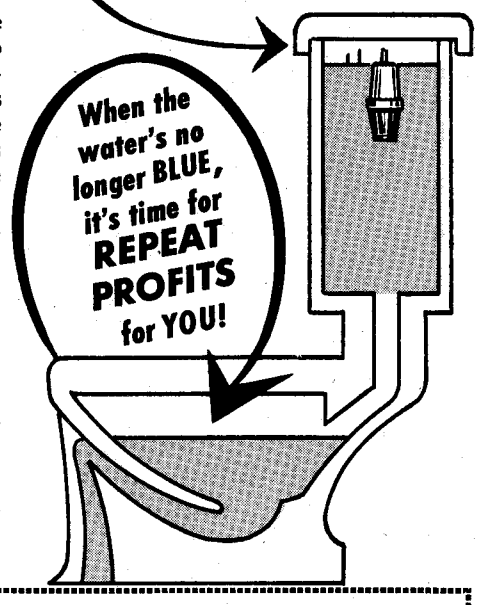


Top Men make up to $8.00 IN AN Hour and even MORE!

Hang DuraSani inside flush tank. Releases new blue exclusive formula detergent-deodorizer when toilet is flushed. Cleans toilet bowl AUTOMATICALLY — keeps air fresh all day long.

No competition—sell for only $1.98 and make up to $1.08 profit on each one

DuraSani cleans and deodorizes toilet bowl every time toilet is flushed. And DuraSani is so economical—no more bowl brush or cleansers. You'll get no price resistance when you offer DuraSani at $1.98 each. It's worth many times the price to housewives who despise toilet cleaning chore. Best of all, you make as much as $1.08 on every DuraSani you sell. A 2½ bath home needs 3 DuraSanis. Make as much as $3.24 on every call. Earnings of $8.00 an hour and more are not unusual.



Exceptional Earnings Are Possible

The demand for DuraSani is practically unlimited. Top men report profits like these: Ehlers of Nebraska—$18.00 in his first three hours. Roberts of California—$259.00 in 2½ weeks. Ellis of Kentucky—$20.10 for every hour devoted to selling DuraSani. Lyman of California—averaged $6.60 per hour. Meadows of North Carolina—$51.60 profit in two days, and only worked a few hours each day. How about YOU? How much can *you* make?

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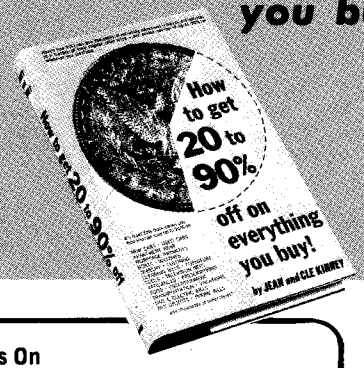

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Treasure Found—Over $2,000,000.00 Spanish Treasure by "Treasure Salvors, Inc." of Vero Beach, Fla.

"TREASURE SALVORS, INC." group on the treasure site. Left to right—Shirley Jean Holzworth, Walt Holzworth, Rupert Gates, electronics genius Fay Fields who developed the underwater detector to tell the difference between ferrous and non-ferrous materials, Bill Mahan—associate, Delores Fisher, Mel Fisher, president and spark plug for Treasure Salvors, Inc. with the underwater detector, Nita Williams and Dick Williams.

Left to Right: 1. Members of "TREASURE SALVORS, INC." comb the beaches with their D-TEX detectors searching for coins. 2. Walt Holzworth with Pieces of Eight and his D-TEX at treasure site. 3. Walt and Rupe carefully check coin area near Ft. Pierce. Hundreds of these valuable coins have been found in a two-mile-long beach area near the wreck site.

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